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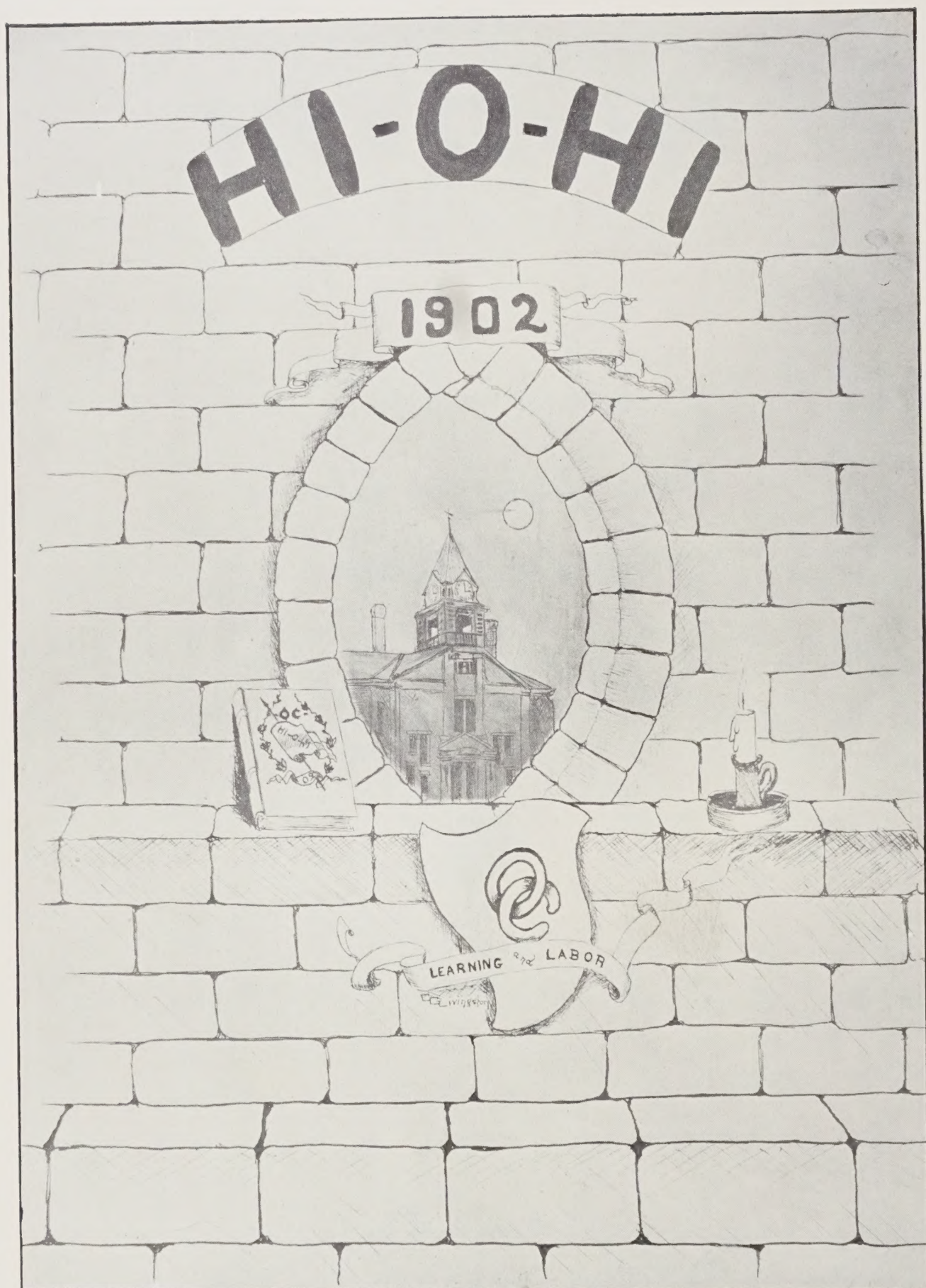
The Junior Class

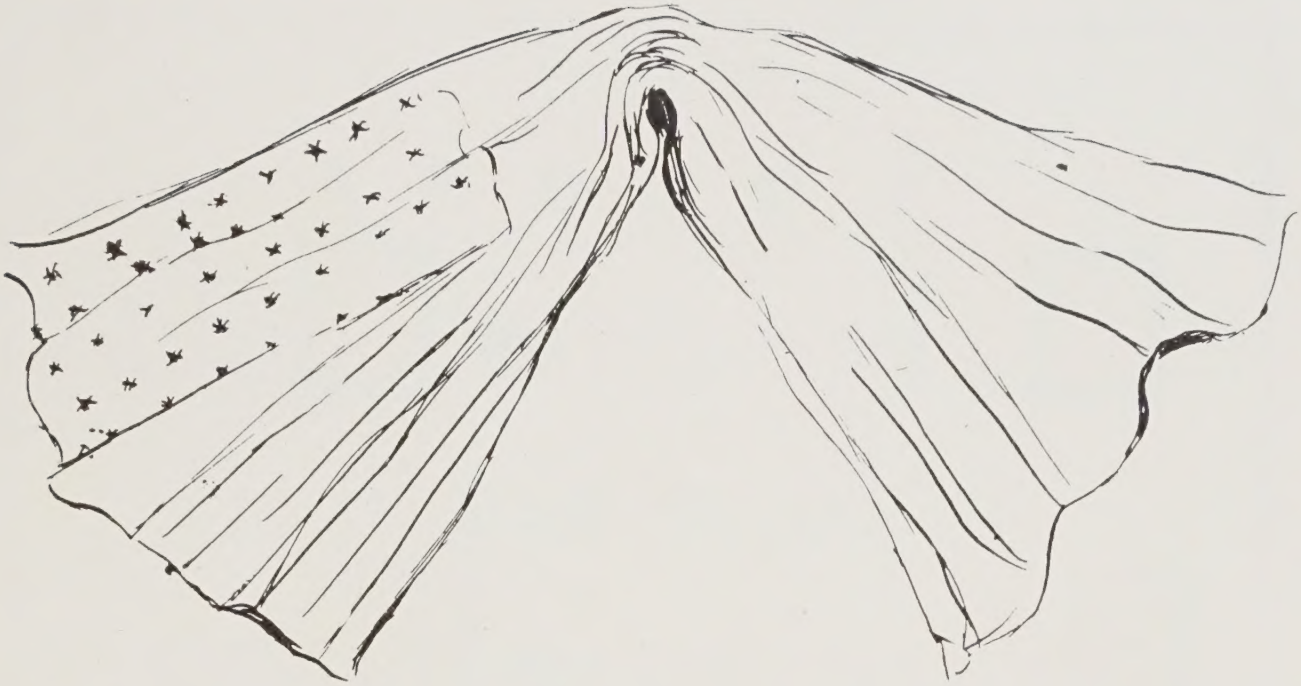
of Oberlin College



Volume XII

1901





FOREWORD.

Within these folds our treasure lies,
Drawn from the good, the beautiful, and wise.
Ours was the task, of ours it is the best,
Yours to accept, and yours to put the test.

And if in lighter vein you find
Your name, perchance, with humor here entwined,
Recall, "A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best and wisest men."

Know this, if eagerly you scan,
And fail to find your place within the plan,
That earth has not a temple raised to fame,
That fails not to omit some worthy name.

And if in future years you give,
A moment to these pages, and there live
Those memories sweet that bring a pleasant pain,
Enough it is; our task was not in vain.

C O L O R S

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M O T T O

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Y E L L

i-o-hi • -hi-o

i-hi-o-hi

O B E R L I N

Abbott
ol

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To Professor Frank Fanning Jewett.

Frank Fanning Jewett is descended from Edward Jewett, who reached Connecticut from England in 1638, and from Miles Standish of the May Flower. He was born in Newton, Massachusetts, prepared for college in The Norwich Free Academy, and was graduated from Yale in 1870, ranking among the honor men of his class of one hundred and thirteen members. His diploma for the A. B. degree is signed by President Woolsey, that for A. M. by President Porter.

After graduation Mr. Jewett taught mathematics, physics and chemistry for two years in The Norwich Free Academy and devoted three years to the study of chemistry and mineralogy in the Sheffield Scientific School of New Haven and in Göttingen, Germany. Among his German teachers was the famous Professor Wöhler, discoverer of aluminum. Mr. Jewett little suspected, at that time, that the method of aluminum production was to be revolutionized and made a success through the discovery of one of his own students, connected with his own laboratory in Cabinet Hall, Oberlin College.

While serving as private assistant to Dr. Wolcott Gibbs of Harvard University, Mr. Jewett was called to the chair of chemistry in the Japanese Imperial University. The call came through request of the Japanese Government that President Porter recommend a man for the place. Mr. Jewett was named at once. Reaching Tokio in January, 1876, he found large laboratories, every modern equipment, a colleague of wide experience, two assistants for his own courses of General Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis and Organic Chemistry, and large classes of well prepared young men to whom his lectures were delivered in English. In addition to strenuous service in the educational work of the University, he allied himself to the small band of those teachers from America, England and Germany who proved their Christianity by their lives,—men whose power for righteousness in Tokio cannot be over-estimated.

As rapidly as possible the Japanese Government prepared Japanese men for its University chairs. The chemist was ready in 1880, and Professor Jewett's engagement ended with the close of his second contract. With its termination came gifts from the Government, letters and gifts from his pupils, many words of appreciation, and, most valued of all, a paper presented to him in connection with a parting chop-stick supper and a pair of Kaga ware vases made to order for him. This paper is an expression of gratitude to their "best teacher and friend" signed by seventy-four young men at that time in his classes.



F. F. Jewett.

On leaving Japan Professor Jewett married Miss Frances Gulick, daughter of Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick. They reached Oberlin in September, 1880.

The Chemical Department then occupied the first floor of Cabinet Hall. Prof. Kedzie had made an important beginning in the teaching of chemistry by the laboratory method, but his early death left the department still undeveloped, the equipment meagre. Foundations had been laid, however, and since then the growth has been constant. Enlarging courses and crowded laboratories required additional apparatus and increased space. Zoology and botany yielded the second and third floors of the building to chemistry in 1886. After that, Cabinet Hall was, from base to summit, a saturate solution of chemical odors.

In 1886 Mr. C. M. Hall—a graduate of 1885—made his great discovery of the method of securing aluminum by electrolysis. Professor Jewett was profoundly interested in the investigation, gave encouragement as he could, and supplied help in certain emergencies,—as when more electricity was required, and multiplied new cells were improvised from pans and cans and discarded bottles. The result was the nugget of aluminum,—a joy to the discoverer, and, for Mr. Jewett, a cause of added pride in his former pupil.

An outcome of his experience in teaching laboratory methods is his "Laboratory Exercises in Inorganic Chemistry," now in its second edition. His patent chemical bottle stopper is increasingly adopted by laboratories.

Since his first depressing glance into Cabinet Hall on the day of his arrival from Japan, Mr. Jewett has had in mind the requirements of a model laboratory. For years his note-book has kept record of observations and experiences which might prove useful. These multiplied during 1895-1896 in the laboratories of Berlin and Charlottenberg where he worked. They were further increased by visits to the laboratories in Bonn, Heidelberg, Munich, Leipsic, Göttingen, Zurich, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Cambridge and London. Later the best chemical buildings of the country were examined. When, therefore, Mr. Louis H. Severance made his noble gift to the college, Professor Jewett was able to elaborate to the finest detail his thought as to the essential requirements of a building devoted strictly to chemical purposes. His plans, placed in the hands of the architect, Mr. Shaw, and made possible through the generosity of Mr. Severance, have resulted in the new home of the Chemical Department. The enthusiasm which has given life to this department in its day of insufficient light, insufficient room, insufficient heat, cold floors, frozen pipes and bottles, and congested fumes, is not likely to wane in the era of inspiring conditions now introduced by The Severance Chemical Laboratory.

Quite aside from his professional work, the contribution made by the man himself in his character and personality, to the life and work of the college, is great and unmistakable. Faculty and students alike rejoice with Professor Jewett in the vastly improved conditions of the new Laboratory; and, with peculiar satisfaction, the Junior Class dedicate to him the Annual of this year.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

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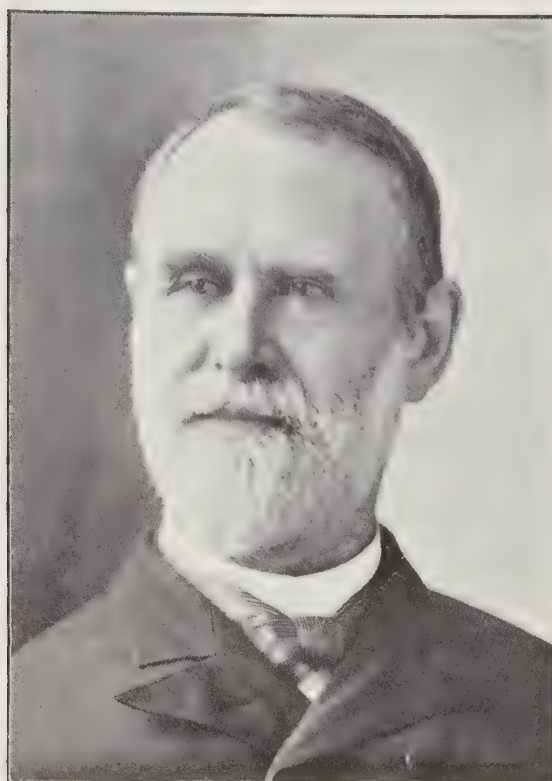
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†Elected by the Alumni.

*Alumnus.



GENERAL JACOB DOLSON COX.

Jacob Dolson Cox was born in 1828, and died August 4, 1900. He entered the preparatory department of Oberlin College in 1846, and graduated from the College in 1851. From 1851 to 1866 he made his home in Warren, Ohio. He was admitted to the bar in 1852 and at once formed a co-partnership with Hon. John Hutchins. In the spring of 1861, Cox, Garfield and Monroe were in the Ohio senate, a trio of young men who largely controlled state legislation and were destined to exert a marked influence upon their generation.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Cox was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, and served all through the war with very marked distinction, receiving finally the often merited promotion to Major General.

While still in the field he was unanimously nominated candidate of the Republican party for Governor of Ohio and was elected in 1865. In 1869 Grant made him Secretary of the Interior where he gave a clean and able administration.

After retiring from the cabinet he again entered upon the practice of law and filled successively important positions—the presidency of the Wabash railroad, rep-

representative in Congress, the presidency of Cincinnati University, and Dean of the law school.

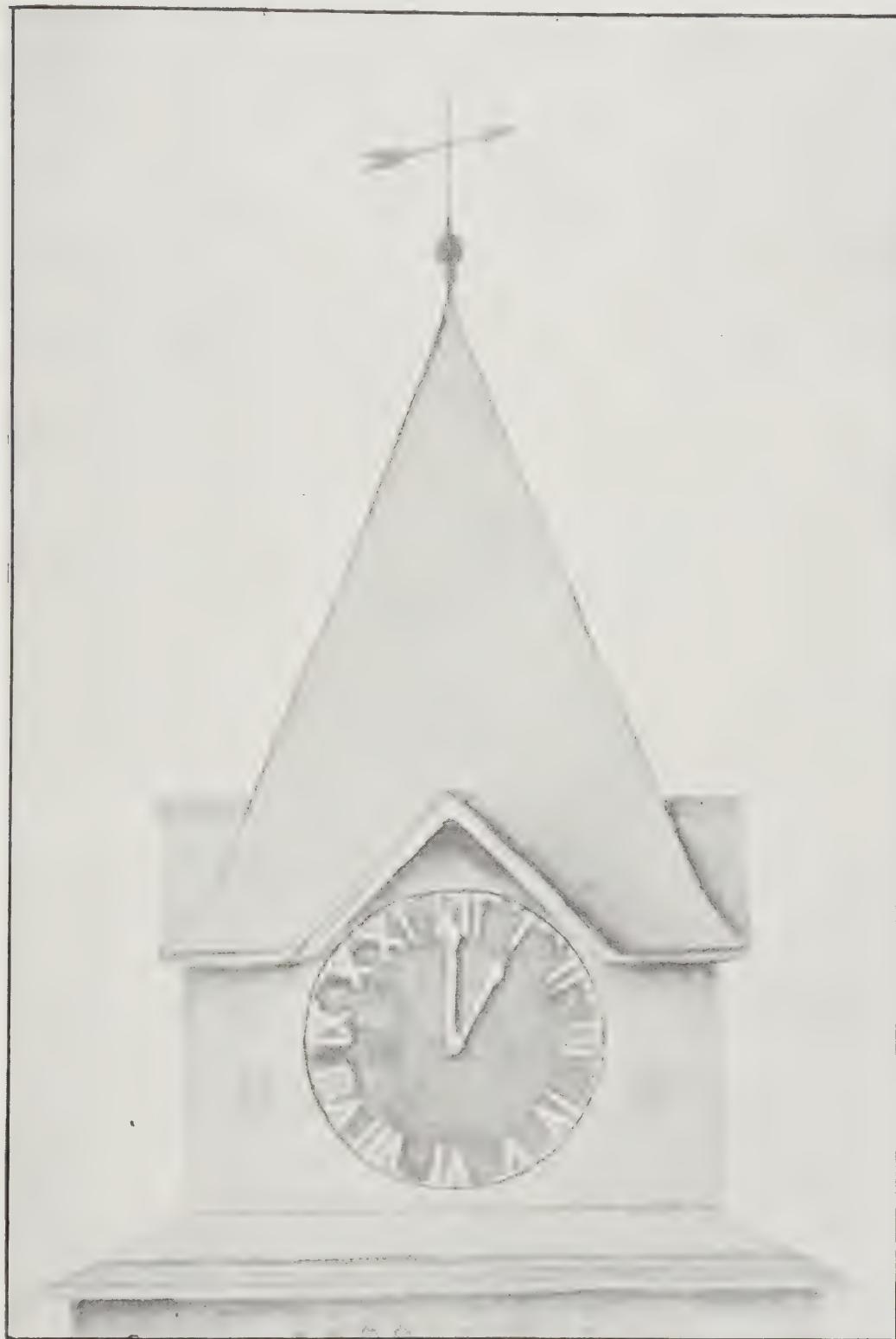
Few men have attained mastery over so wide a range of knowledge. He was a profound student of philosophy, history, economics and international law; was widely read in the whole field of the world's literature, art and architecture. In microscopy he was an authority of world-wide reputation, a member of the Royal Microscopical Society, and received a gold medal of honor at the Antwerp exhibition of 1891 for excellence in micro-photography.

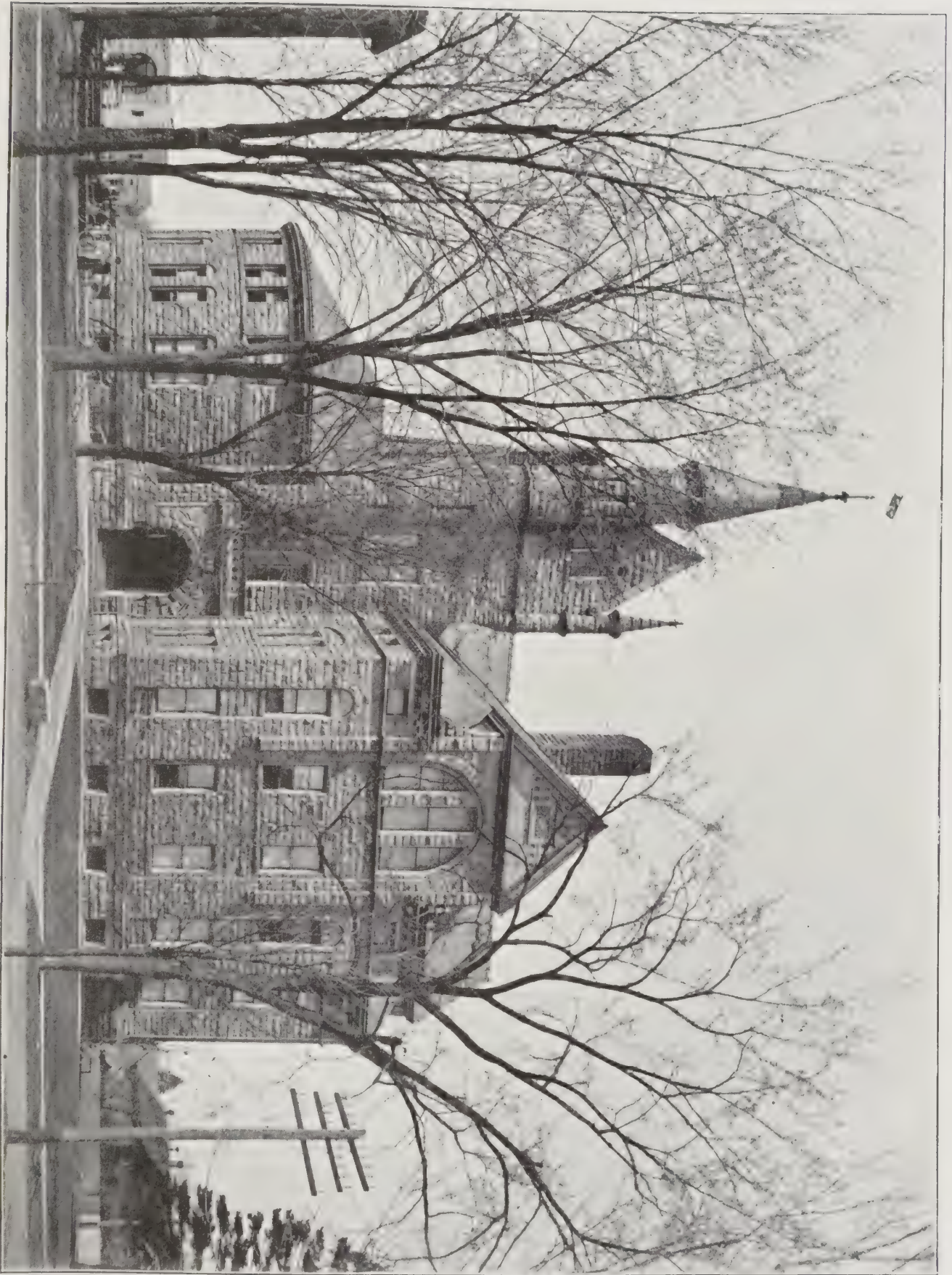
These various attainments, coupled with native modesty and refinement, made association with him delightful and inspiring.

Though reticent as to his deeper personal experiences, his most intimate friends knew of his strong religious conviction. His loyalty to duty was as strong and unwavering as that of the Christian martyrs.—Extract from memorial adopted by the trustees.

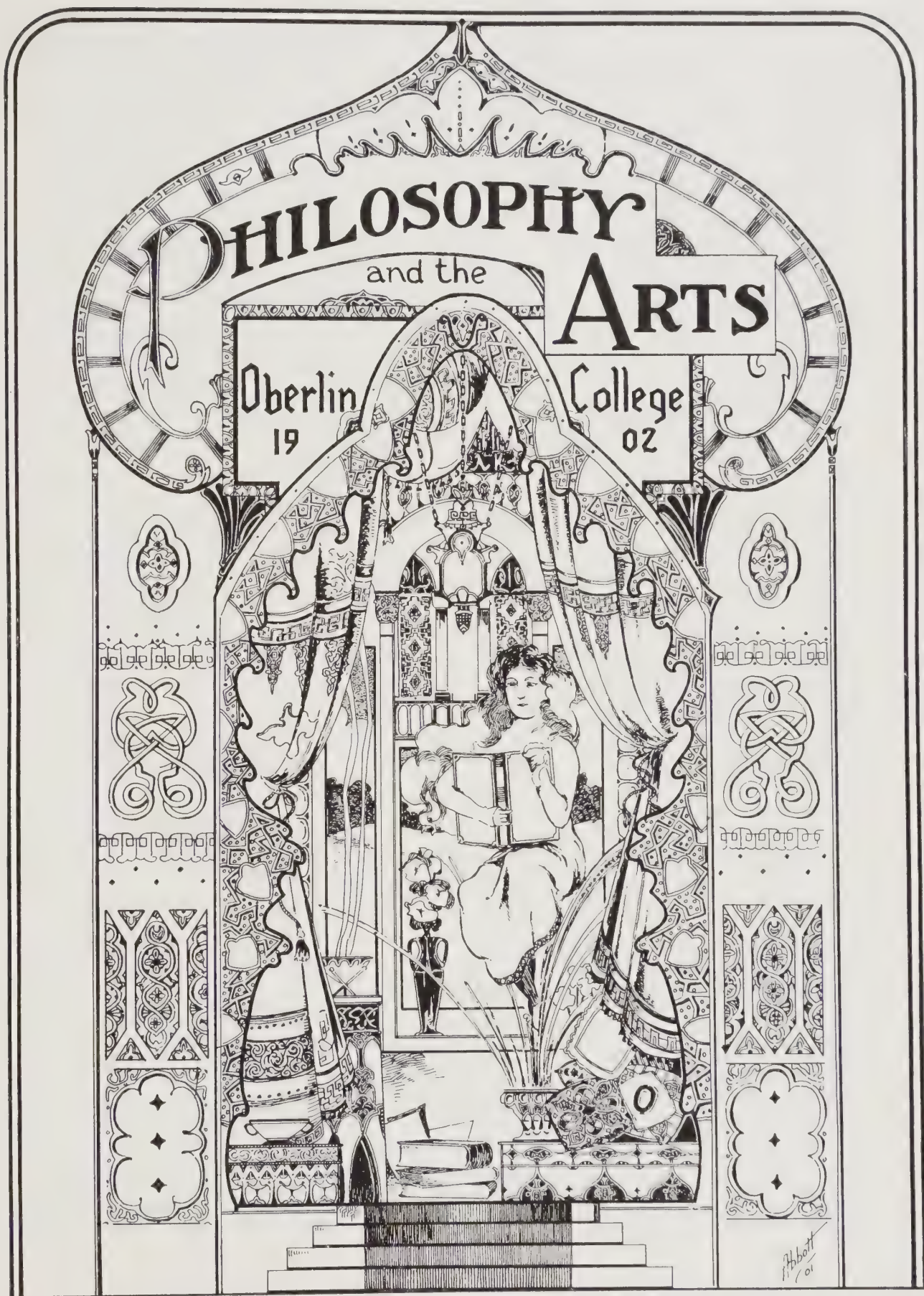


Book I. UNIVERSITY.





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CHAPEL.



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Leghorn and Mandarin.

MOTTO.

AIEN APISTEYEIN

YELL.

Hi! Hi! O! Hi!
 Boom a-la! Boom-a la! Bum!
 Hooray! O! C!
 Nineteen Hundred and One!

Seniors.

The great surprise of the Sophomore year is that one knows so little; but the Senior is continually amazed that he knows so much. Not in the way of definite information, of course—he has had too much else on his mind to acquire much of that—but occasionally a lecturer alludes to something which has a familiar sound; or a fragment of Trig., which the Senior had supposed consigned to oblivion, comes floating back; or some “glittering generality” shapes itself in his mind, to be immediately seized upon and carefully committed to memory for the edification of his fond parents. All that is very pleasant, for it warms the weary student's heart to come so unexpectedly upon these signs of awakening intellect.

Still, that isn't the only fun there is in being a Senior. In the first place, he wears a cap and gown—any way, he does sometimes; but the less said about that the better. Ask Rob Brown what he thinks.

Then there is Theology, which isn't at all bad, because it is administered in homeopathic doses. The reason that only Seniors take it is because it is so hard to understand. Even a Senior doesn't grasp all the points perfectly.

FROM Ralph
I was goin to a dogfight thAt
da but Ma says if I Dont go to thAt
PART I sheal beat me with th zlipperr
Til my eye bulgeout. I no ma SHE
is tryin to make a swell out of me going
to parties and sich ma sez youse no-
ther aint frist uprite or I would Hew
tells me whut time to Kum. But
thats all rite I'll come over early
in the mornin and sta awl
da Goodbye dear Friend
I got yure letter

We have chapel-seating, too. The front seats are the best in the room, and we rather enjoy being an example to the rest of the institution. The Faculty chose our seats there because they like to see us. Maybe they would like to see us a little oftener. The girls have been racing with the Faculty, to see which could show the most vacant seats in a week. Of course the Faculty won, being so hardened, but the Senior girls ran a close second.

Speaking about the girls reminds us of the Nocturnal Society, which gets up early in the morning and goes serenading. We use it to work the Profs.

We think we beat the record when it comes to parties. Why, the President was so impatient to entertain us that he couldn't wait until spring, but asked us down to his house the week after Thanksgiving. Then we had a party in the Gymnasium, and renewed our youth. We even had a class list, just like Freshmen.

Some of the invitations and answers were a little hard to read, but they answered the purpose. Next came the sleighing party, which went clear to Elyria, and stayed until nine o'clock—two distinctly novel features. There aren't many classes that could be trusted so far.

But life isn't all hilarity, even for Seniors. What taxes us to the utmost, in more ways than one, is the Memorial—the slight token of esteem we leave behind us. We have tried to consider every possible need of the College, and not be prejudiced. What we really favored most was a new railroad station; but if "a constructive form which shows its purpose" makes architecture, we thought the old one could not be improved upon. Then we considered a chandelier, as a delicate compliment to our especial luminary, Dr. St. John; but we decided that our class flag was about as bright a thing as we needed to leave behind us. Mr. McKelvey, who has had a large and varied experience with our best American Colleges, suggested easy chairs for the Library; but as Prof. Root says the Library is too conversational in its tone already, we had to give that up, too. But Mr. Bush hit upon the very thing. He suggested rustic benches placed in secluded spots on the campus. His notion was warmly seconded by a young lady who doesn't want her name mentioned in this connection. This seems on the whole a valuable gift, in harmony with the recognized Oberlin spirit, and especially adapted to the use of Seniors. For after all the chapter in our Theology which must ever prove most interesting is not "Personal Rights and Duties," or "The Nature of Man,"—but that short and momentous one which bears the suggestive title—"The Future Life."





LIBRARY.



JUNIORS.

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COLORS.

Gold and Navy Blue.

MOTTO.

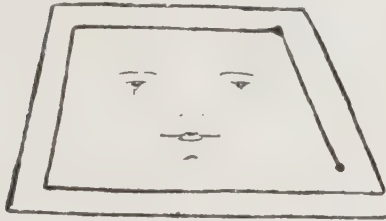
Ο ΤΕΛΟΣ ΤΑ ΕΡΓΑ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΕΙ

YELL.

Hi-Ko-Hi! Hippiti-Hi!
 XIX and Double I!
 Caloo! Caboo! Gold and Blue!
 Oberlin! Oberlin! 1902!

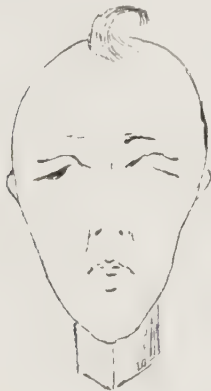
1902 History.

The last Ethics test of the winter term had been written, the last blue book had been tossed on Prof. MacLennan's desk, and casting wistful glances over their shoulders, the last fair Junior girls had stolen from the dear old Ethics class room.



The sun had sunk into the west and slowly darkness was descending on the deserted room. Then it was that a strange figure slipped into Prof. MacLennan's chair and with an intensely self-satisfied expression cast a patronizing glance about the class room. A little red slip for recording absences he quickly tore into bits. "All present in spirit," he observed in a still, small voice. Silently the door opened and another strange

figure approached the desk. "The Conscience of the class of 1902, I believe?" observed the newcomer. "Yes, and you are the Impartial Spectator," replied the Conscience, smiling benignly. "I assure you, that on this, your annual round of inspection you are more than welcome to the class of 1902." Turning to the spectral class he continued: "It is the custom in our psychical world, as you all know, to require that once in the course of each college class, the social class conscience, I, your moral representative, undergo an examination, to be conducted by the Impartial Spectator. We are gathered here this evening for the purpose of taking this highly important step in the progress of the class toward perfection, which it



is my pleasure to believe you have already nearly if not quite attained. This day, the one on which you have completed all of the required work in philosophy, is selected as the most appropriate for conducting such an examination, and we have with us now no less a personage than the Impartial Spectator." A hundred spectral handkerchiefs cleft the four dimensional space in an impressive Chautauqua salute.

The Impartial Spectator, that proud personality of the spiritual world, accepted the proffered place on the platform. "Conscience of 1902," he cried, searchingly scrutinizing the figure at the desk, "has this class ever attempted to suppress you?"

"Never," firmly replied the Conscience.

"Has it always unquestioningly followed your dictates?"

"In a most laudable manner," replied the Conscience, nodding approvingly toward the class members, who modestly maintained a spiritual silence.

"Have you yourself an adequate conception of right and wrong, good and bad, dutiful and disobedient?" thundered the Impartial Spectator.

"Under the wise guidance of that latest master of philosophical thought, whose chair I now occupy, I may safely say that I have attained a reasonable knowledge and insight into moral principles," replied the Conscience proudly. The hard lines of the Impartial Spectator's face suddenly relaxed.

"Under the guidance of so great a philosopher how could this class do wrong," he was heard to softly murmur. "Proceed with an outline of the history of your class, detailing their desires, motives, purposes, acts and deeds," he directed. The Conscience, his face beaming with assurance, folded his arms and began.

"The term history has both an objective and a subjective signification, events in themselves, and man's apprehension of events; our deeds which have made history, harmless enough in themselves, have, through apprehension and misinterpretation often been condemned, you, most Impartial Spectator shall judge hearing both the motives and results of our purposes. In dealing with so large and complicated a subject I shall for convenience divide my subject into Ancient, Mediæval and Modern history.

ANCIENT.

Our earliest remembrances are of the good old Academy days, when we were the hope and pride of all our teachers, when great careers were mapped out for so many of us with our baseball and football boys we were to feed Varsity for years, with our athletes we were to revolutionize athletics, in basket ball we would soon bring down the mighty sophomores. In one matter we were a little dissatisfied. Having won the championship in field day we were denied the pennant since we were only cads, but we now see the justice of the decree and acknowledge the wisdom of our seniors for when sophomores had this precept not been established we ourselves had lost no cads. We had frequent class meetings to decide on class colors, flag and yell and our indecision led many people to look upon us with open contempt as scrappers, but great decisions should not be made hastily and besides, these meetings gave us splendid opportunities for better acquaintance, which we



Home From Bekk's

surely do not regret. We have always been able to see the bright side of life and even on the way home from Farmer Bell's in the cold, damp, drizzling rain, we would not have had it different, the inclemency of the weather brought us closer together. The turning point from ancient to mediæval history is marked by our change from academy pews to college chairs and desks.

MEDIAEVAL.

Our early education made us slow, deliberate and positive, and our course since has by no means fallen short of our early promise. When in the Freshman year in the absence of several of our important members on the football trip, members important to both team and class, we decided to postpone the Thanksgiving party until the following Saturday night; before we won our point, each Professor having a

vote in the faculty had been visited and put through a course of argumentation. Persistence won the day. Enterprise, too, has not been wanting in our class as shown from the fact that we entered a realm wholly unexplored by our predecessors, namely, literature, which resulted in the Tooter. From our point of view our stag



parties have been successful, but it took perseverance almost verging on stubbornness to hold our stand as superior to the sophomores and a year later to teach the Freshmen their place and station. Both of these classes have been rather unruly for subordinates and have manifested several ways their dissatisfaction at their position. For instance, in the dead of night defacing our sacred plot in Ladies' Grove by their class number, writing their number all over town instead of '02, etc. We entered heartily into the custom of observing Arbor Day with a day's vacation and have done our best to show our approval of the new ob-

servance. The pretty water tower decoration which we contributed free gratis to the town was not accepted as the happy surprise intended, and the accurate care taken that it might be kept a secret was thoroughly unappreciated. Again our boys displayed their force of reserve by refusing to be led to the confessional. We alone seem to recognize instances of this kind as epochs in our character building. Nearing the close of our sophomore year when about to enter upon the duties of upper classmen, we assumed borrowed mustaches in order to become accustomed to the appearance and dignity soon to be incumbent upon us. We, however, put them aside at the request of the President, he preferring to keep us children as long as possible.



The Moustache Club.

MODERN.

Soon upon our entrance to Juniorship we were thrown into a political whirlpool and the troubles of state immediately surrounded us. Ever anxious to learn and broad-minded enough to take in all sides of a question, when election time drew near, having had only Republican and Prohibition speakers we decided to hear the arguments of the Democratic party, whereupon we organized a club and sent to Cleveland for a speaker. A lively meeting, well attended, ensued, and though we were not sufficiently convinced by the Democratic representative to vote that ticket, our minds felt easier at voting the Republican. Again the faculty misunderstood our commendable zeal and attributed our appetite for learning to love of trouble. Polit-

ical deals being too exciting for steady diet we adopted a milder form, when our boys accommodating their dress to the weather, appeared on a raw and gusty afternoon in January in white ducks and straw hats—Sunshine Club, they were called, and much sunshine did they bring into gloomy Peters on that otherwise dismal day. Exchanges of mutual admiration have been tendered off and on during the year. A sleigh ride in which the boys served as horses was the result of one particular burst of altruistic feeling. Could such gallantry be excelled? A little token of appreciation in the shape of fudges was later tendered by the girls. A beautiful spirit of harmony and love prevails throughout the class.” Here Conscience concluded with a satisfied air and looked inquiringly at the Impartial Spectator to pass judgment. As the recountal proceeded the Impartial Spectator was observed to grow more and more friendly in his mien toward the Conscience. Each new deed brought a fresh smile of satisfaction to his face, and now that the Conscience had finished he arose glowing with admiration and approval.



“Five!” he shouted. “Five plus. At last perfection is reached; here we have an embodiment of the good, the true, and the beautiful such as has never before come to the attention of the psychical world.”

“Ah, and to think this praise comes from the Impartial Spectator himself,” observed the Conscience, beaming with joy.

Again there was a triumphant flourish of spectral handkerchiefs and then the pale light grew more dim, there was a faint rattle of desks and singly the Junior spirits, followed by the two strange personalities, faded into the outer darkness.



Oh! fudge !!



The Cadet

Class Anthem.

(Tune-America).

There are no flies on us.

There are no flies on us,

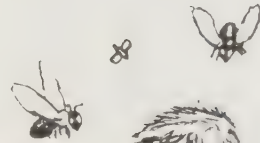
No, not one fly.

There may be one or two
Great big black flies on you,

But there is not a single fly
On Nineteen-Two.



Freshman



Sophomore.



1902

Washington
Call





SOPHOMORES.

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EDITH L. HATCH,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
PLINY O. CLARK,	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
EMELYN F. PECK,	-	-	-	-	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

COLORS.

Yale Blue and White.

MOTTO.

Virtute et Opere.

YELL.

M-C-M! I-I-I!

Blue and White! Hi-O-Hi!

Che-Ha! Che-Ha! Che-Ha! Che-He!

Oberlin! Oberlin! Nineteen Three!

The Class of 1903.



GONE are the days of jockey caps and Greenaway bonnets. With numbers decreased to less than a hundred, but with jollity and ingenuity enough to keep the faculty wide awake for at least three years more, '03 entered as a sophomore. The history of the class this year is about as full of exciting incident as that of any class well could be. On the first Saturday night of their arriving in town last Fall a lot of the boys went out into the country with some friends and accidentally became separated from them. Long and wearily they wandered, for the night was dark and the roads muddy. But the Fates were kind and 'ere the sun had risen they had all reached home in safety. Refreshed by a Sunday's rest they were ready for another conflict with their Freshman friends. Fast and fiercely they played so that they left the gridiron with the first of the championship games to their credit.

Through all the season did this enthusiasm last, and they went into each game with that "with-your-shin-guards-or-on-them" spirit that made such long hospital lists for the other teams and finally landed the much coveted banner.

The celebration of this successful season's work was undertaken by the girls of the basket ball team, who entertained the knights of the gridiron in great festivity. The pleasure of the occasion was somewhat lessened by the absence of Miss Heebner and McMillen, who have ever since been under the suspicion of spending the evening in strolling together along some secluded star-lit path. It was here that "Judge" Peabody was for the first time of the season compelled to retire in favor of a substitute, and in fact Moore seemed the only man sure of his position.

Besides football much interest was centered in the chemical laboratory where the social whirl was led by a young man named Tenney, and focused in the southwest corner of the west room, which could not be suppressed even by the august Lord Chamberlain or the grim(?) head of the department. The "Spinster Tea" at Miss Craft's was one of the most delightful social events of the year. Miss Crisman's tale of disappointed hopes was most heartrending. Miss Sieben, Miss Crowe, Miss Crafts, and other cheerful make-believers joined heartily in the mournful reminiscences and the stiff, rheumatic dancing.

Laughbaum and "Toddy" Morgan began the winter with an adventure that neither will likely forget soon. Contrary to the habits of both, they went one night to call on a couple of maidens of their acquaintance. Without a suspicion of the danger that awaited them they were ushered into the parlor; but not long were they left in that blissful ignorance of their fate. Before the girls could arrive upon the scene, the matron swooped down upon them and cast them bodily into the street.

But any entirely unsought adventures, even Cooper's mid-winter bath in the waters of Plum Creek, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the excitement deliberately searched out by Altvater. By willful intent he has made the whole year a continuous hair-raising experience, and shows no signs of quitting yet. Since he is not addicted to the use of one make, any hair tonic manufacturer may now purchase his "before and after using" pictures at a low price. Lightner, too, though last year a most staid and decorous youth, has this year given free play to his long pent-up spirits. He began his wild career on the Glee Club's holiday trip, when night in and night out he made crush after crush, till even now his

course through the Northwest can be traced by a trail of broken, bleeding hearts. Thus aroused he has since been shooting the Chutes in a way to make his friends fear for his safety, and so great was his speed that he could not stop to sing in the Home Concerts.

The choice of president this year has been particularly happy both for the choosers and the chosen. But in one way the "Alderman" has profited by it more than at first appears, for as he now controls the class list on all occasions he no longer has that nervous worry about making his date for a party. Nor does he now feel tempted to stand on his head to celebrate the acceptance of his invitation, as was the case last year. His faith in the girls of the class is great, but here he is



surpassed by Ed. Moore, whose saying, "The Sophomore class is the place to go for a wife," has been spread upon the class records. Foley may also be called to witness this point, and his opinion should receive due consideration as coming from a man of experience. That he does not much undervalue himself, is shown by the following squib, culled from a German student's note book.

Ich kamm vor einem Soph'more bei,
Roy Foley war sein Nam'.
Er ging die Strasse stolz hinab
Wie etwas wundersam'.
Ich sagt zu ihm, "Du bist nur eins,
Lass niedrig dein Kopf fühlen."
Er schaut mich an, und sagte kurz
"Schweig du nun! ich bin sieben."

With half of its course finished the class can look back upon its record with as much self-satisfaction as is consistent with modesty, and it only remains for Stuart to settle finally on the subject for his really great poem, and Cooper to decide where to bestow his affections, when the mist of uncertainty now hanging over the forward path will be dispelled, and the sun of that happy day will light up the dazzling vision of a great and glorious future.

Later.—Stuart's poem, entitled "The Lovely Loveliness of Love," has just been published. (Hinds and Noble, N. Y. .50.) Cooper not yet heard from. Dispelling of mist postponed.

JAMES BENJAMIN GILMAN.

Born January 28, 1879. Died July 10, 1900.

James Benjamin Gilman was born near Churchville, New York, January 28, 1879. After a district school training, he entered the Churchville High School. When Ben was about seventeen his family moved to Rochester. In the fall of 1897 he came to Oberlin. He was prominent in athletics, playing right tackle on the famous '98 team, and the team of the following year; two years winning second place in the pole vault, and taking part in the last gymnasium exhibition. Leaving Oberlin on June 28, 1900, in company with Oscar Lewis, he attempted to make his way to Calumet, Michigan, where he had employment in the copper mines. On the night of July 10, 1900, the boys met death at the Carp Furnace in Marquette, Michigan. Never known to speak a cross word, always bright and cheerful, ever sacrificing his own wishes that he might help and please others, his death was mourned by a large circle of admiring friends.

OSCAR FREDERIC LEWIS.

Oscar Frederic Lewis was born at Houghton, Michigan, on February 10th, 1879, and was killed at Marquette, Michigan, on July 10th, 1900, while on his way home from Oberlin.

In the fall of 1897 he came to Oberlin, entering the Academy as a special student; and two years later he entered the College as a Freshman with the class of '03.

As a student he stood high in his classes, his ability being recognized by teachers and fellows alike. His was one of those rare minds so seldom met with that we scarcely know how to take them,—a mind quick to grasp a point and sure in analysis, yet so keen that to one who knew him but little it sometimes seemed almost cutting and ironical.

He had a wide circle of friends, and but few confidants. By those among whom he mingled as a fellow student and friend he will be remembered for what he was,—a strong, noble character and loyal friend.

By the very few who knew him really intimately he is mourned for what he might have been had it not pleased the Divine Reaper to gather in the grain before it was yet ripe.



FRESHMEN.

CLASS OFFICERS.

JOHN A. CHURCH,	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
AMY L. REED,	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILE REED,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
CHESTER G. LIVINGSTON,	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
NELLIE G. MOORE,	-	-	-	-	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

COLORS.

Maroon and White.

MOTTO.

Character and Culture.

YELL.

Hi! Ki! Hi! Yi!
 Rip-Rah-Roar!
 O! C! O! K!
 Nineteen Hundred and Four!

The Class of 1904.

It is considered very unfortunate by the Freshmen class that they should be called upon to chronicle their own misdemeanors graphically, pathetically or even truthfully, for it is a matter of record that the Freshman bump of self-conceit has not been over-developed; nor have the waves of prosperity—domestic and otherwise—been of sufficient largeness to completely engulf them with its deluge of good things, but, contrary to the expectations of their most intimate friends they have thrived upon the barren products of Freshmandom.

It is not the habit of Freshmen to boast or to exalt themselves in too bumptuous a manner—a manner entirely unbecoming to Freshmen and quite unheard of in the present class—but rather to humble themselves; to look with awe and respect upon the hereditary gowns of the wise Seniors and the pretty Seniorettas and take kindly the advice of the great Oberlin *pater familias* and obey. So we do not boast.

It was a great day when we entered Oberlin College. Roosters crowed, birds sang, bands played, yea verily, the sun shone. Even President Barrows had anxiously awaited the arrival of the class of 1904, in fact, “one high in authority” has made the statement that the good D. D. had intended to greet us with the Chautauqua salute but he had been called out of town at the last moment and we were not saluted. But the Doctor had perhaps good reasons to be concerned about our arrival for it is well understood that he had loaned Teller his own silk hat three months before, and Teller in his absent-minded, deep-in-love fashion, had entirely forgotten the incident until a “call at my office” summons tickled his intellect and he was now about to call. Well, we arrived. One hundred and forty-eight people with Cochran.

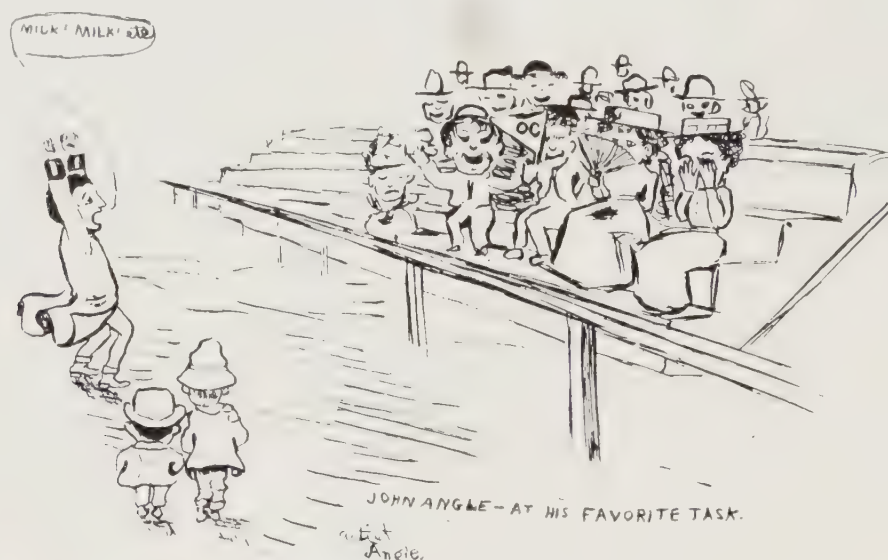
Many would-be Freshmen eager to excel in their studies and duly informed of Freshman math and kindred delusions, made great preparations for their year's work. Some even brought along their own supply of brain food, in fact the statement has been made upon good authority that Frank Peirce had a dried herring packed away in his dress suit case and Osborn a codfish, while the remaining nebulae of the Freshman constellation, scintillated in their own orbits, their own brightness totally eclipsing anything hitherto manifested by previous Freshmen.

While we have exceeded the greatest expectations of our most intimate friends in things pertaining especially to Freshmen, still we have managed to inculcate in our youthful bosoms a hitherto unsatisfied yearning for the hearts of the opposite sex. So marked has this manifestation been, that it is but a question of time how long we may be permitted to enjoy the companionship of Anderson, Osborn and McMillen. Not only have these battle scarred veterans stacked arms in heat and cold, in daylight and in darkness, cherishing the hope that the last advance has been made, that the last lap has been covered and that the victory has been theirs, but they have stimulated the minds of such men as Shepler, Teller and Livingston and have brought disorder and confusion within a once happy household. Nevertheless, though we are handicapped by these exceptional cases of newly developed bliss, still as a class we have managed to have our own social gatherings now and then. We entertained the men of the Sophomore class who were bound hand and foot by the ties of friendship which Freshmen are always anxious to extend to Sophs. Then we have had our huskingbees, sugar parties and skating parties and other “social functions” which a well behaved and obedient class deserve. But the event of the year culminated in our shirt-tail parade and its aftermath. It is difficult to state which was the most enjoyable but it is conceded by all that both were a success. The only sad event to mar the proceedings was the loss of Pocock's only

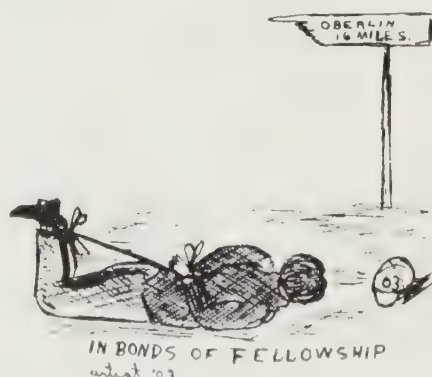
night shirt, which was torn from his back and hung in the branches of the highest tree, and to sympathize with him in his bereavement the girls went into deep mourning for twenty-four hours.

This bit of mourning to the sore eyes of the Sophs was like waving a red blanket at a Texas steer, *abcr*—the Sophs bellowed and roared in vain and to escape annihilation they beat their breasts and a hasty retreat.

We floundered around in Oberlin mud for nearly ten weeks playing tie games and trying to settle the football question but the wrath of the immortal gods was upon us and we floundered in vain. Still the presence of the young ladies of the class always inspired the mud bedecked warriors of the gridiron especially when Angle attempted to lead them in the "Sophomore" yell.



So in the "benevolent assimilation" of the Freshman class many ups and downs have been experienced. The "ups" have been the means of cheering the heart of many a homesick Freshman, the "downs,"—well never mind; consult the Registrar. Still let it be distinctly understood, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Freshman class has demonstrated that it has, by its own merit, entitled itself to all the respect and consideration which must needs be shown it, and let it be understood that it has proved its fitness to succeed in anything which its members may choose to undertake for it has listened to the "cute" jokes and witticisms of such a man as Professor Martin and at such remarks, it has smiled when it was time to smile and laughed when it was time to laugh.









GEORGE W. ANDREWS, A. M.
Professor of Organ.

ARTHUR S. KIMBALL,
Professor of Singing.

FENELON B. RICE, Mus. D.
Director of Conservatory.

J. L. D. MOSHER,
Instructor in Singing.

W. K. BRECKENRIDGE,
Instructor in Pianoforte.



MRS. H. M. WOODFORD, A. M. Dean of Conservatory Women.	EDWARD DICKINSON, A. M. Professor of History of Music
H. H. CARTER, Professor of Pianoforte.	MRS. H. M. RICE, Instructor in Singing.
F. G. DOOLITTLE, Professor of Violin.	C. P. DOOLITTLE, Instructor in Violoncello.
E. G. SWEET, Professor of Singing.	C. W. MORRISON, Professor of Pianoforte.
C. K. BARRY, Instructor in Pianoforte.	J. A. DEMUTH, Instructor in Pianoforte.



THOMAS HENDERSON, Instructor in Singing.	MRS. A. H. DOOLITTLE, Teacher of Pianoforte.	W. T. UPTON, A. B. Instructor in Pianoforte.
MRS. K. H. W. MORRISON, Instructor in Singing.	H. W. MATLACK, Teacher of Ear Training.	A. E. HEACOX, Instructor in Harmony.
MISS L. C. WATTLES, A. M. Professor of Pianoforte.	G. C. HASTINGS, Teacher of Pianoforte and Organ.	W. J. HORNER, A. B. Teacher of Singing.

GRADUATING CLASS.

1901.

ANTOINETTE MAE FARREN.

RUTH ALTA ROGERS.

FLORENCE LOUISE PHELPS.

OLINDA VOSS.

ORVILLE ALVIN LINDQUIST.



WARNER HALL.

CONSERVATORY ORCHESTRA

OBERLIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

DIRECTOR.

PROF. GEO. W. ANDREWS.

FIRST VIOLIN.

PROF. F. G. DOOLITTLE,
MISS DUNLOP,
MR. BELLAMY,
MR. HAYS,

MISS HOOK,
MR. RICE,
MR. EAGLESON,
MR. SMITH.

SECOND VIOLIN.

MR. SLOANE,
MISS HARRINGTON,
MISS MAMM,
MR. BEMIS,

MISS WYLIE,
MISS WRIGHT,
MISS WICKS,
MISS BACON.

VIOLA.

MR. J. A. DEMUTH,
MR. WHITE.

MISS ALLEN,

VIOLONCELLO.

MR. C. P. DOOLITTLE,
MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. HARRINGTON,

BASS.

MR. E. A. HEACON.

FLUTE.

MR. ABBOTT,
MR. STUART.

MR. PIERCE,

CLARINET.

MR. MERTHE,

MR. DUDLEY.

HORNS.

MISS BRYAN,
MR. ALWOOD.

MR. PERCIVAL,

TRUMPET.

MR. BOLAND,

MISS BARTLETT.



TALCOTT HALL.

Theological Seminary



Seminary History.

The theologues are a quiet folk, minding their own and other people's business in a matter-of-fact way which attracts very little attention from the outside world. Great, therefore, was the excitement which prevailed when the following notice was found posted on the bulletin board in Council Hall:

FISHING EXCURSIONS.

All theologues, with their mothers-in-law, wives and children and lady friends, are asked to be ready at 8:30, May 5, to start from the basement of Scoundrel Hall for the first Annual Fishing Excursion along the banks of Plum Creek.

(Signed) "PREXIE," per A. H. C.

P. S. No. 1—All theologues having engagements to preach that Sunday can find substitutes among the bearded and bald-headed incipient theologues in the college classes.

P. S. No. 2—Faculty will furnish refreshments in general, but only one cow will be taken to furnish food for the younger children; therefore every father is desired to have at least one extra bottle in the inside pocket of his sweater, for cows in the pastures on the way are liable to be wild and hard to catch.

P. S. No. 3—All theologues are expected to take clean white handkerchiefs, and those with young children will take at least two; one for the baby's nose, and one for the Grand Chautauqua Salute, which, led by the President, will be given frequently, whether there are any observers or not.

The Junior class came out of Prof. Swing's room just as Prof. Currier posted this notice. After reading it, Bohn exclaimed: "That's what I call liberal theology. Do you notice that it says, 'And their lady friends?' Now I shall not be compelled to restrict myself to one, and I guess it won't be stretching the letter of the law too much if I include myself under the clause that reads 'mothers-in-law.'"

Weed, from the rear of the group, objected on the ground of "expansion" at too great a rate on Bohn's part. But Bohn shut him up with the remark, "I wouldn't say much about 'expansion,' if I had come with a mother-in-law, two sisters-in-law, a wife and two children." Morgan finally settled the point by offering Bohn the place of his "lady friend," for as he explained at Thanksgiving party time, "He had been in Oberlin only five years, and did not yet know any girl well enough to ask her."

Then the class went into Prof. Bosworth's room. The professor seemed more than usually pleased and prefaced the recitation with the remark that "He was sorry to lose the hour which the fishing party would necessitate, but he felt that it was a good thing for the Seminary, and he thought he could plan sufficient reading on the 'Canon' so that the loss would not be very great." Meeker groaned and voiced the thought of the whole class, except Miss May,* when he observed that they all had confidence in his ability along those lines.

When Sunday arrived a happy crowd assembled for the start. The "Oberlin Mule Team" were out in full force, each one wearing his new child's cap with

* Miss May is the P. G. from the college who always studies before she tries to translate—a habit which she fell into in Freshman Greek with Prof. Martin.

the pretty letters on top, "O. M. T." The "twin poets" of Room 41 were there, each smoking his pipe of cubebs. Corbin had his pockets full of dominoes, and Colburn was carrying the tailboard to Early's baby wagon, on which he said they proposed to play out that game of 42 which the monitor, Mr. Willie John Williams, of No. 9, had interrupted the night before at one o'clock, saying that "Dr. Swing could not allow so much noise so long before breakfast, and that it was a mean thing for a theologue to do anyway, to get a couple of Cads into their room and keep them from their lessons, when Prof. Peck supposed they were studying math. for Sherk."

Prof. King was a little late, but telephoned that he was looking for more "red lines," because he always caught more fish with them than he did with the "blue lines" he used mostly.

Soon Prof. G. F. Wright was seen coming across the campus with a geologist's hammer. He explained that he expected to use it to break the ice, because the fish always bit better in a "sub-glacial stream." He said he had used it to very good effect in fishing for the ark where the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea on dry land, and he was expecting any day a "change of level" between here and Elyria which would make startling discoveries as to the amount of rain which fell during the flood when Jonah had shipped for Nineveh on the horseless carriage route by sea.

Grant was gone to Springfield to see his "mother," so he didn't make any trouble.

Just as all were ready to start it was noticed that "Dad Oyster-brook" was not yet in sight. In spite of the fact that Prof. Bosworth observed that it was not yet time for Estabrook to be early, Life offered for the trivial sum of 75c, if someone would furnish a wheel, to go and remind him that this was Sunday and the day of the "fishin'." As the crowd started across the campus Elliott pointed in an indefinite way over towards the chapel and said he "was wondering if possibly there might not perhaps be something coming from that direction" Sure enough, it was Dr. Swing, drawing his little son's substitute for a baby carriage, viz., a Babbitt's soap box wagon with wooden wheels. In the buggy he had two large demijohns. One was labeled "Jenkin's ever-ready hair emulsion" and the other said in large letters, "Bourbon." The Prexie suggested that they all give the Dr. a hearty "Oberlin Chautauqua salute as he came up." Williams objected because he said "Dr. Swing did not approve of so much noise and it was a bad example for the Cads." But it was given just the same. When Miss Rosie Annie Swing and the other theologues had their neat little handkerchiefs cosily tucked away in their inside pockets Prexie observed that "it might as well be understood now as ever that the whiskey was for snake bites and each student was to rigidly confine himself to only two snake bites an hour."

After stopping three or four times to give the grand Chautauqua salute to those whom they met on the way to church (and it was an impressive sight), they were led by the President to the rear door of the First church. Here they all disappeared. The preaching was good and the music exceptional. This ending of the first great annual excursion of the theologues was pronounced by the city editor of the "Review" to be "one of the most pleasant social occasions of the year." A new song was written by a Cad. in commemoration, entitled, "All the Way From Scoundrel Hall Across the Lawn to Church."



FACULTY.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D. D., *President*.
Professor of Comparative Theology and Christian Missions.

REV. JAMES HARRIS FAIRCHILD, D. D., LL. D.,
Professor Emeritus of Systematic Theology.

REV. GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, D. D., LL. D.,
Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revelation.

REV. ALBERT HENRY CURRIER, D. D.,
Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Practical Theology.

REV. HENRY CHURCHILL KING, D. D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

REV. EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH, D. D.,
Professor of the New Testament Language and Literature; Secretary.

REV. ALBERT TEMPLE SWING, D. D.,
Professor of Church History.

REV. GEORGE STOCKTON BURROUGHS, PH. D., D. D. LL. D.,
Professor of the Old Testament Language and Literature.

WILLIAM GEORGE CASKEY, A. M.,
Associate Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric in the College.

ERNEST LUDLOW BOGART, PH. D.,
Associate Professor of Sociology in the College.

REV. JUDSON SMITH, D. D.,
Lecturer on the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

OBERLIN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

CLASS OF 1901.

Classical Course.

N. W. CONKLE,
CHAS. ELLIOTT,
F. J. ESTABROOK,
J. A. JENKINS,
S. K. LIFE,

M. L. GRANT,
E. F. GOIN,
H. K. HAWLEY,
A. E. LEROY,
W. J. WILLIAMS

Slavic Course

BELA BASSO



COUNCIL HALL.



THE ACADEMY

FACULTY.

ACADEMY.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D., *President.*

JOHN FISHER PECK, A.M.,
Principal of the Academy; Associate Professor of Greek.

REV. JOHN TAYLOR SHAW, A.M.,
Associate Professor of Latin.

MISS FRANCES JULIETTE HOSFORD A.M.,
Associate Professor of Latin.

KIRKE LIONEL COWDERY, A.B.,
Instructor of French.

MISS CLARA LOUISE SMITHE, L.B.,
Instructor in Latin.

MRS. ALICE E. MEAD SWING, A.B.,
Tutor in German.

MISS ROSA MARITTA THOMPSON, A.B.,
Instructor in Latin and English.

ADONIRAM JUDSON MARSHALL, A.B.,
Tutor in Physics.

WILLIAM EUGENE MOSHER, A.B.,
Tutor in German.

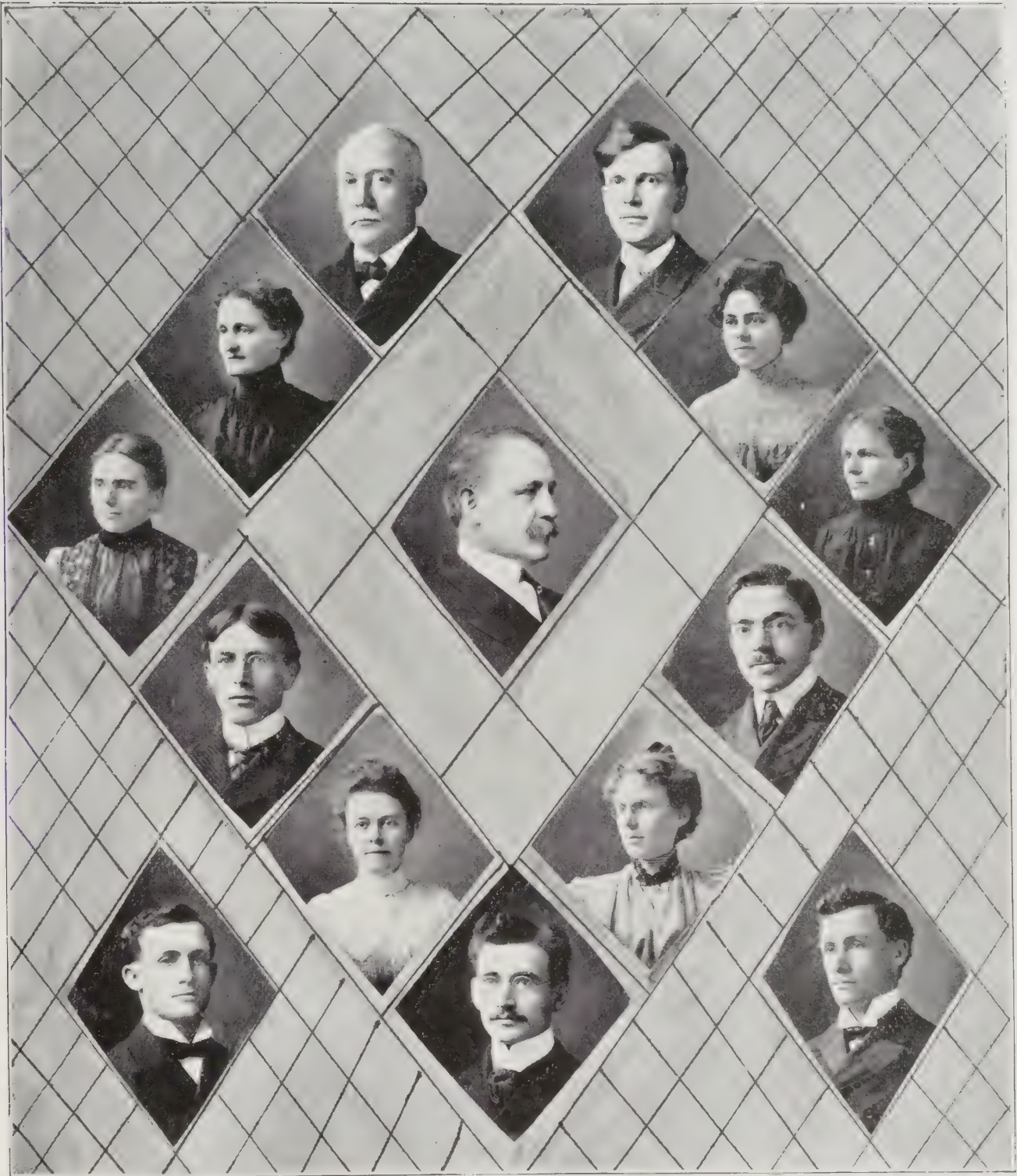
WILFRED HOBSON SHERK, A.B.,
Tutor in Mathematics.

MISS E. LOUISE BROWNBACK,
Tutor in English.

EDGAR FAUVER, A.B.,
Tutor in Greek.

EDWIN FAUVER, A.B.,
Tutor in History.

MISS HELEN B. WILLARD,
Tutor of Declamation.





CLASS OF 1905.

OFFICERS.

ALEX. DICK,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President.</i>
CASSIE MAY KELNER,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MARTIN JATEN,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer.</i>
OPAL C. FRANCIS,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Assistant Treasurer.</i>
HERMAN B. KELLER,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary.</i>

The Senior Academy Class.

IN a few more weeks, yes, in a very few more weeks, we shall come out of our shells and breathe the pure air of Freshmandom. Long have we patiently waited, always trying to keep ourselves out of the way, and never letting anyone know that there was such a thing as Oberlin Academy. We have studied hard, only flunking occasionally to keep from becoming conspicuous, and we must say that we have answered office calls promptly, never giving Mr. Peck a moment's trouble, and have always followed his advice and counsel to the letter. But although we have been so good, a few of our number have had difficulties, and one found out that it cost \$4.60 to shoot cats in Oberlin.

Our desire not to let anyone know that we existed did not prevent us from having a foot-ball team. It only kept us from playing any games. As our one ambition is to be the most remarkable class that ever entered Oberlin College, and not like the common Freshmen, we decided that we could prepare for a championship team next year just as well, and less noticeably, by turning ourselves into 'varsity scrubs. A visitor to Dill Field last fall would have had difficulty in telling which was the 'Varsity and which were the Scrubs. We are sorry that truth requires this confession on our part, but all we need to do is to refer to the Fauvers.

As has been said, we are very retiring, and wish neither to be seen nor heard. But on one occasion it became necessary not only to be seen and heard, but also to be felt. It wasn't our fault. Those Middlers, who had never been taught their place, were the cause of our uncharacteristic action. We, like Uriah Heep, are "very 'umble," but when interfered with, there is sure to be trouble. What happened has long been history. And it is only necessary to say here that since their short, sharp lesson the Middlers have been very respectful.

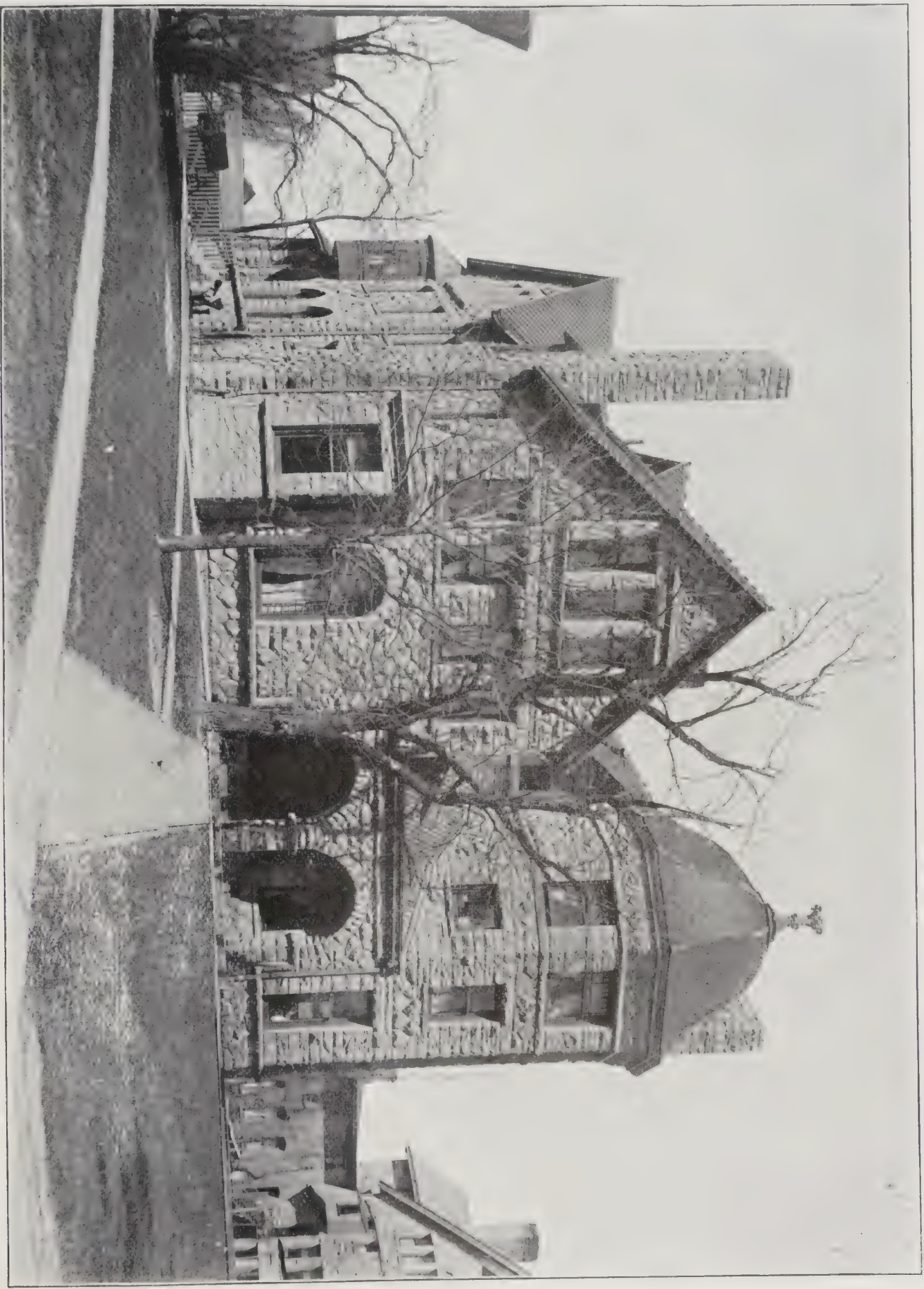
Most of us are naturally quiet and studious. But we have had our social life much as every other class. At the beginning of the year we held the customary gatherings just to "become acquainted," and most of us succeeded. Our Thanksgiving party would have done credit to any college class, and showed that we were not lacking in social stars. But many of us wondered if it would always be



necessary to have a class meeting every day for a month beforehand to arrange for it, and another every day for a month afterwards to pay for it. Finally, after much talk by McEwen and Gehrkins, and an occasional sensible remark from our honorable President, we succeeded in raising the necessary funds. Our financial troubles, however, had just begun. Later came heavier and even more exorbitant taxes for the Annual. But we will not dwell on this painful subject.

In closing this brief retrospect of our last year in Oberlin Academy, we must take the liberty of recalling two of our past joys. In the years to come, how we shall miss the pleasant hours spent in the laboratory with Adoniram Judson; and it will always be with a pang of sadness and a longing for the past, that we think of our blissful experiences under Miss Hosford.





BALDWIN COTTAGE.



CLASS OF 1906.

OFFICERS.

R. H. LONG,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President.</i>
EDITH C. FRANCIS,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President.</i>
J. F. MELEY,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer.</i>
HELEN S. WATSON,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary.</i>



DOINGS OF THE MIDDLE ACADEMY

GUNDEL

'o6 is a class way down in the Academy, that few people ever hear of except the Senior Cads., who have sort of an "uncertain impression" of the Middle Cads. It is a class organization in its primitive state. The nucleus of what may be a class as strong and well organized as even the Freshmen are supposed to be.

The chronicle of our year's events cannot compare with some other classes which are on beyond us somewhere in this rough and uneven way of courses, it cannot compare with other classes which have put themselves to the trouble of marching through the streets at a late hour clad in midnight mourning costume, and making the night air hideous with their unearthly squawking in order that there might be a scrap the next day over the crepe they would wear, and so their class historian might have something to write about. Nevertheless we have had a few events take place that interested those taking part, beyond expectations.

The first time that we realized that we were really a distinct class and free to go along together unmolested—save the few interviews we have occasionally with Mr. Peck, which are exceptions—was in the Bible class, which, by the way, is a place where we are supposed to meet each week, and which has later developed into sort of an art class for some.

Then there was the wonderful foot-ball season; of course we didn't play any real games, nevertheless we elected a captain, who told us many things about "feet-ball." We watched the scrubs bucking the 'varsity and took down a great many notes that will be of great use to us in playing the peanut game in after years.

During the year we have had a few parties. We have met together occasionally in order that we might become better acquainted with the fair ones of our

class, but none of these parties compared with the sleighing party. This sleighing party was decisive proof of two facts; first, that the girls enjoy sleighing parties much better than the boys—26 to 3, and second, that the girls of the class are much better organized than the boys—30 to 4. Some good people are wondering why it required four chaperones for a party in which there were only three boys. No one knows. We realize that the boys of the class need a little more class spirit—not the kind that you pay ten cents a glass for, but simply the kind that the girls had before and after the sleighing party.



Well, we wouldn't want to close without mentioning the "scrap." That was our most heroic deed of the year. And although we may have more scraps during our course, we do not intend to roll our enemies quite as long (i. e., not as many hours) in the snow, or demolish the furniture in quite the same way as we did in French Hall. But since following this event we didn't receive an "Epistle from Peck" it might be very profitable for us to unite our forces and reduce the whole hall to a mass of ruins, since by doing this we might get a new building; but we shall not begin by smashing things up with each other's heads, even if we did succeed in breaking window panes with them during the night of the "clash of classes." The janitor says that the next morning he gathered up a basket full of pieces of noses, ears, a few teeth, collar buttons, neckties, etc.

Now that the year is over we think that we have done just a little better than any other Middle Cad. class in the past. The curtain drops here for this year to rise again a year later when we will be seen in all our glory as *Senior Cads*.

This is the end, but not the finish; a close, but not the last scene.



FACULTY.

PHYSICAL TRAINING COURSE.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS, *President.*

DELPHINE HANNA, M. D.,
Director of Physical Training in the Women's Department.

ALICE BERTHA FOSTER, M. D.,
Director of the Women's Gymnasium.

FRED EUGENE LEONARD, M. D.,
Director of the Men's Gymnasium; Professor of Physiology.

MRS. MIRIAM T. RUNYON, M. D.,
Instructor in Anatomy.

LILA J. WICKWIRE,
Teacher in the Women's Gymnasium.

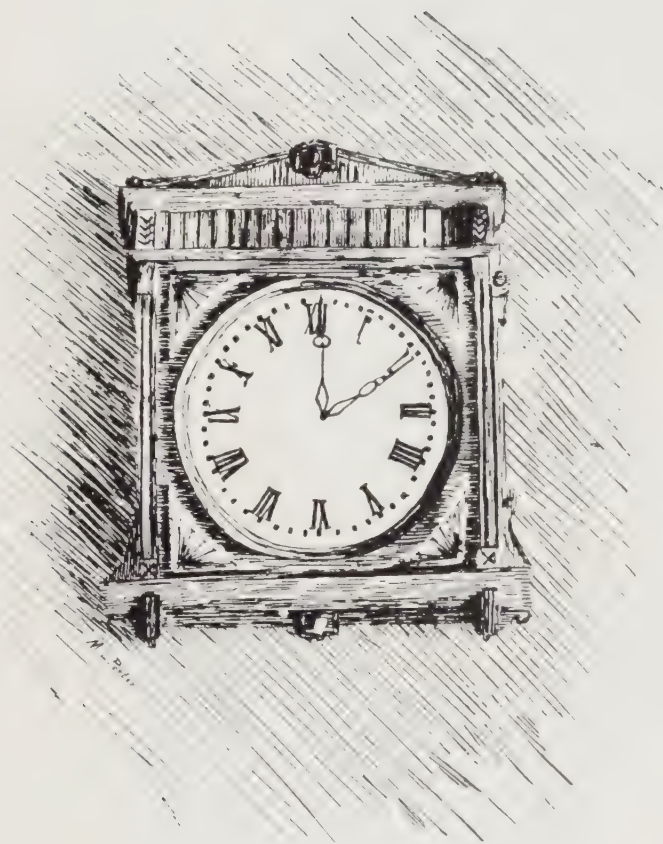


ART



MISS EVA MAY OAKES,
Instructor in Drawing and Painting.

Book II. SOCIETIES.



LITERARY



SOCIETIES.

PHI KAPPA PI.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

JAMES A. FAIRCHILD, '38,
A. A. WRIGHT, '65.
LYNDS JONES, '92.

EDWIN FAUVER, '99.
EDGAR FAUVER, '99.
W. E. MOSHER, '99.

1901.

T. NELSON BENEDICT,
SEELEY K. TOMPKINS,

OTIS B. RIDDLE,
J. MAYO METCALF,

CHARLES S. PENDLETON.

1902.

HENRY M. BISSELL, JR.
STANLEY C. LIVINGSTON,
MERT L. CARPENTER,
A. W. CHAPMAN,
HAROLD B. REED,

B. LEROY LAIRD,
ORVILLE C. SANBORN,
HOWARD J. STRONG,
WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD,
DANIEL W. ROBINSON,

JITSUMARO S. OKADA.

1903.

CLEVELAND R. CROSS,
WALTER J. RYAN,
EDWARD H. TENNEY,
ROY W. FOLEY,
HARRY L. MARSH,
WALLACE F. ANDREWS,

STANLEY B. HARKNESS,
JOHN W. TAYLOR,
FRANK W. VINCENT,
EMILIO V. WILKINSON,
JOHN R. MORGAN,
STANLEY G. SHAW.

1904.

CHESTER G. LIVINGSTON,
HARRY HUNTINGTON,
DALE W. McMILLAN,
ROBERT W. PATERSON
C. F. BRISSEL,

JOHN RUDIN,
ELEC ANDERSON,
A. L. BUTTON,
F. C. VAN CLEEF,
GAYLORD N. BEBOUT.



Phi Kappa Pi.

THE SENIOR MEMBER'S REVERIE.

THE Senior member, by no means disconcerted at his ten-minute tardiness, made a careless and dignified entrance into the familiar elegance of his little society room. Leisurely sinking into an upholstered corner seat, he dreamily surveyed the surrounding parliamentary scene. Another month and he would be forever barred from active membership in Phi Kappa Pi. The chance thought sent his consciousness a-coursing back over the varied events of his society life.

It seemed hardly credible that he was now one of the oldest and most experienced of Phi Kappa's members; that almost four years before, in company with Metcalf, he had bashfully ventured to have his name inscribed on the society roll, and to shyly take a place among the most brilliant minds of the college.

With vivid coloring the old scenes blended with the present and held fast his reverie. How he had admired, in those days, the wonderful forensic ability of Thomsen, Warner, Williams and Mosher! How he had dreamed that, in time, he, too, might hold society offices and become a forceful debater and speaker! And now, verily, the terms had passed by till he himself was a Senior, looked up to by the under-class members, doubtless, as he had revered those gone before. There was Metcalf in the chair now, able and confident, dealing out parliamentary procedure with lavish abandon; Tompkins and Benedict, too, his fellow tremblers when they were freshmen, were taking a most active part in the meeting, quite impressing the assemblage with their knowledge of Roberts' Rules, or, anon, convulsing their hearers with facetious remarks, mephistophelian puns, or remarks concerning the gas committee. Livingston, an Academy student when the Senior had joined, was showing his advanced mastery of society methods by the payment of a fine instead of the presentation of his due oration. LeRoy Laird, once a shy little fellow, now a rotund, plump-faced member with the weight of long experience upon him, was just entering the room, a half hour late as usual. Pendleton, who used to twist and turn his heels and lips as he stood on the carpet, rose ponderously before the society and hurtled forth words of appealing eloquence in favor of a small orchard of Phi Kappa trees—what would the folks think now, Pendleton! In his critique, even little Toddie Morgan showed much of the imbibed society spirit by constant, untiring allusions to "Phi Kappa Pi's high standard." Shades of Yocom, Hyde and Fauver! Was ever a purer bluff

in debate more prettily presented than the one of which Bissell and Reed were now bereaving themselves? "Ah!" exulted the Senior member, "'tis a great thing to be one of the pillars of your society—make room for me to indulge in a little swell!" They were coming to the reading of fines. In order to avoid the grating sound of Cross's voice as he read the Senior member's name for the fourth time, that worthy enthusiast promulgated the mystic sign of the two fingers and left the room.



L. L. S.

FACULTY MEMBER.

MRS. A. A. F. JOHNSTON, 1856.

1901.

CHARLENE SPERRY,
MABEL FAUVER,
ANNA CAREY,
ALICE FAIRFIELD,
EDITH HIRT,

ETHEL PETERSON,
CHRISTINE THOMSEN,
GLADYS STOKES,
MARY SAVAGE,
JANE CLARK.

1902.

NORA EADE,
ELIZABETH WILLARD,
FRANCES FOWLER,
IRA BROWN,
MYRA GODFREY,
NELLIE KNAPP,

ELLEN WRIGHT,
MINNIE MUNGER,
CLARA PARTRIDGE,
MABEL WRIGHT,
MARY STICKEL,
FLORENCE WESTLAKE.

1903.

MARY DICK,
ANNIE WHITE,
LUELLE FESSENDEN,
KATHARINE CRAFTS,
EDNA BARROWS,

EMELYN PECK,
ALICE CAREY,
ELLEN BELDEN,
MARY BELDEN,
FLORA HEEBNER,

ANNA CADY.

SPECIAL.

ALTHEA PAYNE.



L. L. S.

(Vice-President presiding in a rather deserted looking room).

Vice-President: Is there any other business we can transact while we are waiting for those Seniors to elect their farewell speaker?

Miss E. E. Wright: Miss Vice-President, I move that we elect members to fill their places next fall.

Miss Willard: I second the motion.

Miss Eade: Miss Vice-President, I object. I don't think we shall miss them as much as that. We can run society all right.

Miss Knapp: Miss Eade forgets that all the Juniors and other members of society are not so forward in taking part in meeting as she is.

Vice-President: We will proceed with the election. Will Miss Wright explain just what she wants.

Miss E. E. Wright: I didn't mean to fill their places as orators and essayists. They do well enough, but I meant in special ways, according to the characteristics of each.

Vice-President: Oh, I see. Well, we'll have the nominations and then vote on them altogether. Let's begin with Miss Fauver.

Miss Browne: I think Miss Fauver's rather pugnacious.

Vice-President: Are there any nominations? Apparently Miss Fauver has no rivals in this department. Can some one suggest some other quality?

Chorus: Energetic.

Miss Godfrey: Nominate Miss Heebner.

Vice-President: We must hurry on. Miss Carey—she has dignity. Miss Barrows has been nominated. I think she'll do very well in time. Miss Sperry comes next.

An awed silence follows, finally:

Miss M. Z. Wright: Miss President, I think she's haughty. She's a little freezing sometimes. But she's quite an ornament.

Vice-President: Can somebody suggest a haughty person? We must have somebody. Miss Fessenden, suppose you practice up and see what you can do. Now for Miss Peterson.

Miss Munger: I nominate Miss Stickel. She hasn't talked any yet.

Vice-President: We must hurry.

Miss Mary Belden: Miss Stiles has steady company. Miss Annie White would do for that.

Vice-President: I don't see what that has to do with society.

Miss Ellen Belden: Oh, yes, she'd be good. You know she and Ned——

Vice-President: I think Miss White would do on other grounds. She could make anything sound well, she's so pretty. Miss Stiles always does.

Miss Eade: I nominate Miss Peck for Miss Fairfield's place. Both have red hair and are not to be crushed, though Miss Peck doesn't say so much.

Miss E. E. Wright: Miss Sweet has sort of red hair too, but then she never says anything.

Miss Willard: I nominate Miss Fowler in Miss Clark's place. They both live on Forest street.

Vice-President: Is there any one who can whisper as Miss Thomsen does?

Chorus: The Belden twins.

Vice-President: Can any one roll out tragic tones like Miss Hirt's?

Miss Willard: I think I could.

Vice-President: Can any one suggest a substitute for Miss Stokes?

Miss Alice Carey: I'll try to roll my eyes, and Miss Craft's hair is nearly the same color.

Vice-President: Miss Savage is the last. I don't know what we can do unless we find a pretty little doll with a phonograph—oh, here come the Seniors. I hear them weeping in the doorway. We shall not weep for them.



PHI DELTA.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

F. ANDEREGG, '85.	G. F. WRIGHT, '59.
E. I. BOSWORTH, '83.	G. M. JONES, '94.
J. R. MILLER, '00.	

1901.

E. W. BROUSE,	HARRY N. FROST,
EUGENE T. BUSH,	JOHN L. LAIRD,
J. M. LANGSTON,	J. E. SPRUNGER,
C. MERLE WOODRUFF,	EDWARD B. RICH,
M. MCKELVEY,	SANFORD SNELL.

1902.

E. C. ROBERTS,	MILTON C. SMITH,
CLARENCE W. BALKE,	R. D. STEVENSON,
CHARLES BURR,	A. L. WOODWORTH.

1903.

PLINY O. CLARK,	HOWARD GRABILL,
W. W. BEAL,	D. R. GREGG,
CARROLL N. LANGSTON,	JAMES B. MILLER,
HOWARD L. RAWDON.	

1904.

C. H. CROOKS,	PERCY HILLIS,
L. D. WOODRUFF,	C. J. FORD,
G. C. ROSS,	W. S. COCHRAN.



Phi Delta.

T was one of those languid evenings of late spring. The little clock on the mantelpiece lazily ticked off the five minutes grace after 6:15, while a few of the faithful members were slowly straggling in. At 6:51 the president called for order. The roll was called and the auburn-haired member of the honorable Board of Directors set the pace for the "singists" of the society. These last, however, refused to accept the counterfeit notes which were tendered them and the song ended with a cut-short note of—well, most any denomination.

While the secretary was before the society, puzzling out his records of the previous meeting, several belated "grand-marchers" wandered in through the door, hands on their watch-pockets and a somewhat unnecessary look of surprise on their faces. Bush brought up the rear. Your humble scribe removed his coat, found a cool and comfortable place near a window, and settled down to enjoy the evening.

The critic began by wondering how he was going to begin. Before he had finished the scribe was wondering how he was going to stop. He rambled on in an aimless sort of way, occasionally making a pertinent remark about some fellow member which caused all the other members to smile according to their several abilities. He finally came to the sane conclusion that the program of the preceding week was a very warm article (here the scribe looked about for a fan), and then, gazing complacently at his audience, he sat down.

The action so surprised the scribe that he became unconscious, and the drawling tone of the essayist and the impassioned eloquence of the orator, delivered in an impressive, stammering manner, fell upon unhearing ears. A sharp tap of the gavel made him dream of a home-run in the ninth inning with two men out and one run needed to win the game. He heard the plaudits of the spectators, and awoke—to find the debate in progress. The question was: Resolved, That a seventeen-dollar tax for Phi Delta's picture in the Annual is excessive. Two worthy Seniors were vigorously affirming the injustice of the charge, while the Juniors had retained two of their most wordy men to defend their position. The Seniors told what they didn't know about Annuals; the Juniors attempted to tell what they did know, but did not succeed very well.

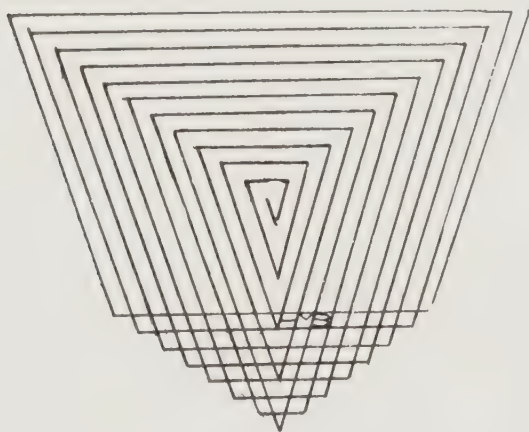
The judges would not come to a decision. They were afraid of the horrible joke manufacturing powers of the juniors on the one hand and the terrible physical retribution which might overtake them on the other side. The society debated long and financially, but the question was finally thrown into the waste basket. Somebody said that was because it was a scrap question.

Bush had retired during the reading of the critique. It was now past 7:30

and he had just returned before the extempore speeches were announced. At this point he left the room in great agony and was not seen again. It was just a way he had.

The corresponding secretary read the appointments and the treasurer followed with the disappointments. None of the committees were ready to report so the society went on to new business. Woodruff was elected to inform Aelioian that the mens' society had now paid all their bills in connection with the society reception. Roberts was instructed to bury his hatchet—a la Mrs. Nation or any other way he might choose. Rich had a scheme for hiring a steam roller to assist the chair in keeping order during exciting general debates. Some members, however, were afraid that the roller might accidentally run over the clock which had recently been put in running order. If so, it would very likely be damaged—the clock, not the steam roller. So the motion was lost.

After some further important business Phi Delta adjourned. The scribe adjusted his coat, got his cap and turned his steps toward the pie manufactory of one of Oberlin's most popular citizens. Gathered in this den of veal sandwiches and chocolate "Sundays" the members of the society held their weekly love feast. Cider flowed freely and bowls were drained to the last drop—at your neighbor's expense. But the salted peanuts on the way out! And the way they got home! And the ——! No, the scribe must not tell everything. He has told more already than he can tell his professor tomorrow morning.



AELIOIAN.

1901.

VIRGINIA BILLINGS,	JESSIE HYDE,
MRS. STELLA BOGART,	FLORENCE JONES,
BERTA BOWERS,	ETHEL LUTZ,
MABEL COTTINGHAM,	MABEL MILLIKAN,
MARY DAY,	ANNA MORTON,
ALMA ELY,	ALMA PENROSE,
CLARA GILBERT,	ALTHEA ROWLAND,
JENNIE GURWELL,	CLARA SHUART,
JESSIE HAMILTON,	EDITH THATCHER,
ANNA HOLDING,	OLINDA VOSS,
CHARLOTTE WESTHAFFER.	

1902.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE,	GLENNA HOSTETTER,
ROSEMARY BUTTON,	HELEN HOUGH,
GEORGIA CARROTHERS,	IRIS JOHNSON,
ALICE CHARLES,	MABELLE KLEINSMID,
HELEN CHUTE,	MARGARET MERRILL,
FLORENCE CROCKER,	LAURA MERRILL,
CLARA DARST,	MABEL PRICE.
MARY EDWARDS,	MABEL SOUTHWORTH,
HELEN GALPIN,	ETHEL WILSON,

1903.

EMILY ABBOTT,	ANNA CROWE,
MARY COCHRAN,	EDNA DANIELS,
ANNA CRISMAN,	MARY RYDER,
SARAH SANBORN.	

1904.

ABBIE MILLER.

SPECIAL.

CARRIE ROOT.

CONSERVATORY.

ELIZABETH WILSON.



Aelioian.

THE lights were out, the janitor had just turned the key in the lock after taking care to see that the chairs were still in disorder and the papers strewn on the tables and floor, and as silence came over the rooms of Sturges Hall, the Artemis in the Aelioian room stepped down from her pedestal with a sigh.

"Another Monday night gone, Santa Barbara," she said; "we had a pretty good time tonight, didn't we?"

"Yes, but I get so lonesome sometimes for the old girls. Now those '98 girls who presented me were a fine set and showed excellent taste."

"Not one bit better than those in 1900. I was so glad to see Miss Royce and Miss Hanby when they came back and hear them speak again, and I'm the first statue that ever came here anyway."

"Yes, but you didn't have a pedestal for some time but had to sit there on a corner of the platform and I don't think what you have now is a thing of beauty."

"O, well, it will do for a foot stool, but let's talk about the meeting. I think they are improving. All the extempores were on the assigned subjects tonight. I have a terrible fear that this portends something wrong for it never happens more than once a term anyway—they couldn't have planned right."

"What do you suppose they will do when the Boer war stops and the Philippine agitation is over?"

"I hate to think of it. I'm afraid society will have to be given up. But they have some pretty good orations now. If they would only put in a few gestures and get more excited, I should tremble for the chances of the boys if they let the girls try for the big contest."

"O, they wont; it was hard enough for the girls to get even an essay on the class contests this year."

"General discussion doesn't seem to progress very fast, they still keep a discreet silence when any strictly political subject comes up but they seemed to do better on the divorce question the other night."

"Queer subject for Miss Galpin and Miss Gilbert to choose, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I thought they were taken up with thoughts of what comes before divorce from what some of the girls said."

"That makes me think of Parliamentary Drill when they always seem to have so many jokes about some boys' societies and then once in a while about engaged girls."

"There isn't but one, is there? That's the same Miss Millikan they were going to appoint as chaperone the other night and then decided she couldn't be one for all her experience had come when she 'went double.'"

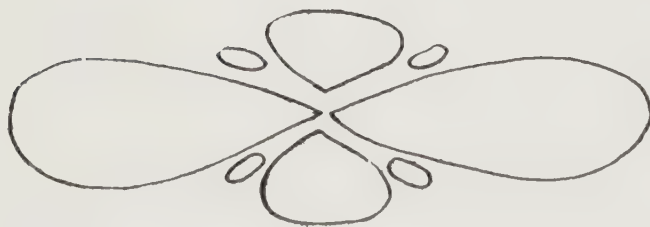
"I can't understand any of those jokes very well."

"No, or those about things being rural and not conforming to the usages of good society, but they must be very funny, for they always laugh when they are brought up."

"It's easier to comprehend when they get back to discussions of curtains and chandelier decorations. I am quite familiar with all the popular arguments about those. But what girl do you like best? I am getting very much interested in Miss Hamilton who lives in such a fine town. I should like to see it, for as one of the critics said, her town can illustrate any topic that is brought up."

"She always frightens me a little for she nods her head so, I'm always afraid she's mad at some one. I thought that Miss Hough looked like a nice girl the night she joined but I don't believe she's been here more than twice since, so I can't get very well acquainted. But I like them all anyway, from Miss Hostetter, though she doesn't seem to know much about electricity—for she made a motion once to have the plumber come and put in a telephone—down to Miss Button who always holds on her hair in such a peculiar manner when she approaches the platform. I, for one, thank the day I came to adorn the room of the Light Bearers."

"I, too," said Santa Barbara, "Aelioian. forever, is my motto," and as she settled back in her frame and Artemis once more ascended her pedestal, silence again came over the old society room.



ALPHA ZETA.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

L. B. HALL, '72.
J. F. PECK, '75.
C. B. MARTIN, '76.
F. E. LEONARD, '89.

A. T. SWING, '74.
H. C. KING, '79.
A. S. ROOT, '84.
W. H. SHERK, '99.

1901.

EARL F. ADAMS,
CLAUDE H. BIRDSEYE,
HUBBARD M. BRADLEY,
ROBERT E. BROWN,

DAN. EARLE,
JAMES G. HARDY,
EARL W. PETTIBONE,
JOHN A. SCHEUERLE.

1902.

ROBERT L. BAIRD,
ALBERT R. BROWN,
WILLIAM FRAZER.
CHARLES B. HARWOOD,
WILLIAM M. HICKSON,

ROY V. HILL,
JAMES J. JEWETT,
ALBERT W. MONOSMITH,
OLIVER B. RAMP,
JOHN W. RHOADES,

FREDERICK VON LUBKEN,

1903.

ROBERT T. BARBER,
JOHN Q. BOSSELMAN,
EDGAR K. CHAPMAN,
HUGH G. CHRISTIE,
DAHL B. COOPER,

RICHARD T. F. HARDING,
HARVEY K. HEEBNER,
E. ALLAN LIGHTNER,
EDWARD J. MOORE,
CHARLES B. SCHULTZ.

1904.

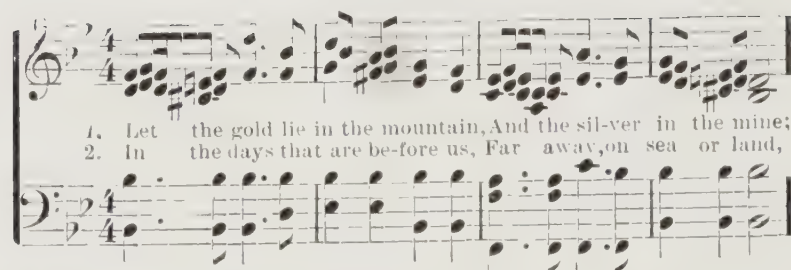
JOHN H. ANGLE,
RALPH E. BIXBY,
ARTHUR R. EDGERTON,
BLAINE G. HARRISON,

WALTER G. MCINTOSH,
MAURICE F. PARMELEE,
JULIUS H. PARMELEE,
CLARK H. SACKETT,

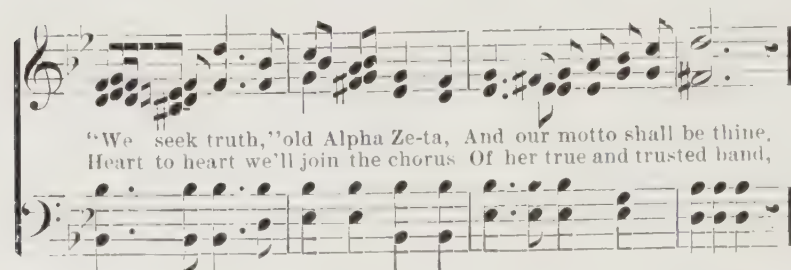
HOWARD J. SEYMOUR.



SOCIETY SONG.

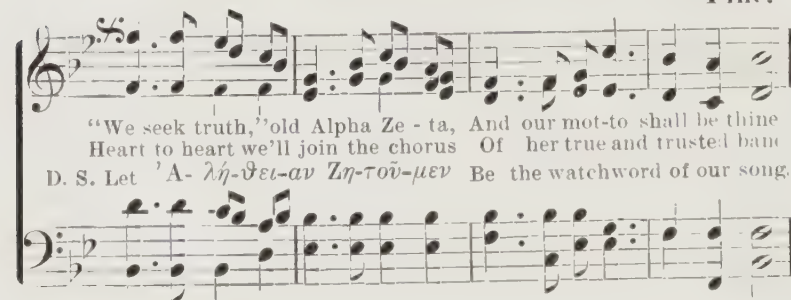


1. Let the gold lie in the mountain, And the sil-ver in the mine;
2. In the days that are be-fore us, Far away, on sea or land,



"We seek truth," old Alpha Ze-ta, And our motto shall be thine,
Heart to heart we'll join the chorus Of her true and trusted band,

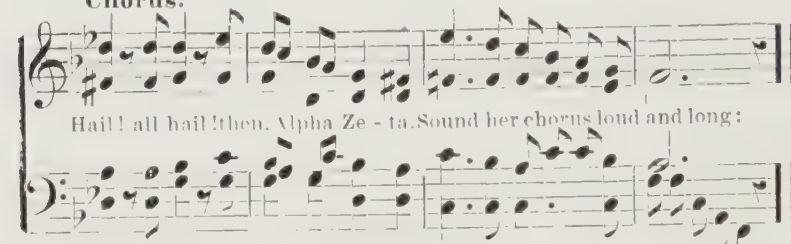
Fine.



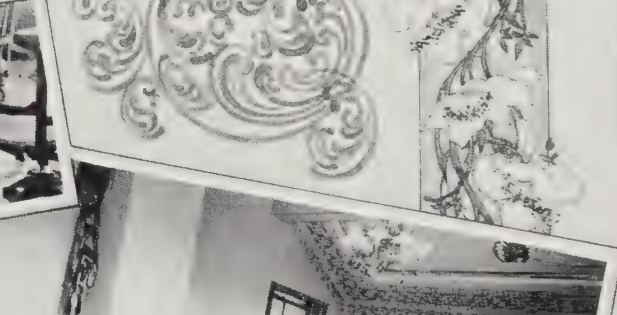
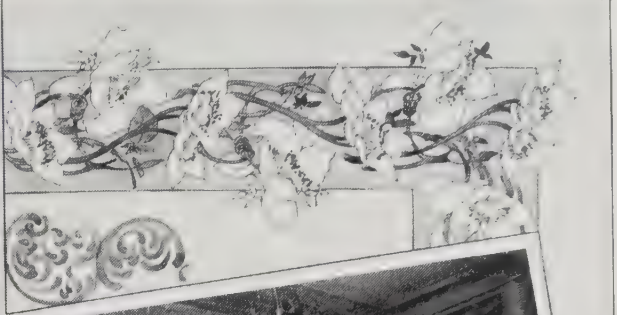
"We seek truth," old Alpha Ze - ta, And our mot-to shall be thine
Heart to heart we'll join the chorus Of her true and trusted band
D. S. Let 'A- λή-θει-αν Ζη-τοῦ-μεν Be the watchword of our song.

Chorus.

D.S.



Hail! all hail! then, Alpha Ze - ta. Sound her chorus loud and long:



KOMENIUM.

PAUL JAMARIK, '03, *President.*

ADOLPH YUKL, '00, *Post Graduate Member.*

1903.

FRANCIS MIKA.

1904.

JOHN DVORAK,

JOHN SEFCIK,

GEORGE HEJTMANEK,

JOHN BABEY,

LOUIS HULA,

ANDREW MONCOL,

B. T. RUNDUS,

JOHN MICHALKO.



ACME SOCIETY.

R. H. BURKE,	W. E. RAY,
E. B. COMSTOCK,	C. L. SENTZ,
R. I. DRAKE,	P. H. SMITH,
A. W. EVANS,	H. A. STICK,
M. HARRIS,	R. G. VAN NUYS,
E. HART,	W. B. VROOMAN,
M. JATEN,	H. C. WARTH,
J. R. KNAPP,	V. H. WACHS,
B. F. McMAHON,	E. WERTHEIM,
E. E. PRATT,	A. E. YORK.



CADMEAN SOCIETY.

W. G. MALLORY,
M. G. WOOD,
R. M. CASE,
H. W. PECK,
H. F. SHURTZ,
G. C. ROSS,
S. C. PARSONS,
G. H. PATTERSON,
E. A. SMITH,

M. E. CHAMBERLAIN,
H. B. KELLER,
J. H. KRAFT,
I. S. LINDQUIST,
J. M. CLIFTON,
C. F. BAINTEK,
L. R. BUNKER,
K. L. KIESTER,
R. H. LONG.

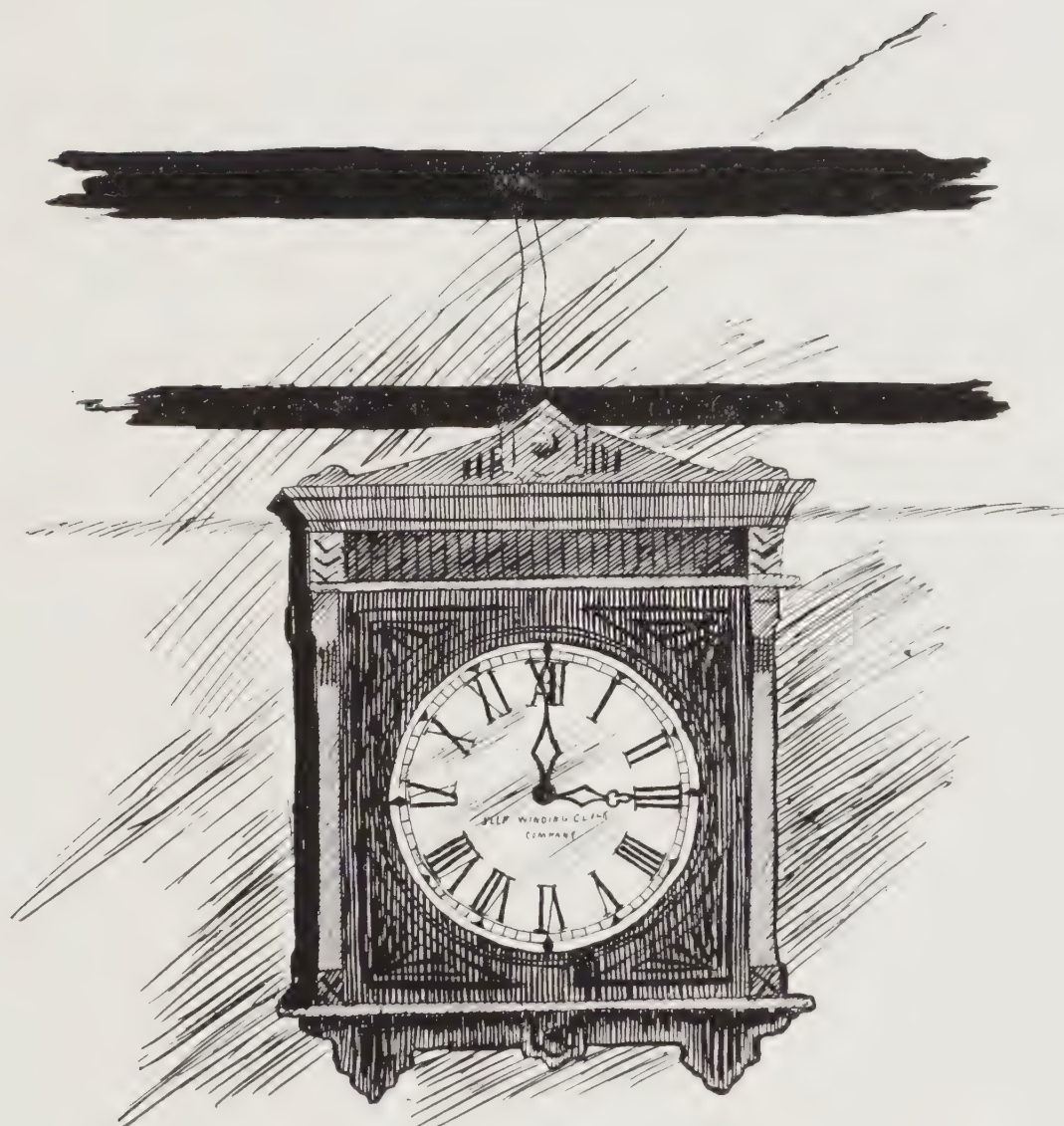
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Book III. ORGANIZATIONS
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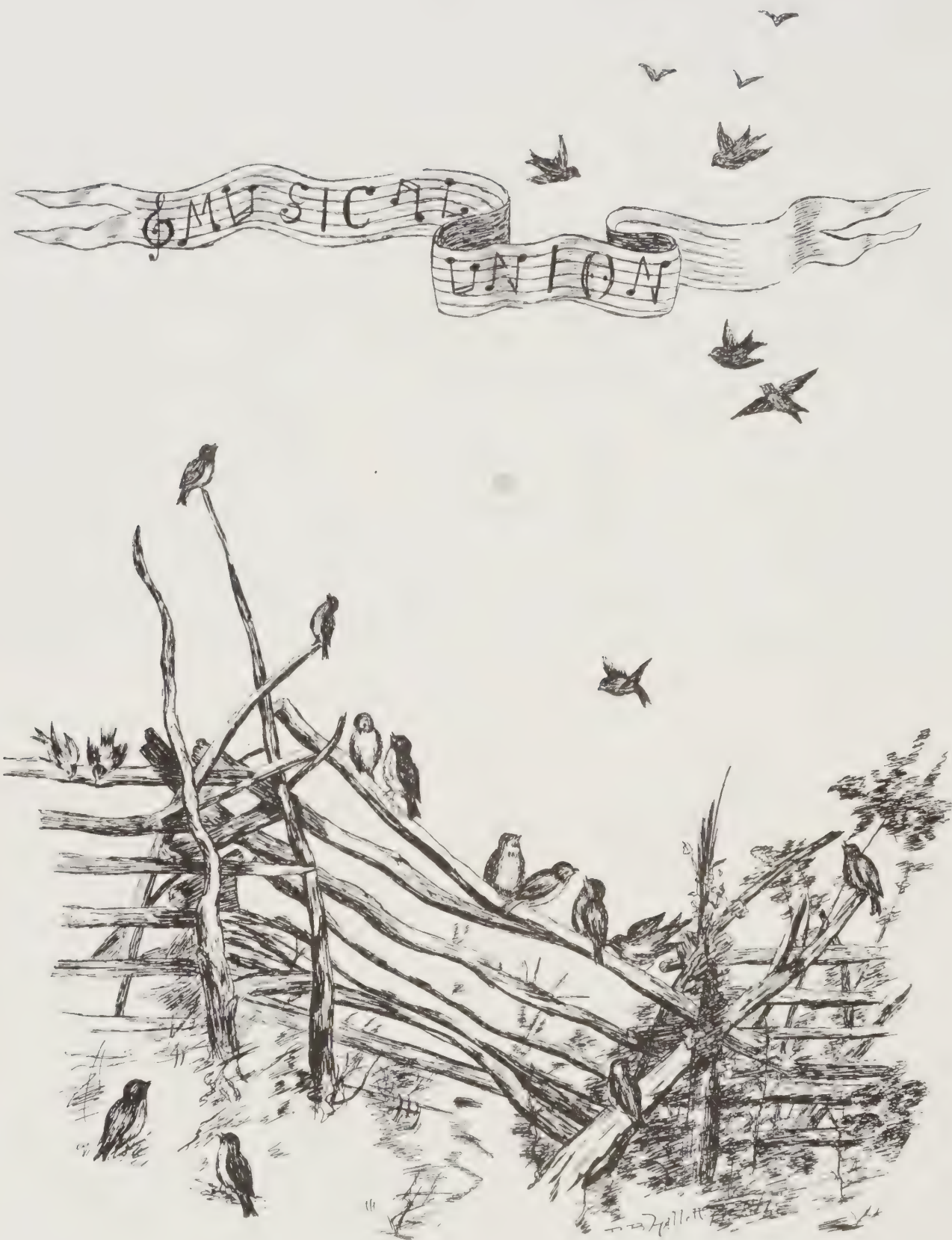
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Berea, O.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 7, 1900.
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Owatonna, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 17, 1900.
Northfield, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 18, 1900.
Minneapolis, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 19, 1900.
St. Paul, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 20, 1900.
River Falls, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 21, 1900.
New Richmond, Wis.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 22, 1900.
Duluth, Minn.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 24, 1900.
West Superior, Wis.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 25, 1900.
Ironwood, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 26, 1900.
Calumet, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 27, 1900.
Hancock, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 28, 1900.
Marquette, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Dec. 29, 1900.
Three Oaks, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Jan. 1, 1901.
South Haven, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Jan. 2, 1901.
Detroit, Mich.,	-	-	-	-	Jan. 3, 1901.
Oberlin, O.,	-	-	-	-	March 22 and 25, 1901.
Cleveland, O.,	-	-	-	-	March 27, 1901.
Salem, O.,	-	-	-	-	March 28, 1901.
Beaver Falls, Pa.,	-	-	-	-	March 29, 1901.
Sewickly, Pa.,	-	-	-	-	March 30, 1901.
Wilkinsburg, Pa.,	-	-	-	-	April 1, 1901.







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R. H. MCKELVEY,	D. EARLE.

PAPERS PRESENTED DURING THE YEAR.

FALL TERM.

Monopolies.

E. W. PETTIBONE: History of Monopoly.
E. T. BUSH: History of the Standard Oil Company.
T. N. BENEDICT: Formation and Administration.
C. M. WOODRUFF: Causes. (Tariff, R. R.
Discrimination, etc.)
M. C. SMITH: Displacement of Labor and Effects
on Wages and Prices.
O. T. RIDDLE: Effects on the Consuming Public.
C. S. PENDLETON: Legislation and Control.

WINTER TERM.

Municipal Government.

E. W. PETTIBONE: Relation of the City to the State.
E. T. BUSH: Organization of City Government.
O. T. RIDDLE: Nominations and Primary Elections.
M. C. SMITH: Proportional and Minority Representation.
C. M. WOODRUFF: Machine and Party Politics.
R. H. MCKELVEY: Civil Service Reform.
T. N. BENEDICT: Municipal Ownership.
D. EARLE: Extension of Municipal Activities.

SPRING TERM.

Present Day Problems.

D. EARLE: The Financial Act of 1900.
T. N. BENEDICT: The U. S. Merchant Marine.
M. C. SMITH: The Beet Sugar Industry.
E. T. BUSH: Combinations and Pooling of Railroads.
R. H. MCKELVEY: Forestry Ownership and Management.
E. W. PETTIBONE: Employers' Improvements.
C. M. WOODRUFF: Tramps and Treatment of Vagrancy.
O. T. RIDDLE: The Liquor Problem.
C. S. PENDLETON: Economic Influence of Inland Waterways.

MATHEMATICAL SEMINAR.

PROF. F. ANDEREGG.

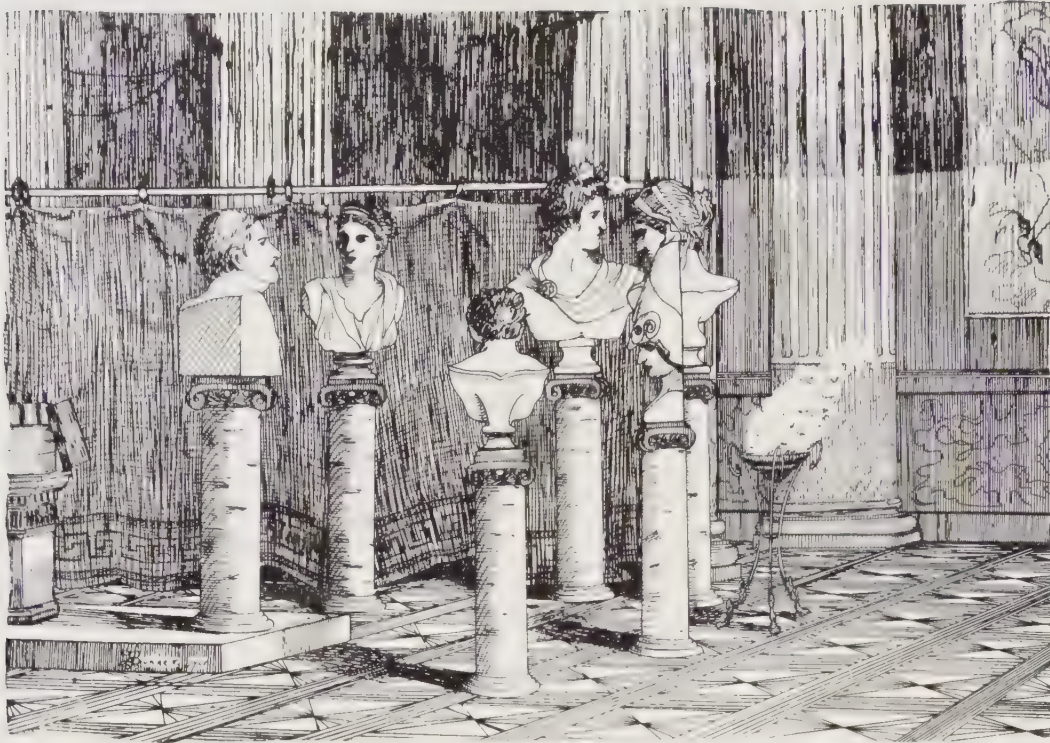
W. D. CAIRNS,	J. L. LAIRD,
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W. H. SHERK,	C. H. BIRDSEYE,
W. W. STRANGE,	E. C. ROBERTS,
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ETTA M. WRIGHT,	HENRY MATSON.



THE CLASSICAL CLUB.

The Classical Club has no formal organization, but its meetings are attended by members of the Latin and Greek faculties of both college and academy and by advanced students in Greek and Latin. The regular meetings occur every second Wednesday in the month. The work of the club consists in the main of reviews of new books and important articles appearing in classical periodicals, and of informal talks upon subjects connected with classical study, with occasionally original papers. No college credit is given for this work.

SPHINX CLUB.

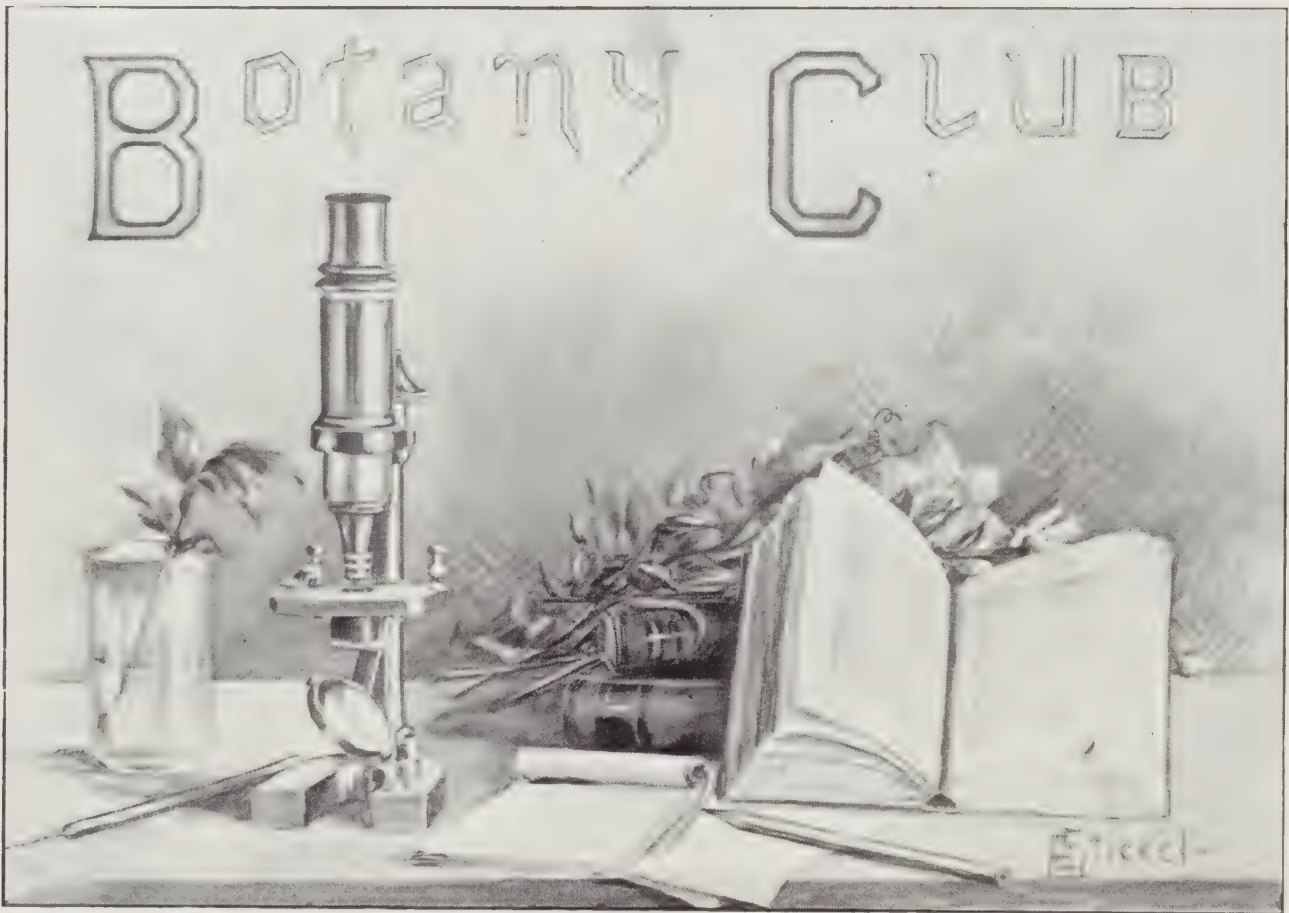
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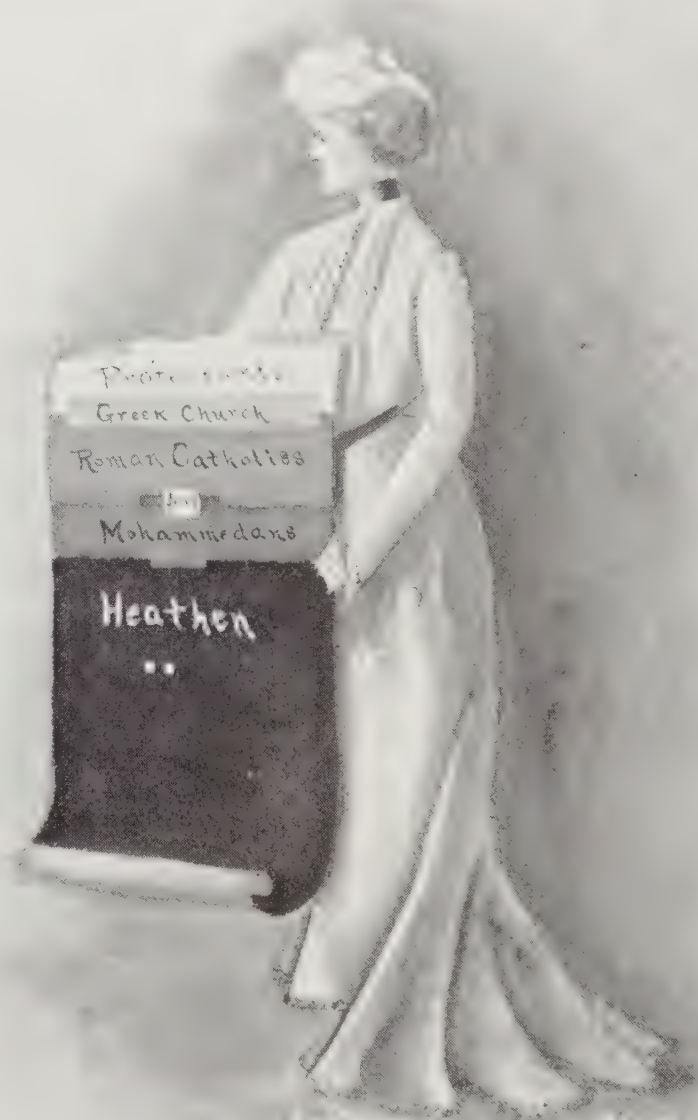
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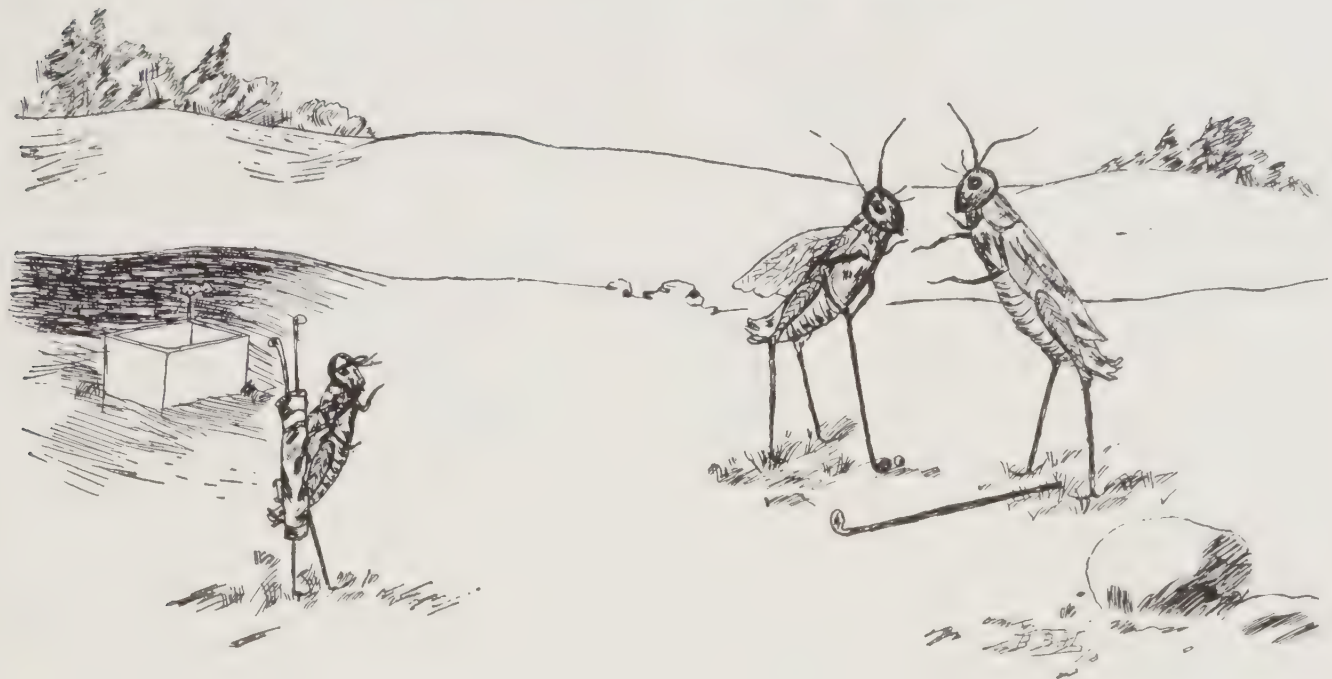
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The Bryan Club.

GREAT movements often have their inception amid surroundings which are unfavorable to them. Such was the case with the Junior Bryan Club, whose meteoric career last fall was the surprise of the year, and the talk of the entire community.

The origin of the Bryan Club was after this wise. Last October when the political pot was boiling merrily, the thought came to several of the most prominent followers of the Boy Orator, to organize a Bryan Club among the members of the Junior class. In pursuance of this idea a call was issued to all loyal Democrats of the class to meet and (dis)cuss the organization of such a club. Alas, the men who started this movement had no idea of the serious complications and difficulties such a club would produce, or the immense influence which it was to exert upon the political affairs of the college.

The meeting for organization was held in the rooms of Stanley Livingston, and to the surprise and gratification of the promoters every "able bodied," "full blooded" voter in the class was present. Here was Harold Reed, the Cedar avenue politician, Dicky Jones, the female diplomat, not to mention many others, bringing to the meeting their boundless enthusiasm.

The discussion that evening was long and heated, each one had some pet scheme of his own to propose, but underneath it all was the firm conviction of every one present that it lay with the Junior class to arouse the students and citizens from their lethargy. After serious meditation the following resolution was adopted: "That the aim of this club is to educate the Oberlin community in true Democratic doctrines, by personal solicitation, public speech, and if necessary, by physical persuasion."

The next step was to arrange for a large mass meeting to be held in the chapel. Sanborn, the genius of the club, was intrusted with this affair. He went to Cleveland and secured from the central committee a well known political orator and spell-binder. Permission was obtained from the "powers that rule," for the young ladies to attend. A quartet was organized to furnish music, and every precaution was taken to make the meeting a howling success.

And now it is the eventful night. The club marches to the chapel in a body. Within sits an enthusiastic throng waiting eagerly for the meeting to begin. The club takes the position of honor, immediately in front of the speaker; to the right sit the young ladies of the class, loyal as ever to our cause.

In a few well-chosen words Mr. A. R. Brown introduced the orator of the evening. His speech was a carefully worked out exposition of the principles of modern Democracy, and was received by the audience with loud applause. Each new doctrine was received with the utmost reverence, the speaker carrying his audience along by his masterful oratory until he closed with the following magnificent exhibition of forensic power: "I leave with you tonight the destiny of a mighty nation. Bound down as she is by the weight of oppression and corruption, I appeal to the young men of the nation, to the young men of Ohio and lastly to the young men of the Junior class of Oberlin College to rescue her from danger."

With such a trust imposed upon them the club was encouraged to continue the fight. Five meetings were held before Psych. in Peters' Court, and every evening open air meetings were held on Talcott corner. It was at these small gatherings that the best work of the campaign was done.

On election day as a final show of fidelity to principle the entire club marched to the polls and cast their votes for the "Winning Candidate."

Do not think that the entire existence of this club was one of ease and pleasure. Oft times the club was compelled to protect its speakers from personal violence. Then, too, the faculty frowned upon our efforts. The officers of the club were summoned to appear before them and make an explanation of the doings of

the club, and it was only after much difficulty that the Dean of the Woman's Department was appeased. Political meetings were not in good form, or according to the usages of good society, therefore the young ladies should not have attended. But happily all these things were explained and in the end the club received the approbation of the faculty.

Our work was accomplished, and everyone felt satisfied with the results. We had demonstrated to the world at large that there were still a few loyal Americans remaining in Oberlin, who, following in the footsteps of the illustrious Finney were not afraid to let their convictions be known. And finally we had proven that "free speech" and "free silver" should not perish while 1902 remained in Oberlin.



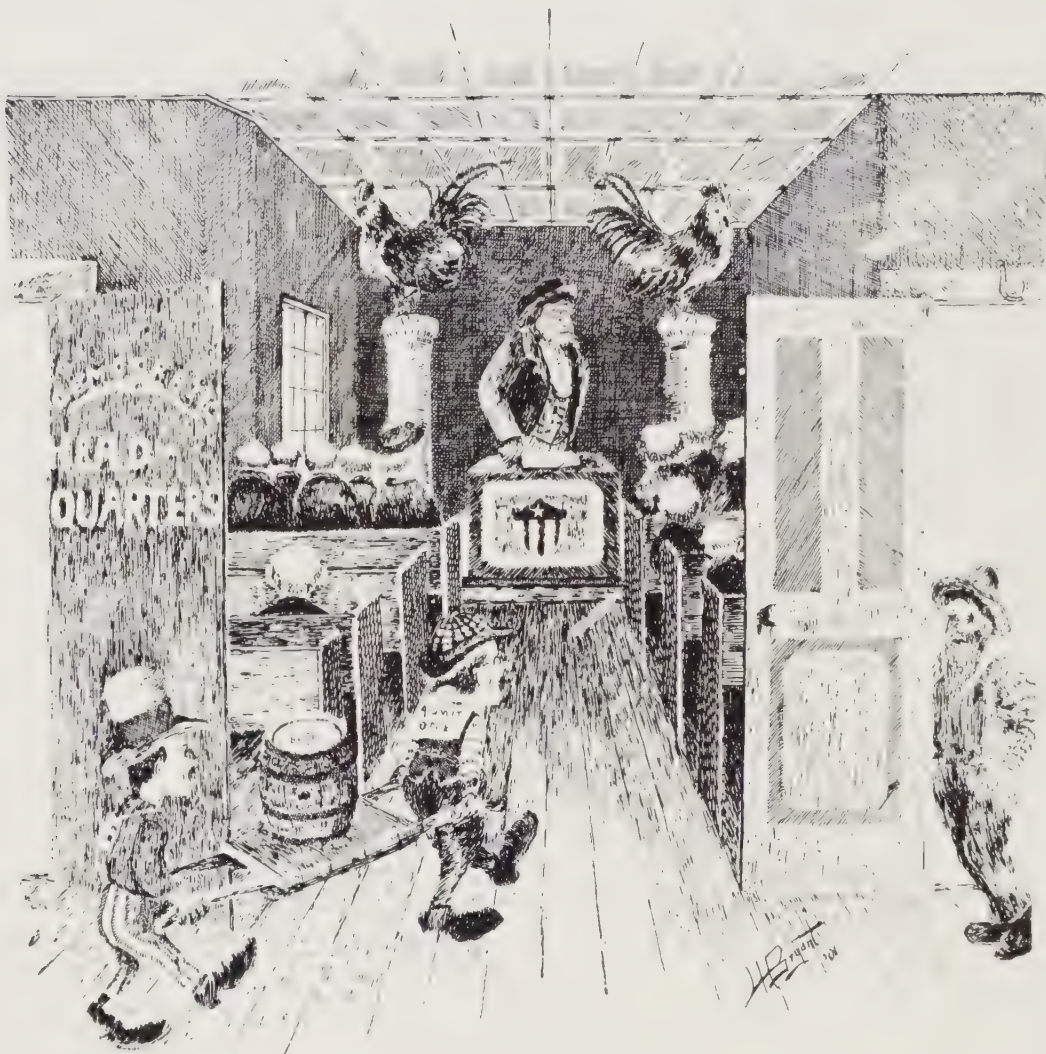
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EDWARD J. MOORE, '03,	-		<i>Assistant Manager</i>

The Editor's Waste Basket.

THE representative of the press sat in his chair allowing his intellect to recuperate from the strain of producing one of those soul-inspiring editorials on Thursday chapel. Suddenly the waste basket, which he had just cleaned out, rose from its place by the table, went to the door and opened it. The editor watched with staring eyes, and was not in the least surprised, although rather frightened, to see Mrs. Peters walk in followed by the members of her boarding house family. The Associate bringing up the rear reassured him somewhat. The Waste Basket advanced and addressed the Editor, who had not moved nor spoken, such a spell was on him.

"Now I have you where you can't take the unfair advantage of blaming me with those effusions of yours. I'm going to show you up, and Mrs. Peters and her gang have come to help. They all want a shot at you. Prof. Rice will soon be here with the constable, but before they come we will try to entertain you."

Here the associate crossed the room and stood beside his chief.

"Now I shall begin the disclosures," continued the Waste Basket. "Mr. Pessim, will you look in that left hand pigeon-hole? That's where he keeps the jokes that he blames on me."

The Associate made a move as if to interfere, but Mr. Pessim and Mr. Theologue both sat on him, and the tall Junior girl reached toward the pigeon-hole. The Associate's gallantry, reinforced as it was by the efforts of the two gentlemen, would not let him interfere with her, so he lay quiet and waited.

"Read them, please," said the Waste Basket.

The Junior girl looked closely at the paper. "They seem rather mixed up. I can't make much of them," she said after a pause.

"Yes, that's characteristic," said Mr. Star Boarder.

"Which do you mean is characteristic?" said the Associate. He was getting the better of his gallantry. The remark, however, had no effect, except to make the Junior girl look slightly more haughty, and Mr. Pessim start as from the quip of a familiar lash.

"Never mind him. He's just imbibed the spirit shown by his chief at the table," said Mr. Star Boarder.

"Yes, and in his present position he doesn't dare say that was all there was at my table to imbibe," snapped Mrs. Peters.

"Perhaps not; but there was so little on your festive board last night that the Editor said he feared he would have to eat the nut-crackers," replied the Associate.

"Oh! I begin to make something of them now," said the Junior girl, who had been steadily studying the manuscript.

"Good work!" broke in the Associate. "You show more than human intelligence—almost positive brilliancy."

"It takes brilliancy to elucidate these jokes," replied Mr. Pessim.

"Don't you try it then," said the Associate. He was indeed showing himself an admirable understudy for his chief.

"Go on," said the Waste Basket, rather impatiently to the Junior girl.

"All right. Here's one. 'The silence was unbroken till we heard a ginger snap on the plate.'"

"That must have been just after one of Mr. Star Boarder's attempts at a joke," said the Associate. Mrs. Peters glanced at him, but the Junior girl went on. "'The darkness fell with a rattling sound on all the country about.'"

"He surely did that the night that he hurt his head," said the Waste Basket.

"Why, has he hurt himself lately?" said the Freshman girl with her ready sympathy.

"Yes. He ran against a stone wall. I believe he tried to move the Conservatory by butting his head against it, but he found the constable."

"That was a horse on him," said Mr. Star Boarder. The Associate did not reply. He merely writhed as in agony. "I suppose the constable found him the next morning," continued Mr. Star Boarder, and his eyes gleamed with fiendish delight at the discomfiture of the Associate.

"No, but I want him now," said a gruff voice as the door opened.

"Wait a minute," said Prof. Rice, who was just behind the gruff-voiced man. "Let us give the gentleman the Chautauqua salute—that is, if you people have clean handkerchiefs."

The salute was given with an almost barbarous enjoyment by everyone but the Associate, who seemed oblivious to all that went on. Then the constable advanced and shook the editor roughly by the shoulder.

"Hi there! Hi! Got any copy ready?" It was Captain Randolph's voice, and the Editor began to wake up muttering excitedly:

"What's that which breaks upon my sight,
That glorious, gorgeous, glittering gleam,
That lovely, luscious, lustrous light
From rosy, red-ringed roystering rays?
'Tis Day! 'Tis Day! What's that you say?
Oh Fish! What ails me anyway!
Want copy? No, Cap, I can't stay."

With a glance at his watch the Editor grabbed a book and rushed wildly out of the office toward Peters Hall.



1902 HI-O-HI BOARD.

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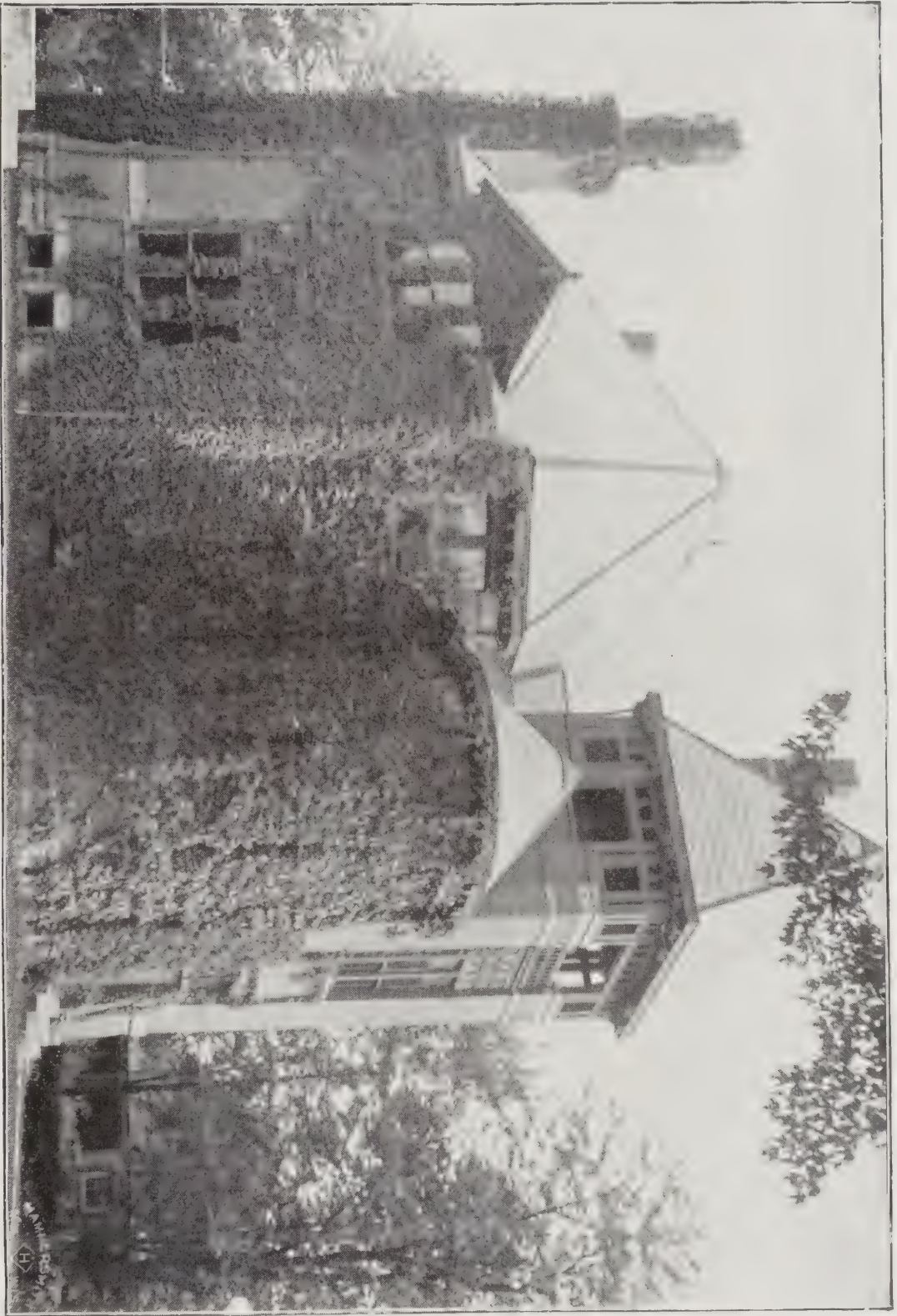
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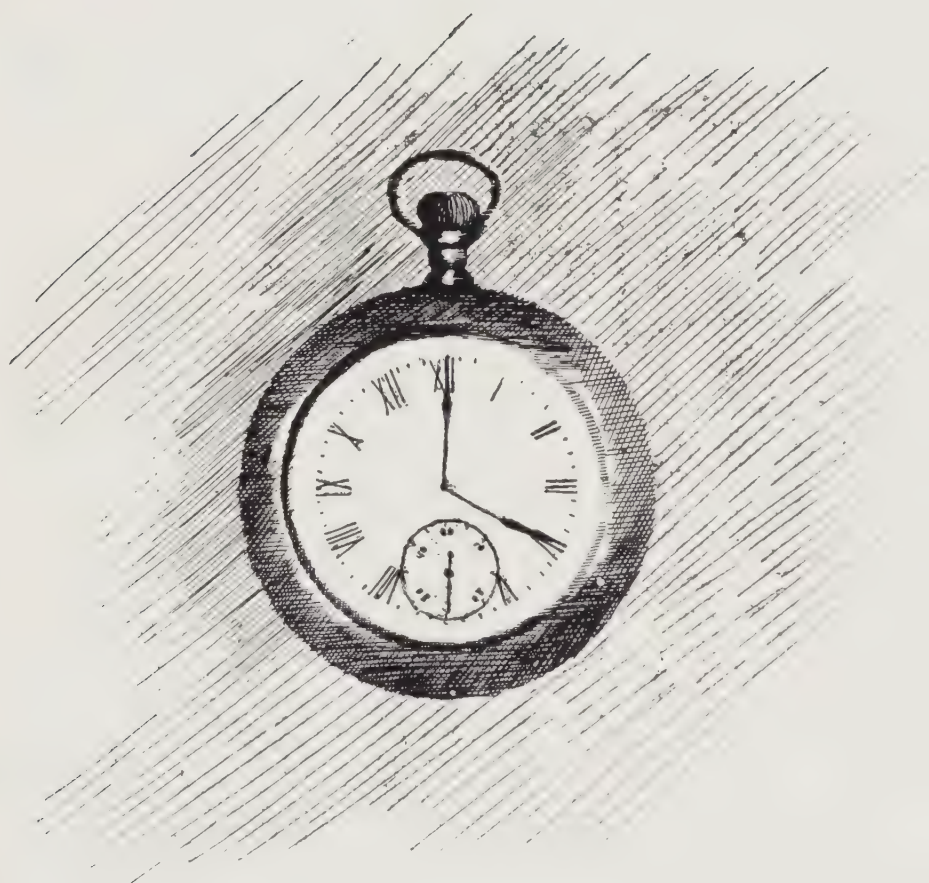
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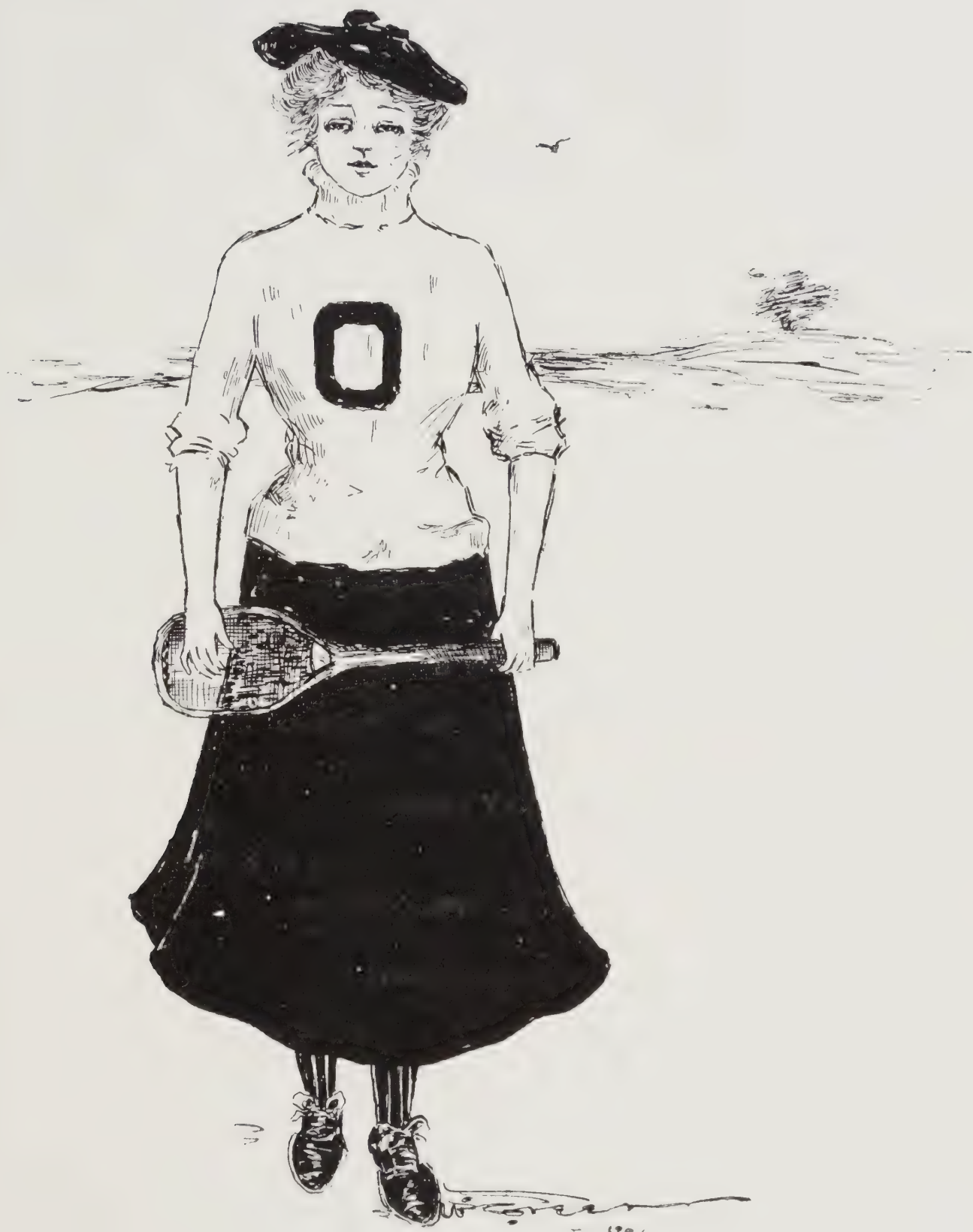
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STURGES HALL.

Book IV. ATHLETICS.





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EDWIN FAUVER, - - - - - *Base-Ball Manager*
S. C. LIVINGSTON, - *Under-Graduate Track Team Manager*
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TRACK TEAM, 1901.

C. M. WOODRUFF, '01, - - - *Captain*
 STANLEY C. LIVINGSTON, '02, - - *Manager*

BASE-BALL, 1901.

FRANK H. PEIRCE, '04, - - - *Captain*

FOOT-BALL, 1900.

FRED M. HATCH, '02, - - - *Captain*
 M. L. CARPENTER, '02, - - - *Manager*

TENNIS.

H. N. FROST, '01, - - - *Manager*



FIELD DAY, MAY 19, 1900.

100 Yard Dash.....	C. D. Bradley, '02 10 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. C. R. McMillen, '03, I. S. Osborn, A.
120 Yard Hurdle	D. W. McMillen, A 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. C. R. McMillen, '03, G. C. Ross, A.
220 Yard Dash	C. D. Bradley, '02 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. C. R. McMillen, '03, I. S. Osborn, A.
220 Yard Hurdle	C. R. McMillen, '03 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. D. W. McMillen, A. G. C. Ross, A.
440 Yard Dash	C. M. Woodruff, '01 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. E. G. Scott, A. J. L. Laird, '01.
Half Mile Bicycle	P. M. Hodgeman, Con. 1 minute, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. H. L. Marsh, '03.
880 Yard Run	F. L. Bickford, A 2 minutes, 8 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. Elec Anderson, A. T. P. Penfield, A
Mile Bicycle.....	H. L. Marsh, '03..... 2 minutes, 40 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. P. M. Hodgeman, Con.
One Mile Run	Elec Anderson, A 4 minutes, 50 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. E. G. Scott, A C. E. Newcomb, A.
Shot Put	F. M. Hatch, '02 35 feet 9 inches. C. D. Bradley, '02, J. M. Davis, Sem.
Pole Vault	J. M. Davis, Sem 10 feet 6 inches. J. B. Gilman, '03. R. W. Foley, '03.
Hammer Throw	J. M. Davis, Sem 110 feet 6 inches R. D. Rose, '00, F. M. Hatch, '02.
High Jump.	O. T. Lewis, '03 5 feet 5 inches. J. M. Davis, Sem. D. B. Reed, '01.
Broad Jump.....	F. M. Hatch, '02 18 feet 8.2 inches. I. S. Osborn, A W. L. Washington, '00.
Discus Throw	F. M. Hatch, '02 101 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. J. M. Davis, Sem. W. L. Washington, '00.
140 Yard Class Relay Race,	'04 '01 '02

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

<i>1900.</i>	<i>1901.</i>	<i>1902.</i>	<i>1903.</i>	<i>Academy.</i>	<i>Conservatory.</i>	<i>Seminary.</i>
4	9	30	26	37	7	15

FIELD DAY RECORDS.

OBERLIN.

EVENT.	WINNER.	RECORDS.
100 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96.	10 seconds.
220 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96.	21 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.
440 Yard Dash	C. M. Woodruff, '01.	53 $\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.
Half-Mile Run	C. E. Simpson, '99.	2 minutes 8 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.
Mile Run	Elec. Anderson, '04.	4 minutes 50 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.
120 Yard Hurdle	H. Keep '94.	16 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.
220 Yard Hurdle	H. A. Young, '97.	25 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.
Running High Jump	H. K. Regal, '94.	5 feet 9 inches.
Running Broad Jump	H. A. Young, '97.	20 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
Pole Vault	J. M. Davis, '99.	10 feet 6 inches.
Hammer Throw	J. M. Davis, '99.	111 feet 1 inch.
Putting Shot	A. Hall.	38 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
Discus Throw	F. M. Hatch, '02.	101 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
One Mile Bicycle	M. D. Walters, '02.	2 minutes 25 seconds.
Three Mile Bicycle	P. M. Hodgeman, Con.	8 minutes 3 seconds.

FIELD DAY OFFICIALS, 1900.

Starter, D. P. SIMPSON.

Referee, H. A. YOUNG.

Timers, F. E. SHERRILL.

W. C. CLANCY,

T. H. ROWLAND.

Judges, F. E. LEONARD,

T. N. CARVER,

C. E. ST. JOHN.



DILL FIELD

Is one of the best gridirons in the state. Through the generosity of Mr. James B. Dill, ex '75, now of New York city, the Athletic Association was enabled to purchase and equip these grounds for the foot-ball season last fall.

THE WEARERS OF THE O.

FOOT-BALL.

D. BRADLEY, '05
W. J. HICKSON, '02
P. HILLIS, '04
W. L. MAY, '04
F. M. DOLAN, '04
C. H. BIRDSEYE, '01

I. S. OSBORNE, '04
L. S. MILLER, '04
F. HATCH, '02
A. W. MONOSMITH, '02
R. M. JONES, '02
F. PEIRCE, '04

J. M. METCALF, '01

BASE-BALL.

J. MERIAM, '02
A. B. SMYTHE, '02
C. PEIRCE, '00
E. A. LIGHTNER, '03

L. HOLTER, '04
M. M. WILCOX, '04
F. PEIRCE, '04
L. CLANCY, '00

C. KIMBALL, '00

TENNIS.

H. AUGUSTINE SMITH, *Con.*

D. B. REED, '01



'VARSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM 1900.

D. B. BRADLEY,	-	-	-	-	Left End.
W. J. HICKSON,	-	-	-	-	Left Tackle.
W. L. MAY,	-	-	-	-	Left Guard.
A. W. MONOSMITH,	-	-	-	-	Center.
P. D. HILLIS,	-	-	-	-	Right Guard.
F. DOLAN,	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle.
F. M. Hatch (<i>Capt.</i>),	-	-	-	-	Right End.
R. M. Jones,	-	-	-	-	Quarterback.
I. S. Osborne,	-	-	-	-	Left Halfback.
C. D. Bradley,	-	-	-	-	Right Halfback.
C. H. Birdseye,	-	-	-	-	Full Back.

SUBSTITUTES.

L. MILLER,	F. H. PEIRCE,	J. M. METCALF,
C. R. McMILLAN,	F. C. WEED,	

FOOT-BALL RECORD, 1900.

Oct. 6....Oberlin.... 6,	Alma..... 5,	at Oberlin.
Oct. 13....Oberlin....33,	Buchtel..... 0,	at Oberlin.
Oct. 20 ...Oberlin....12,	Marietta. 0,	at Oberlin.
Oct. 27... Oberlin.... 0,	O. S. U.....17,	at Col.
Nov. 3....Oberlin ... 0,	Syracuse..... 6,	at Oberlin.
Nov. 10....Oberlin.... 0,	Cornell29,	at Ithaca.
Nov. 17....Oberlin....10,	Case..... 0,	at Oberlin.
Nov. 24....Oberlin... 6,	W. R. U..... 5,	at Cleveland.
Won 5 Games.	Oberlin.....67 Pts.	
Lost.....3 Games.	Opponents ...62 Pts.	



'VARSITY BASE-BALL TEAM, 1901.

M. P. ROBINSON,	Catcher	L. HOLTER,	Third Base.
T. W. RANDALL,	Pitcher.	J. R. MORGAN,	Short Stop.
C. F. AIKINS,	Pitcher	R. M. JONES,	Left Field.
A. WOODWORTH,	First Base.	F. H. PEIRCE (<i>Capt</i>),	Center Field.
E. A. LIGHTNER,	Second Base.	S. C. HOTCHKISS,	Right Field.

SUBSTITUTES.

S. K. TOMPKINS,	E. E. SHEPLER,	DWIGHT BRADLEY.
-----------------	----------------	-----------------

BASE-BALL RECORD FOR 1900.

April 28	Oberlin.....	6	O. W. U.....	5,	at Oberlin.
May 5	Oberlin.....	19	Wooster	10,	at Wooster.
May 15	Oberlin	12	Case	2,	at Oberlin.
May 18	Oberlin	10	O. W. U.....	1,	at Delaware.
May 19	Oberlin	1	O. S. U.	10,	at Columbus.
May 23	Oberlin.....	9	Baldwin.....	2,	at Oberlin.
May 26	Oberlin.....	1	Beloit (<i>11 in.</i>),	2,	at Beloit.
May 28	Oberlin.....	2	Northwestern	3,	at Evanston.
May 29	Oberlin	1	Notre Dame...	5,	at Notre Dame.
June 2,	Oberlin	3	O. S. U.....	7,	at Oberlin.
June 11	Oberlin	3	Cornell.....	5,	at Oberlin.

Won 5 Games, 67 pts.

Lost 6 Games, 52 pts.

SCHEDULE, 1901.

April 20.	Case School, at Oberlin.
April 27.	Ohio Wesleyan University, at Oberlin
May 1.	Hiram College, at Oberlin.
May 4.	Kenyon College, at Oberlin.
May 11.	Western Reserve University, at Oberlin.
May 18.	Ohio State University, at Columbus.
May 20.	Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware.
May 21.	Kenyon College, at Gambier.
May 25.	Case School, at Cleveland.
May 30.	Ohio State University, at Oberlin.
June 1.	University of Chicago, at Oberlin.
June 13.	Cornell University, at Oberlin.



1901 FOOT-BALL TEAM.

BROUSE,	-	-	-	-	-	Center
BUSH,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard
PETTIBONE,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
ADAMS,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Tackle
BROWN,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle
LAIRD,	-	-	-	-	-	Left End
LANDPHEAR,	-	-	-	-	-	Right End
TOMPKINS,	-	-	-	-	-	Quarter
PENDLETON,	-	-	-	-	-	Full Back
WOODRUFF,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Halfback
METCALF,	{	-	-	-	-	Right Halfback
SCHEUERLE,		-	-	-	-	
FRAMPTON,	{	-	-	-	-	Substitutes
HARDY,		-	-	-	-	



1901 BASKET BALL TEAM.

CHARLOTTE WESTHAFFER, Captain.

VIRGINIA BILLINGS
MABEL COTTINGHAM,
MARY DAY,
MABEL FAUVER,
JENNIE GURWELL,
JESSIE HYDE,

FLORENCE JONES,
MABEL MILLIKAN,
CELESTINE RICE,
ALTHEA ROWLAND,
MARY SAVAGE,
CHRISTINE THOMSEN.



'02 FOOT-BALL TEAM.

R. L. BAIRD,	-	-	-	-	-	Right End
R. V. HILL,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle
B. L. LAIRD (Capt.),	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
H. W. MATLACK,	-	-	-	-	-	Center
B. HART,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard
	-	-	-	-	-	Left Tackle
H. J. STRONG,	-	-	-	-	-	Left End
W. H. PRITCHARD,	-	-	-	-	-	Quarter-Back
O. B. RAMP,	}	-	-	-	-	Left Half-Back
M. P. ROBINSON,						
O. C. SANBORN,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Half-Back
A. R. BROWN,	-	-	-	-	-	Full-Back



1902 BASKET BALL TEAM.

IVA BROWN,
NELL BIRDSEYE,
GEORGIA CARROTHIERS,
HELEN CHUTE, (Capt.)
CLARA DARST,
MARY EDWARDS,

GLENN HOSTETTER,
IRIS JOHNSON,
MABEL KLEINSMID,
NELLIE KNAPP,
MARY STICKEL,
FLORENCE WESTLAKE.



1903 FOOT-BALL TEAM.

M. A. LAUGHBAUM	-	-	-	-	Left End
BERT CANN,	{	-	-	-	Left Tackle
E. V. WILKINSON,					
E. J. MOORE,	-	-	-	-	Left Guard
J. B. MILLER,	-	-	-	-	Center
R. W. FOLEY,	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
E. W. SHANK,	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle
P. B. COOPER,	-	-	-	-	Right End
J. R. MORGAN,	-	-	-	-	Quarter-Back
J. H. TAYLOR,	-	-	-	-	Left Half-Back
H. W. PEABODY,	{	-	-	-	Right Half-Back
R. M. SHUART,					
C. R. McMILLAN,	-	-	-	-	Full-Back

SUBSTITUTES.

E. V. STUART,

W. J. RYAN,

G. N. BEBOUT.



1903 BASKET BALL TEAM.

EDITH HATCH, Captain.

EMILY ABBOTT,
LOUISE BIRD,
KATHARINE CRAFTS,
ALICE CAREY,
ANNA CROWE,
MARY COCHRAN,
ANNA CRISMAN,

MARION DAVIS,
KATHERINE DAUGHERTY,
LILY FEITZ,
EDNA FEARL,
LUELLA FESSENDEN,
FLORA HEEBNER,
HARRIET JENNEY,

OLIVE SIEBEN.



1904 FOOT-BALL TEAM.

F. P. PENFIELD,	-	-	-	-	-	Center
D. W. McMILLAN,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
J. A. CHURCH,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard
F. P. BICKFORD,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle
E. E. SHEPLER,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Tackle
C. O. BORST,	{	-	-	-	-	Right End
H. J. SEYMOUR,		-	-	-	-	
C. W. CRISMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	Left End
HUNTINGTON,	-	-	-	-	-	Quarter-Back
A. R. ZELLER,	{	-	-	-	-	Right Half-Back
A. L. HOLTER,		-	-	-	-	
B. G. HARRISON,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Half-Back
D. B. GROSVENOR,	-	-	-	-	-	Full-Back

SUBSTITUTES.

H. S. MILLER, {
F. H. PEIRCE, { Quarter

COCHRAN, WOODRUFF, SPIERS, SHEPLER.



1904 BASKET BALL TEAM.

MARION LEEPER, Captain.

MABEL CATLIN,
ANN DAYKIN,
FRANCES KNOX,
CARRIE LOHNES,
EUNICE MILLER,
ANNA McDANIELS,

HELEN CROUCH,
MARY HILLIS,
SARA LAIRD,
ANNIE MILLER,
MYRNA MORRISON
GAIL RIDGEWAY,

OLIVE WARNER.



ACADEMY BASKET BALL TEAM.

FRANCES JONES (<i>Capt.</i>),	-	-	-	-	-	Forward.
LOUISE GULICK,	-	-	-	-	-	Center.
CLARA BAIRD,	-	-	-	-	-	Goal.
GERTRUDE SMITH,	-	-	-	-	-	Goal Defender.
MARY DEWEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Forward.
CLARA JONES,	-	-	-	-	-	Guard.
CARRIE HARRINGTON,	-	-	-	-	-	Guard.

CAROLINE SHAW,	CASSIE KELNER,
ALICE COLE,	FAITH PARMELEE,
MABEL CURTIS,	MARY PORTER,
LENA FLATH,	KATHERINE SHELDON,
MARGERET GOODWIN,	ANNA TATE,
ELEANOR WALKUP,	

CONSERVATORY BASKET BALL TEAM.

GRACE LANGLAND,	-	-	-	-	-	Center.
EVELYN WATSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Goal Defender.
GRACE COX,	-	-	-	-	-	Goal Thrower.
RUTH MACUMBER,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard.
MINNIE KALBACH (<i>Capt.</i>),	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard.
BESS HAMMOND,	-	-	-	-	-	Left Forward.
MARIE CHYNOWETH,	-	-	-	-	-	Right Forward.

SUBSTITUTES.

CLAIRE FERRIN,	IDA HAEFELY,
CARRIE LERETILLEY,	WINNIFRED KINNEY,
LINNA BENSCHOTEN,	

CLASS BASE-BALL TEAMS, 1901.

1901.

MAC. FRASER, c.
 S. K. TOMPKINS, p.
 C. M. WOODRUFF, 1b.
 O. B. RIDDLE, 2b.
 S. SNELL, ss.
 H. N. BRADLEY, 3b.
 E. W. BROUSE, cf. (Capt.)
 E. F. ADAMS, rf.
 D. EARLE, lf.
 J. R. FRAMPTON, { Subs.
 J. L. LAIRD, }

1902.

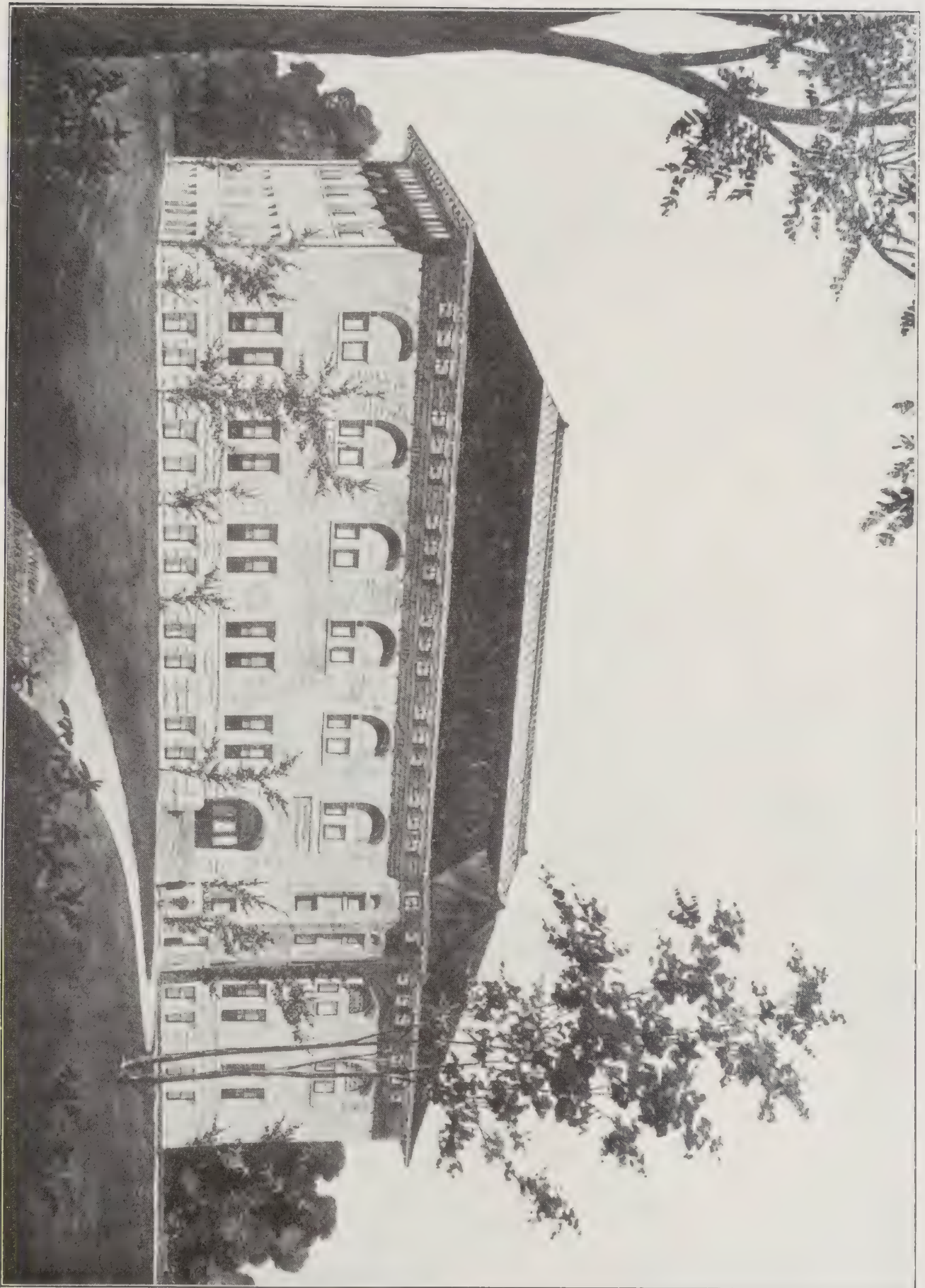
G. C. WILKINSON, c.
 M. L. CARPENTER, 3b.
 W. FRASER, 1b.
 F. HATCH, 2b.
 O. B. RAMP, 3b and p.
 C. BRADLEY, p. (Capt.)
 M. C. SMITH, lf.
 A. R. BROWN, cf.
 C. B. HARWOOD, rf.
 PAUL CHASE, ss.
 O. C. SANBORN, { Subs.
 STEVENSON, }

1903.

RAWDON, c.
 C. McMILLEN, 2b.
 O. PERSONS, 1b.
 HEEBNER, p.
 D. B. COOPER, ss.
 N. SHUART, 3b.
 J. TAYLOR, lf.
 H. GRABILL, cf. (Capt.)
 E. V. WILKINSON, rf.
 W. RYAN, Sub.

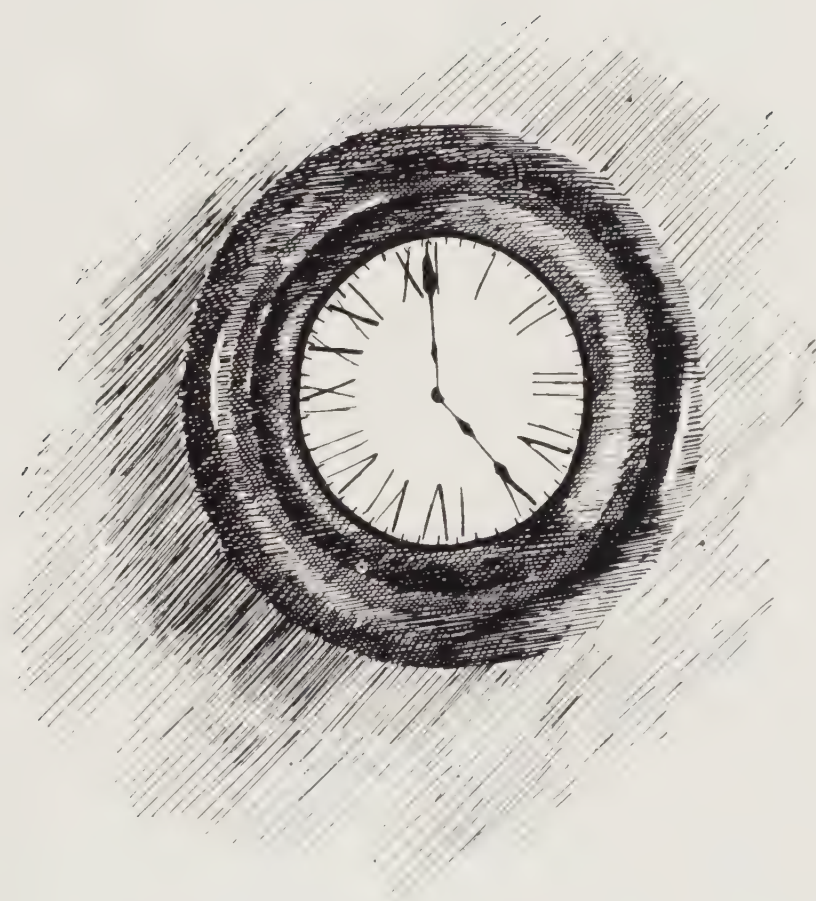
1904.

I. A. SMITH, p. (Capt.)
 E. E. SHEPLER, 1b.
 G. N. BEBOUT, c.
 D. B. GROSVENOR, 3b.
 C. CRISMAN, 2b.
 F. MITCHEL, ss.
 H. J. SEYMOUR, lf.
 L. MILLER, cf.
 C. ROOME, rf.
 J. PARMELEE, { Subs.
 W. G. McINTOSH, }



WARNER GYMNASIUM.

Book V. HONORS AND EVENTS.



HONORS AND EVENTS



Mock Convention.

June 4 and 5, 1900.

FIRST DAY.

Temporary Chairman, Judge Nye, of Elyria.

Permanent Chairman, Hon. A. G. Reynolds, of Painesville.

Resolutions introduced:

To secure permission for boys and girls to go walking together on Sunday afternoons.—Attorney T. N. Benedict.

To require students to become engaged before leaving college.—Hon. T. W. D. Addenbrook.

To suppress polygamy.—H. N. Frost, D. D.

To abolish high license on whiskey.—Col. Harrington, of Kentucky.

To extend sympathy to the Boers.—Hon. J. J. Jewett.

Reading of platform—F. A. Stetson, LL. D.

SECOND DAY.

Nomination of Roosevelt for President.—A. A. Agenbroad, Ph. D.

Second to Roosevelt's nomination.—Capt. Carl Peirce.

Nomination of President McKinley.—Rt. Hon. James M. Fitch.

Second to McKinley's nomination.—Hon. C. Merle Woodruff.

Nomination of Thomas B. Reed.—Gen. Leigh H. Storey.

Second to Reed's nomination.—Deacon Jameson.

Nomination of Mrs. Admiral George Dewey.—Rev. S. K. Tompkins, D. D.

First ballot: McKinley, 361; Roosevelt, 305; Reed, 167; Mrs. Dewey, 69.

Second ballot: McKinley elected unanimously.

Nomination of Dolliver for Vice President.—Bishop B. R. Cole.

Nomination of Bliss for Vice President.—Benedict, A. Q.

Nomination of Mayor Fauver for Vice President.—Pres. Sammons.

Nomination of Davis for Vice President.—Shook, P. D. Q.

Dolliver nominated on second ballot.

*The Utah Delegation is
still open for young ladies.
All young ladies not yet
engaged—i.e. for other delegations
—should apply not later than
Sat. forenoon. Apply and so
have a reserved seat.
R. H. Roberts '00*

U. L. A. LECTURES.

- Nov. 6. "The Personality of Wild Animals," Ernest Seton-Thompson.
Nov. 27. "Tennyson," Dr. Henry Van Dyke.
Jan. 18. "Facts and Fiction About the Jews," Dr. Emil Hirsch.
Mar. 15. "Mountains and Mountaineers of the Caucasus," George Kennan.
Apr. 12. Reading from "Grande Point," George W. Cable.
May 10. "The Work of the Roycrofters," Elbert Hubbard.

SPECIAL LECTURES.

- Oct. 4. "Ladies and Gentlemen." President Barrows.
Nov. 20. Lectures on "Public Prayer," Dr. George R. Merrill.
Jan. 5. "Plato's Republic," Dr. Henry A. Sill.
Jan. 17. "Music: Its Relations to Education and to Life," Mr. W. L. Tomlins.
Feb. 28. "The Situation in China," Dr. Judson Smith.
Mar. 7-14. Lectures on "Christian Nurture," "The Church of the Future," "Methods Past and Present," "Later Developments of the C. E. Movement," Dr. F. E. Clark.
Apr. 5. "Michael Angelo," Mr. Kenyon Cox.
Apr. 10. "The relation of the Minister to the Problems of Today," Dr. Morgan Wood.
Apr. 26. "David Garrick," Leland Powers.

SEMINARY LECTURE COURSE.

- Feb. 26. "The Significance of Christ," Prof. King.
Mar. 13. "Roman Catholicism in the Austrian Empire," Prof. Miskovsky.
Apr. 24. "The Demand for the Real," Dr. Bradshaw.
April 9-25. Ten lectures on his tour around the world, Prof. G. F. Wright.





THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thursday, November 29, 1900.

SENIOR PARTY, - Society Rooms, Peters Hall

JUNIOR PARTY, - - - Baldwin Cottage

SOPHOMORE PARTY, - - - Lord Cottage

FRESHMAN PARTY, - Court, Peters Hall

CONSERVATORY PARTY, - - Warner Hall

SENIOR ACADEMY PARTY, - Second Church

GENERAL ACADEMY PARTY, - Talcott Hall

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY PARTY, - Council Hall





OBERLIN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

College Chapel, February 15, 1901.

PROGRAM.

R. E. BROWN, '01, Chairman.

The Curtain is Rising on a New Scene,
ROBERT ISOCRATES DRAKE

A Loyal Virginian,
ALFRED TYLER HEMINGWAY

†The Battle of Gettysburg,
EARL WINTON PETTIBONE

SONGS { For a Dream's Sake, - Cowen
Open thy Lattice, - Gregh
MISS PHELPS.

Marcus Whitman,
SEELEY KELLEY TOMPKINS

Quebec, - ORVILLE CARFIELD SANBORN

*The Battle of Saratoga,
CLARENCE MERLE WOODRUFF

Cantilene (Violin), - - - Boisdeffer
Gavotte, " - - - Bohm

MISS HOOK.

DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

*Awarded first place.

†Awarded second place.



ANNUAL CONTEST

OF THE NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MAY 3, 1901.

OTTO BRACKETT, - - - IOWA. "Israel's Last Captivity"

†BASTIAN NELSON, - - - CHICAGO. "The World's Orator"

*CARROLL L. STOREY, - - - MICHIGAN. "The Minister Plenipotentiary"

THOMAS SCHAEEL, - - - MINNESOTA. "A Hero's Mistake"

HASSE O. ENWALL, - - - NORTHWESTERN. "Power of a Great Conviction,
as illustrated in the life and work of Garibaldi."

C. M. WOODRUFF, - - - OBERLIN. "Battle of Saratoga"

MISS LOUISE LOEB, - - - WISCONSIN. "The Triumph of Altruism"

DECISION OF JUDGES.

*Awarded first place.

†Awarded second place.

Washington's Birthday



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

FEBRUARY 22, 1901.

10 A. M., AT THE CHAPEL.

Address, "Gen. J. D. Cox," - - - WILLIAM C. COCHRAN.

Prize Poem, "The Patriot of the Coming Dawn."

HARVEY CADE COLBURN, '03, O. T. S.

Poem, "In Memory of J. D. Cox" - - - MRS. A. H. CURRIER.

6:30 P. M., AT BRADLEY AUDITORIUM.

Reception to the Students by the Faculty.

Presentation of Bust of Washington from the Class of '90.

DR. GEO. C. JAMESON.



SOPHOMORE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

STURGES HALL.

Monday, March 11, 1901.

ESSAY—"Old Irish Legends." - - - - - EMELYN PECK—L. L. S.
ORATION.—"A Nation at the Parting of the Ways." W. W. BEAL—Phi Delta
ORATION.—"The Impeachment of Warren Hastings."

E. J. MOORE—Alpha Zeta
ORATION.—"Beecher's Triumph in Great Britain."

C. R. CROSS—Phi Kappa Pi

Music, Solo, MISS THOMAS.

*ESSAY.—"Keats." - - - - - ANNA CROWE—Aelioian
ORATION.—"The Overthrow of the Cherokee Nation."

P. O. CLARK—Phi Delta

*ORATION.—"Our National Need." - - - D. B. COOPER—Alpha Zeta

†ORATION.—"The Founder of Dutch Liberties."

F. W. VINCENT—Phi Kappa Pi

Music, Solo, MISS THOMAS.

DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

*Awarded first place.

†Awarded second place.

EIGHTEENTH UNION ANNUAL.

WARNER CONCERT HALL.

March 9, 1901.

INVOCATION.

*ESSAY —"The Anglo-Saxon and His Mission." GROVE H. PATTERSON (C)

ESSAY.—"Poetry: Its Value to Man." - - - MARTIN JATEN (A)

*ORATION.—"Our Heritage from the Greeks." - ROBERT I. DRAKE (A)

ORATION.—"The Battle of Saratoga." - - - ST. CLARE PARSONS (C)

MUSIC, MANDOLIN CLUB.

DEBATE.—Resolved: "That the American Merchant Marine should be Subsidized."

Affirmative

ANDREW E. YORK (A)

BENJ. F. McMAHON (A)

**Negative*

HERMAN B. KELLER (C)

HARRY F. SHURTZ (C)

MUSIC, MANDOLIN CLUB.

DECISION OF JUDGES.

*Awarded first place.



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

COLUMBUS, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1901.

OBERLIN COLLEGE vs. OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

QUESTION—"Resolved, That an income tax is desirable as an element in the American system of taxation." (Constitutional objections waived.)

Affirmative.

O. S. U.

B. E. HALES,
A. J. BROWN,
B. D. DURBIN,

Alternate.

Negative.

OBERLIN.

OTIS B. RIDDLE,
T. NELSON BENEDICT,
SEELEY K. TOMPKINS.

Alternate

MILTON C. SMITH.

UNANIMOUS DECISION FOR THE NEGATIVE.

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ARTISTS' RECITALS.

PITTSBURG ORCHESTRA,	-	-	-	November 14.
MRS. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER,	-			November 20.
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE HENSCHIEL,	-	-		January 22.
GABRILOWITSCH,	-	-	-	February 5.
MISS MAUDE POWELL,	-	-	-	February 19.
CLEVELAND PHILHARMONIC QUARTET,	-			March 8.

ORGAN RECITALS.

PROFESSOR ANDREWS.

October 9,
 November 9,
 December 7,
 January 25,
 February 26,
 March 26,
 April 23.

CONSERVATORY—SENIOR RECITALS.

December 3, 1900,	-	.	-	-	MR. LINDQUIST.
January 3, 1901,	-	-	-	-	MISS PHELPS.
April 25, 1901,	-	-	-	-	MISS VOSS.
March 5, 1901,	-	-	-	-	MISS PHELPS.
March 1, 1901,	-	-	-	-	MISS RUTH ROGERS.
April 21, 1901,	-	-	-	-	MR. LINDQUIST.

HOLIDAY CONCERTS,

December 12 and 13, 1900.

THE MESSIAH.

SOLOISTS.

LILLIAN FRENCH READ, of Chicago,	-	<i>Soprano.</i>
GRACE PRESTON, of New York,	-	<i>Contralto.</i>
WILLIAM H. RIEGER, of New York,	-	<i>Tenor</i>
FRANK KING CLARK, of Chicago,	-	<i>Bass.</i>

MAY FESTIVAL.

May 22, 1901

Afternoon Concert by

THE BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.

SOLOISTS.

MARIE NICHOLS,	-	-	-	-	<i>Violinist.</i>
LOUIS HEINE,	-	-	-	-	<i>Violoncellist.</i>

Evening Concert by

THE OBERLIN MUSICAL UNION.

SOLOISTS.

MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN, of New York,		<i>Soprano.</i>
FIELDING ROSELLE, of New York,	-	<i>Contralto.</i>
GLENN HALL, of Chicago,	-	<i>Tenor.</i>
GWILYM MILES, of New York,	-	<i>Baritone.</i>
WILLIAM J. HORNER, of Oberlin,	-	<i>Baritone.</i>

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Baccalaureate Sermon, June 16.

Conservatory Commencement, June 17.

Alumni Meeting, June 18.

Senior Class Day, June 18.

Commencement Concert, June 19.

Commencement Exercises, June 19.

Alumni Dinner, June 19

CLASS DAY.

TUESDAY—AT CLASS BREAKFAST.

Prophecy—Miss Rowland.

History—Miss Shuart.

AT ALUMNI DINNER.

Decade orator—C. M. Woodruff.

AT FIRST CHURCH.

Processional—O. A. Lindquist.

Essay—Miss Stiles.

Sketch—R. H. McKelvey.

Music—Nocturne Society.

Oration—R. E. Brown.

Music—Miss Phelps.

AT PETERS HALL.

Spade oration—S. K. Tompkins.

Reply—M. C. Smith, '02.

AT WARNER GYMNASIUM.

Ivy ode—Miss Gurwell.

AT PLACE OF MEMORIAL.

Farewell—E. F. Adams.

Class Song—J. M. Metcalf and W. M. Owen.

WEDNESDAY—AT ALUMNI DINNER.

Alumni orator—Otis Riddle.

In memory of the Oberlin martyrs at Shansi Mission,
China, who perished at the hands of the Boxers in July
and August, 1900.

DWIGHT HOWARD CLAPP, '79.

MRS. D. H. CLAPP.

CHARLES WESLEY PRICE, '89.

MRS. C. W. PRICE.

FLORENCE PRICE.

MISS ROWENA BIRD, '90.

ERNEST R. ATWATER, '87.

MRS. E. R. ATWATER.

ERNESTINE HARRIET, MARY SANDERS, CELIA

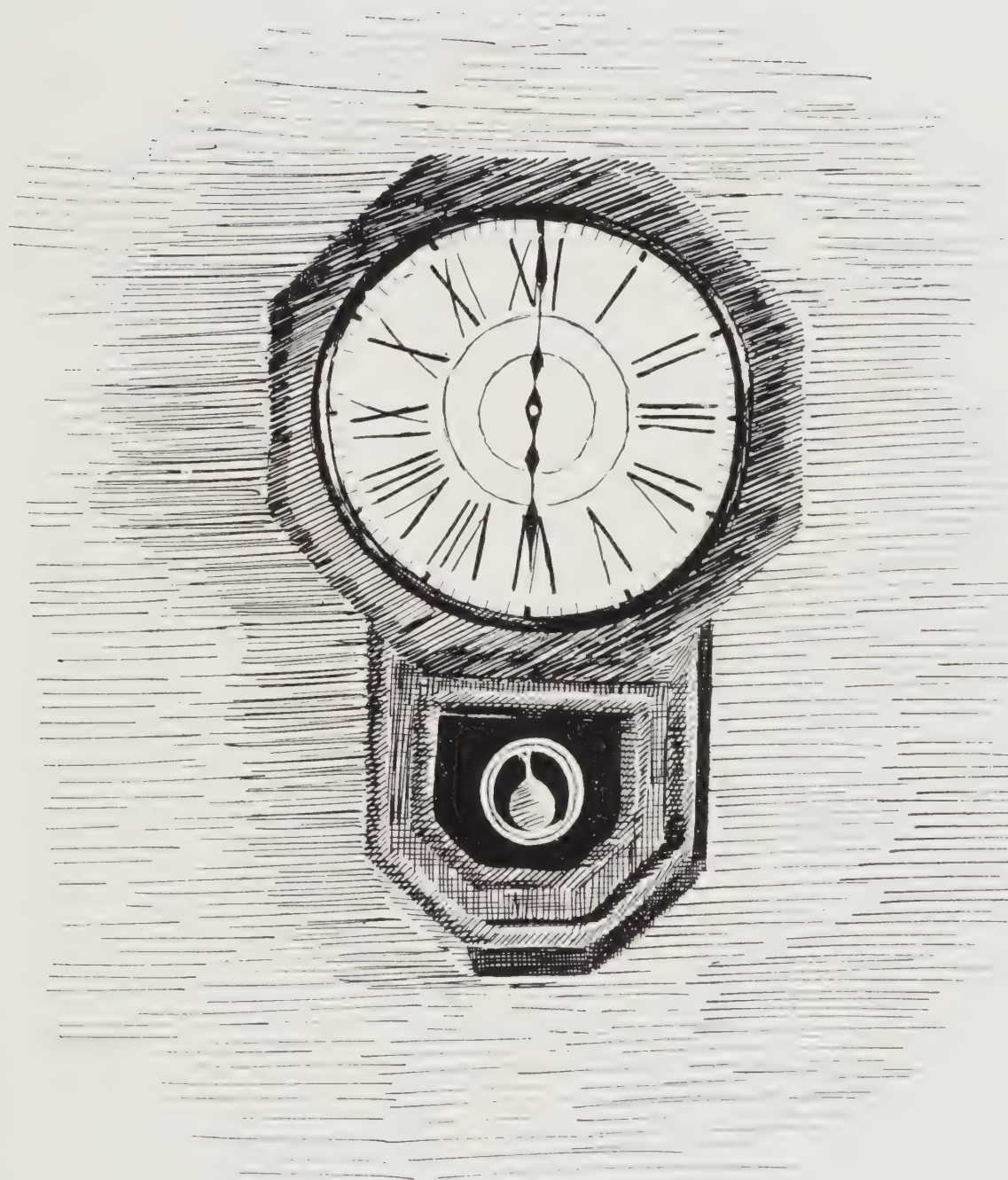
BELL AND BERTHA BOWEN ATWATER

GEORGE L. WILLIAMS, '88.

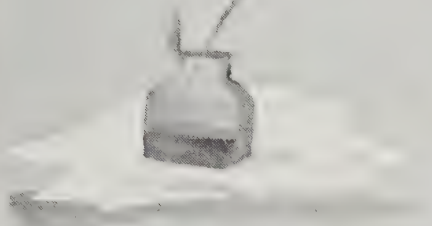
FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '89.

MISS MARY LOUISE PARTRIDGE, EX-'93.

Book VI. LITERARY.



Literary.



The tales are
simply delightful.



THE CAPTIVE STARS.

One day, two little stars, celestial twins,
Went wandering from their filmy nest in Space.
They wandered where earth ends and sky begins,
Leaped the horizon o'er with airy grace,
And went to seek in all the mundane sphere
A place where they might shine for good of men;
Lit with a love-light, confident and clear,
To bring bright rays of hope to earth again.

They brought with them a bit of azure blue,
The setting for their twinkling and their glow.
They found a home where blushing roses grew
Above two rounded cheeks of purest snow.
Ah, what a setting for the roaming stars!
For good of men a maiden won the prize.
A tiny Venus and a tiny Mars,
Held captive—twinkling now, in Stella's eyes!

—*Paul Leaton Corbin, O. T. S., '03.*

An Experiment in Pedagogy.

DICK JAMESON wanted to go south. He was growing restless in the tiresome routine of the Springfield Military Academy. His older brother Allen had left the plantation home in Missouri soon after the close of the war and had made a financial success of his adventurous trips to the southwest. There he bought up herds of Texas cattle and drove them 'cross country northward to the middle west cities destined in the future for great shipping centers.

Every time Allen returned Dick grew more restive. What if he were but sixteen? In the hunt his aim was the truest. He could keep the saddle admirably on the most mettlesome pony. Then, too, there was something adventure-loving and dashing in his age and his mental make-up and he wanted to try what seemed to him the really heroic.

So it was in the early autumn of '69 that Dick, along with some other youngsters innocent as himself, as well as a few more worldly-wise travelers, started off on horseback for the long journey across the Indian Territory and on into Texas.

Secure in one of the lad's inner pockets was a crisp roll of bills, the two thousand dollars that his father had left him. Though it was this circumstance that deepened Mrs. Jameson's anxiety as she bade her son a reluctant good-bye, it only seemed to heighten Dick's exuberant spirits; for that was more than any of the other boys had.

The journey proved rich in what the young fellows had hoped for in the way of adventure. Several times it came near bringing much more; for the "Territory" was at that time infested with bands of desperate highwaymen and the Comanche Indians were out on a raid. But all that was material for many another story often repeated in later years.

Suffice it to say that after a long and dangerous journey the little party reached the wide, lawless ranges of Texas. There, instead of investing in long-horned, scrubby-looking cattle, all the younger members—and Dick first of all—sunk their money in a visionary boom-town scheme backed by a clever rogue who forthwith took his departure after the pocketing of the cash. The lads were disconsolate. The older men shrugged their shoulders in no comforting manner. They needed help in rounding up their own herds and getting them safely overland to the railroad at Kansas City. But Dick vowed he would not go back.

On the outskirts of the cheerless little military post of Jacksboro' near the headwaters of the Brazos he saw the others disappearing along the prairie road in a cloud of dust and tossing horns. They had not known quite what his determination meant, but he felt it all too keenly. There was in his pocket only one "shin-plaster"—five cents in paper money—and he was alone in a strange country. The

boy comforted himself that it was at least an experience and he gave his spirits a lift by tossing this last bit of money to a beggar. He would do any kind of work, just to get a start, and then—there were such magnificent opportunities in this new country—his hopes rose and he set the pony into a brisk gallop.

But alas, not a thing could he find to do in the town! He had his reasons for not wanting to try the night there, so off they started a full hour before sun-down. But the pony did not canter. That hour was not a comfortable one.

Before a ranch house bare, new, and unpainted, Dick threw his bridle over a post and walked resolutely up to the porch where a man sat smoking; and a pleasant rattle of pans came through the open door.

"Do you know of any place I can get work?" the lad began.

The man's voice was rough, yet kindly enough to send a lump into the boy's throat. "Set down a spell. Stranger in these parts, aint you?"

"Yes, sir, rather."

The man seemed disposed to be interested and, after questioning the young fellow for some time, he said looking at him keenly: "Got plenty of pluck, I reckon?"

"Just give me a chance!" Dick's irrepressible spirits were coming up again.

The rancher explained: "They're wantin' a schoolmaster over on the ridge. Ain't had very good luck with 'em so far."

Dick felt a bit dazed. "But there'd be some sort of an examination?" he questioned.

The man gave a short guffaw. "Reckon 't won't take old man Hart long to get shet o' that!"

It was evidently Dick's chance. He was hospitably invited to stay at the ranch that night and the next morning he rode over to see the chairman of the school board. There he received the cool bit of information that the last schoolmaster had been shot dead and the one before him had been forcibly driven from the place by certain unruly scholars, but that if he wanted to try on a hundred dollars a month he was welcome to the place.

Dick accepted with no outward show of reluctance and spent the remainder of the day thinking of his mother. Word was quickly circulated that school would begin forthwith. There was a little breeze of excitement for miles around.

The aspect of the schoolhouse was not encouraging. It was built of unhewn logs with a clapboard roof and with a log sawed out on one side for a window and on the other, for a door. Inside there was a puncheon floor, and the seats without backs were little more than logs of various sizes with the tops planed off to a level.

On the first morning, the young schoolmaster sat behind his desk taking mental stock of his pupils. There was a group of white-headed urchins on the low front seat. They all looked scared. So did the older girls who were wont to break out into hysterical giggles at the most insignificant happenings. On the back logs were half a dozen big, rough fellows, most of them with unkempt beards on their

faces and weapons in their belts. Jameson knew they were there with the avowed intention of breaking up the school. His mind was working rapidly.

The morning passed without any serious hitch in the carefully planned program. But the occupants of the benches against the wall were growing all the time more rough and noisy.

Recess time come, they all scuffled out of the door. Dick followed.

"What do you say to a shooting match, boys?" he called out in a tone of hearty good-fellowship.

The big fellows assented sneeringly as he pinned an ace of spades up on the rough side of the building.

"Try it at twenty yards first," he said carelessly as he drew from his pocket a fine "Colt's Navy."

The others became more interested. They all proved good marksmen but Dick shot last and his bullet plunged into the very center of the spade.

"Now for thirty yards!"

The schoolmaster was cool. The frontiersmen were getting excited and resolved to aim with more care. They would not be out-shot by this "tenderfoot kid."

But still their bullets made an irregular circle around his and again Dick lengthened the range. There was one more trial, a distant thunderstorm of muttered oaths, and then the big fellows withdrew sullenly from the match.

After recess until noon there was little disorder. The schoolmaster felt that it was an ominous quiet. Then the little ones and the girls ate their luncheons and played about the schoolhouse while the older fellows went off down the hollow. Dick tried to be friendly and succeeded to a degree. One spare little girl with freckled face and colorless pig-tails ventured to warn him in a frightened whisper.

"Ye'd better watch out for Jake Downs, Mister Jam'son. He's a-schemin'."

When the afternoon session began it was apparent that the back seats had determined on belligerence. Heavy feet were shuffled, whispers rose to mutterings, and at last Jake broke into an open scuffle with his neighbor.

Jameson's under jaw set firmly.

"Downs, you may leave the house."

The lawless fellow folded his arms, sat down, and looked the schoolmaster over with a contemptuous smile.

"It'll take a dern sight more 'n *you* to git *me*!"

Before he could make another move an electrical thrill went through the room. Jameson had whipped out his pistol and stood there pointing it straight into the startled face of the bully. Then he raised his watch.

"You are to walk quietly out of this room. If at the end of three minutes you have not done so, I shall shoot."

Even the hot wind blowing across the prairie and in through the open window seemed to be hushed for a moment. The children sat rigid on their benches. The

girls grew pale under tan and freckles. The big louts were breathlessly taking in the fun—all but Jake.

His first startled look had settled into a sullen scowl as he kept his gaze fastened on Dick's face. He saw the watch without appearing to do so.

"Tic, tic, tic," it went while the "scrub-oaks" rustled anxiously outside and it seemed to Dick as if his brain were beating time.

"I must do it if he stays. Will he stay? O mother, they'll lynch me! But I'll shoot him if he stays. In the shoulder! But they'll kill me anyway."

One minute gone. "Tic, tic, tic." Even the great ruffians on the bench against the wall were growing pale under their thin beards. Jake's face was drawn but his eyes did not leave the schoolmaster's. He saw how steady the hand was that held the little black-throated pistol.

Two minutes gone. A thousand memories came racing through Dick's inner consciousness. Faces and scenes were sharply outlined before him as on the day when he had seen them last. And all the time he was steadily holding the pistol and, with the others, counting off the seconds.

The minute was half over when Jake's face relaxed and became irresolute. Then he rose sullenly and slunk out of the door.

* * * * *

Long after all the rest had left the schoolhouse that afternoon, Dick sat at his desk with his chin resting on his palm. Suddenly he realized that it was growing dusk and that he had a dangerous road to traverse.

Live-oaks stood black against a red sky and the twilight hush was in the air when he started down the road. Where was Jake Downs? Behind that clump of bushes? Lurking in the shadow of the bridge?

No. He was not anywhere along the way. Jameson never saw him again. The other fellows called him a coward—perhaps that was the reason he did not come back—but they never tried his little game. One by one they soon dropped out of school and the children and the girls were docile enough.

At the end of the term a snug sum of money was invested in cattle which were then driven across to the trading post at Abilene. This proving profitable was repeated until, although his former golden dreams were scarcely fulfilled, Dick had a comfortable roll in the pocket once so painfully empty. Then he started home with a party of cattlemen bound for St. Louis.

Fresh from that city, in upon the little home village, burst the ex-schoolmaster arrayed in all the trappings of the adventurous character he felt himself to be. After the first transports, Mrs. Jameson smiled a little over the black suit quite a bit too statesmanlike to accord with a wide gray felt hat and weapons all too much in evidence. But that was Dick's idea of a hero.

Evelyn Foster Peck, '03.

EVENING.

The sunset fades and evening shades
Are softly, slowly creeping
Upon the day that steals away
And leaves the world to sleeping.

From out the nest where birdlings rest
Comes now and then a twitter,
Till chirpings cease, and all is peace,
And wandering fire-flies glitter.

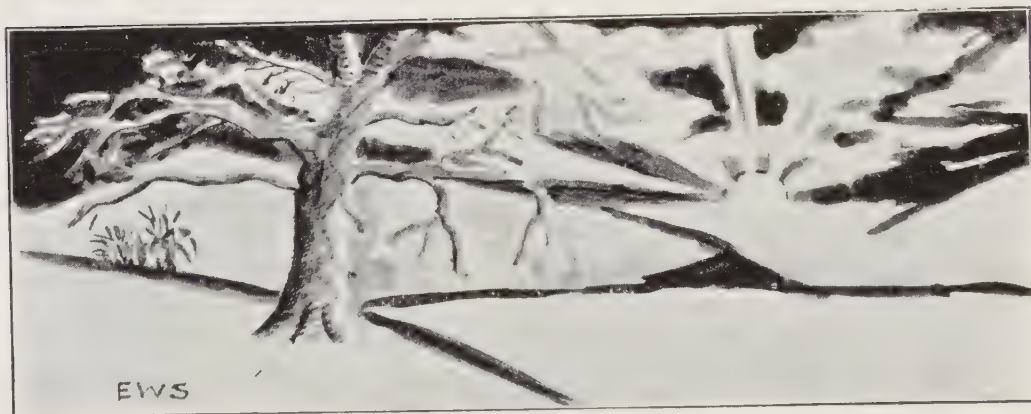
Now faint and far the evening star
With gentle ray is beaming,
And from the moon arising soon
A golden light is streaming.

She rides on high up in the sky
And seems to go a-boating,
Guiding her bark to some bright spark,
Through fleecy cloudlets floating.

At her advance the stars all dance
As if their monarch hailing,
A million eyes in glad surprise
Now watch their queen go sailing.

Oh, Queen of Night, in glory bright
Sail on and on forever,
Pray guide aright thy ship of light
And cease thy voyage never.

—*Ruth K. Todd.*



Mixed Dates.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JUNIORS:

Frimpy Gates..... A society man
Riggle Out after revenge
Harvey..... With a broken collar-bone
Marguerite Roseborough An Elyria girl
Caroline Boynton..... Old enough to know better
Mable Pratt..... A con. girl, enamored of Harvey
Limpy Gates. .A Cleveland man, twin brother of Frimpy
Prof. Rice, Prof. Caskey, Mr. Matlack,
Party guests and servants

Time: Thanksgiving week.

ACT ONE. The night before Thanksgiving.

ACT TWO. The night of the parties.

ACT THREE. The morning after.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Harvey's room, Scoundrel Hall. Harvey on bed. Medicine bottles and bandages on stand. TIME: The night before Thanksgiving.*

Harvey: So you think you will have revenge on him for that little job he did you? Well, if any man played a trick like that on me I'd have revenge or die in the attempt.

Riggle: Well, I flatter myself, Harvey, that I've got it on Frimpy worse than he had it on me. He cut me out of the Thanksgiving party altogether and my troubles are over. But I think that probably by this time I have him so entangled over that Thanksgiving party that he heartily envies me my opportunity to stay away.

Harvey: What is your game?

Riggle: Well, when he came over here that day last week and raved around about the Elyria girl whom he met at the Breakwater Club dance over there, I saw my opportunity. You noticed how rejoiced he was at the chance to take Miss Pratt to the conservatory party in your place?

Harvey: Yes. Said he was glad I broke my collar-bone.

Riggle: Well, that is one date he has for Thanksgiving evening. Then you noticed that he mentioned the fact that he had written a note to that old, decrepit Miss Boynton—our beloved classmate—asking her for the Thanksgiving Junior party, for the lack of some one better to take, but that luckily he had forgotten to mail the note, and thereby could take Miss Pratt instead?

Harvey: Yes.

Riggle: Harvey, old sport, I sneaked over to his room, found that note on his table, and mailed it.

Harvey: Hurray for you, Riggle!

Riggle: That is two dates he has for Thanksgiving evening, and I don't suppose it occurred to you, Harvey, that this Marguerite Roseborough, the Elyria girl whom he went into ecstasies over, and whom he calls the queen of seven counties, is a friend of mine. I have written her a little note.

Harvey: And that is three dates for Frimpy?

Riggle: We will await developments.

Harvey: Shake, old man. It is a great revenge.

Riggle: It is a fitting revenge.

Harvey: Where are you going now?

Riggle: Over to Frimpy's room, to see my dear friend Frimpy, whose every interest I have at heart. Goodbye, Harvey. Don't say a word.

SCENE 2.—*Frimpy's room, ten minutes later. Frimpy pacing floor, with clenched fists.*

(Enter Riggle).

Frimpy: Come in, Riggle. Sit down there on that chair. Heavenly mercies, what am I to do? Out of the frying pan into the fire!

Riggle: In the name of Jewett, what's the matter? Why these bloodshot eyes?

Frimpy: Riggle, do I look like a man insane? Isn't it enough to drive a man insane? How can I—

Riggle: Calm yourself, Frimpy. Tell me about it. Your troubles are my troubles. Has the queen of thirteen counties slighted you, or has Miss Pratt refused—

Frimpy: Refused! Refused! Well, I should say she didn't refuse. She accepted. And, Riggle, that miserable note to that poison-faced Miss Boynton got mailed some way, and instead of being a sane man without a girl for the party, I am a lunatic, a raving maniac, with two dates for two parties at the same time.

Riggle: In the name of the immortal Finney, this is bad!

Frimpy (pacing floor, struck with a sudden idea): Riggle! You're my friend? You will stay here and take Miss Pratt to the con. party?

Riggle: Impossible! Must go home! Maternal mandate! Family reunion, you know. The folks never would forgive me, much as I would like to.

Frimpy: My last hope gone! (A knock at the door). Come in!

Servant: A letter for you, Mr. Gates.

Frimpy: Thanks, Nora. (Tears open letter and reads a few lines). Riggle, this is the limit! I suicide tonight. Read that. (Sinks on bed, clutching pillows to him in a paroxysm of distress).

Riggle: Seems to me you have your dates somewhat mixed. (Reads). My Dear Mr. Gates: An unexpected turn in my affairs makes it possible after all for me to accept your invitation for the delightful Junior party in Oberlin the evening of Thanksgiving. The Oberlin man with whom I had an engagement for that evening has found it impossible to be here, very acceptably, I may say. (Aside: The little

wretch! Wait till we have our set-to). If I did not remember that you said you would spend the day moping in solitude, I would scarcely venture to write you now. But, hoping that I may serve to cheer you up, I am,

Cordially yours,

Marguerite Roseborough.

Frimpy: Moping in solitude! Well, I should say not, with three dates for the same party.

Riggle: Look at the humorous side of it, old man!

Frimpy: Humorous! Did you say humorous? Tragic, I call it!

Riggle: Brace up, Frimpy! Face the situation calmly. What are you going to do about it? The parties come tomorrow night. You have 24 hours in which to decide.

Frimpy (becoming serious): Well, Riggle, I look at it this way: I could write Miss Roseborough that I have already dated Miss Pratt, to accommodate Harvey, and ask her to come over and go with Miss Pratt and me, to the con. party. She could be Miss Pratt's guest, and thereby it would be perfectly correct.

Riggle: But there is Miss Boynton.

Frimpy: Oh, heavens! That middle-aged gazelle! I forgot all about her. How in thunder did that note get mailed?

Riggle: Well, old man, I'm sorry I can't stay to work the problem out for you.

Frimpy: I appreciate your interest, Riggle. But unless something turns up I see my finish in any asylum.

Riggle (aside): Revenge is sweet. I think I have it on him for that little job he did me. Don't let it injure your health, Frimpy. So long. Don't let it keep you awake nights!

(Exit Riggle).

Frimpy (leaping up and running to door): Riggle, Riggle! Wait a minute! Excelsior! Excelsior! (Returning to desk). He's gone. But I believe I have solved the problem. I failed to figure on Limpy!

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Frimpy's room. Thanksgiving evening. Frimpy getting out dress suit and putting studs in shirt.*

(Enter Limpy, in overcoat, with dress-suit case).

Limpy (bursting in): Why don't you pay your room rent?

Frimpy: Hello, it's good for sore eyes to see you! Who told you I haven't paid my room rent?

Limpy: Your landlady just met me in the hall and asked me to pay up.

Frimpy: Goes to show we look as much alike as ever. What did you tell her?

Limpy: Told her I am expecting a check tomorrow and will pay her all arrears and to the end of the term without delay.

Frimpy: You son of a sea-cook!

Limpy: She looked real pleased, but doubtful, as though she had heard those tales before.

Frimpy: Well, now, for the business in hand. You brought your dress-suit?

Limpy: Yes.

Frimpy: Well, get it out and get into it.

Limpy: But will you kindly tell me where I am going, and who I'm going with, and what I'm to do when I get there?

Frimpy: I'll explain the situation to you, Limpy.

Limpy: Of course we go to the same party?

Frimpy: Heavens, no! We can't be seen together any place.

Limpy: Are you ashamed of me? Judging by yourself, I'm a pretty bad looker, but I didn't think you would turn me down on that account.

Frimpy: Limpy, I will have to confess the awful truth. Accidentally I've made dates with two girls for two different parties, the same night. I've imported you from Cleveland to go with one of them. Knowing you like a little adventure once in a while, I thought you would take the keenest delight in passing yourself off for me.

Limpy: Is this the pretty-girl-swell-party you promised me? I thought there was something back of that little telegram of yours. (Bangs suit-case shut).

Frimpy: Now, Limpy, be reasonable. You will have a good time, and they are pretty girls, and it is a swell party. Neither of them knows me so well but that —

Limpy: But I'm not going to take both of them.

Frimpy: Well, the truth of it is you will have to take two of them.

Limpy: And where will you be all this time?

Frimpy: I'll have to take the third one.

Limpy: Smouldering smoke-stacks! Did you date three girls for the same night?

Frimpy: It was wholly accidental.

Limpy: Well, you are the limit. You are a brilliant social light——

Frimpy: Let me explain——

Limpy (locking up suit case, and putting on overcoat): Nothing short of an imbecile would do a job like that. Goodbye. I'll write father that you need a governess——

Frimpy (in distraction): Wait, Limpy. Don't leave me. Dear Limpy, what will I

do without you? Limpy, I was going to suggest that you wear my diamond studs to-night, and just leave them in your shirt and let you have them to keep.

Limpy (somewhat pacified): Well, what are these two girls like? Why must I take two and you only one?

Frimpy: You've got the best end of it. I have to take an old two-spot of a girl to the Junior class party and you have two peaches to take to the conservatory party. I'd be glad enough to change places with you, but every one knows me at the Junior party and scarcely any of the conservatory people have ever met me. So you will move all right in that crowd as me. Miss Pratt will introduce you to everybody. She is a peach. And say, that Marquerite Roseborough is a queen of fourteen counties. Limpy, it's an outrage that I can't go with her—one of the sweetest girls it was ever heaven's privilege to smile upon.

Limpy: Well, let's get into these clothes. Miss Roseborough and Miss Pratt. How well do I know them? Rehearse me on my part, Frimpy. Give me all the local color.

Frimpy: You will have to go to Baldwin Cottage for both of them. Miss Roseborough is a girl whom you met at the Breakwater Club dance in Elyria Saturday night. She is the guest of Miss Pratt, who is engaged to Mr. Harvey—you speak of him as Harvey—who broke his collar-bone playing scrub last Friday. That's why I have her on my hands. Harvey is a friend of mine and I offered to take her since he is laid up. You tell Miss Pratt how you sit up nights taking care of him. Here, Limpy, you wear my patent leathers. They are a little brighter and newer than yours.

Limpy: Thanks. I'm satisfied with my own shoes.

Frimpy: Well, you know, I don't mind what kind of shoes I wear with Miss Boynton, and I want to appear as well as possible before the other two girls. You know I expect to see something more of Miss Roseborough. You may keep the shoes if you will only wear them tonight, and just look out for my interests with Miss Roseborough. I tell you, Limpy, you will think she is the queen of seventeen counties.

Limpy: All right, Frimpy.

Frimpy: And these white gloves. I wore white gloves the night I met Miss Rose —

Limpy: Oh, that will be all right, Frimpy. I may keep the white gloves?

Frimpy: Yes, if you will only wear them tonight, Limpy. I know you detest white gloves, but——

Limpy: That's all right, Frimpy. I'll wear the gloves, but I draw the line at a silk hat.

Frimpy: Now, look here, Limpy. I'm treating you white in this deal. You wear my silk hat and——

Limpy: No, sir, no silk hat.

Frimpy: But what will Miss Roseborough think? Besides Miss Boynton would be totally overshadowed by a silk hat. I was depending on wearing your derby. Limpy, you might want a silk hat some night in Cleveland. If you will wear that silk hat I'll let you take it home with you to keep—if you will only do the right thing by Miss Roseborough. You must wear it.

Limpy: Well, if I must I must. Just to please you, Frimpy.

Frimpy: You're all right, Limpy.

Limpy (aside. Wonder if I can touch him for his Inverness coat). How do you do when you wear a short overcoat with a dress suit. Do you tuck your tails in your hip pockets, or——

Frimpy: Great Barrows! Is your overcoat too short to cover up your tails?

Limpy: Yes, it's pretty short, but I'll get on all right.

Frimpy (somewhat doubtfully): How would you like to wear my Inverness coat?

Limpy: A coat with a cape? Well, I draw the line there. What would Miss Roseborough think——

Frimpy: Why, that's the kind of thing she is used to. She's a swell dame, Limpy. Queen of twenty-four counties. You better wear it.

Limpy: No, I won't deprive you of it; besides I hate the things anyway.

Frimpy: Those coats are the real thing. My heavens, man, don't be so obstinate. You'll simply have to wear it.

Limpy: Frimpy, what are you getting me into anyway? I've a notion to pack up and take the first car for Cleveland.

Frimpy: Limpy, I'll make you an outright present of that Inverness coat if you will wear it tonight. And if you don't want to keep it you can sell it at a second-hand store in Cleveland.

Limpy: Well, since you feel the way you do about it. Nothing but brotherly love, however, would prompt me to do this for any man.

Frimpy: Limpy, you are the best brother I ever—anybody ever had. How can I ever thank you enough? (Grasps Limpy's hand, as he passes over the double armful of various clothing).

SCENE 2.—*A pillowed recess of Warner Hall. Palms and rugs and draperies. March music within. TIME: 9 p. m., Thanksgiving night. Present: Miss Pratt*

and Miss Gertrude Blake, a conservatory friend.

Miss Blake: Isn't this the sweetest little corner?

Miss Pratt: Gertrude, I am not concerned with sweet little corners just at present. What is the matter with my back hair?

Gertrude: You seem awfully excited, Mabel. Let me fix it for you. Some of the strands seem to be straggling out.

Mable: Well, I should think they would be. That Mr. Gates is getting to be absolutely unbearable. When we were strolling through the corridor he insisted that the rose in my hair needed rearranging, and under the pretense of fixing it he——

Gertrude: Did he really?

Mable: I never was so nonplussed in my life!

Gertrude: But you can't blame him—it was such a delicious chance.

Mable: I am surprised at you, Gertrude. And he pretends to be a friend of Harvey's. He has been acting awfully strange the whole evening. I don't understand him. He must have some monstrous joke up his sleeve.

Gertrude: I can't see that you have any reason to complain. I never saw any one more attentive.

Mable: That is just it. He is supposed to be madly in love with Margie—my friend, Miss Roseborough. Yet he has scarcely had a word to say to her. On the way over here, after devoting himself entirely to me, he turned to her and said that he supposed she would be glad to learn that her friend Harvey is much better; that he has been spending most of his time at Harvey's bedside. And he knew as well as I that she has never so much as met Harvey.

Gertrude: And he has deliberately cut her the rest of the evening?

Mable: Yes.

Gertrude: Then they have quarreled!

Mable: It must be that way. He pursues me no matter where I go, and of course I am using every means in my power to keep him with her. And, Gertrude——

Gertrude: What, dear?

Mable: He is actually out on the steps now smoking a cigarette.

Gertrude: How awful! How do you know?

Mable: When we were together in the corridor he deliberately threatened to do so, and——

Gertrude: You didn't let him?

Mable: I saw in it a chance to get away from him, and said, "All right, go ahead."

Perhaps you can get Prof. Rice to join you," and ran upstairs.

(Enter Miss Roseborough with Mr. Matlack).

Mable: Oh, hullo, Margie. Been having a good time?

Margie: Well, I was just trying to decide that point. Mr. Matlack has been telling me all about himself.

Mr. Matlack: Such a fascinating topic of conversation, you know.

Mable: And so timeworn!

Margie: And psychology! Mr. Matlack says that he has found time to help the collegiate department along in that branch, between his arduous duties of overseeing the conservatory and directing our little choir in Elyria.

Mr. Matlack: Speaking of psychology, you people came up here with Frimpy Gates, didn't you? We've got a rich one on Frimpy over there in psych. class. Thought he would come the Frampton-Hemingway act, and ask a question, you know.

(Enter Limpy).

Hullo, Frimpy, old sport. I was just telling the girls that little one on you—

Limpy (aghast): Some one who knows Frimpy. (Aloud). Hullo, old boy. What one was that?

Matlack: Why, when you asked MacLennan if an inhibited impulse demonstrates itself in the form of an appetite, is the motive rational?

Limpy: Ha! ha! That was rich. Ha! ha! ha!

Matlack: But what was his answer?

Limpy: Oh, it doesn't much matter what his answer was. Ha! ha! That was clever. Couldn't help laughing at the time myself. Ha! ha!

Girls (in chorus): But what was the point?

Limpy: Ha! ha! (holding his sides, apparently convulsed with laughter). Ha! ha! ha!

Matlack: The point was in MacLennan's answer. What was his answer, Frimpy? Stop your idiotic laughing.

Limpy: Ha! ha! That was rich.

Girls: But we haven't gotten to the point yet, Mr. Gates. What about impulses and appetites?

Matlack: I wash my hands of it, Frimpy. You will have to explain it to them.

Limpy (grasping at a straw): Why, don't you see? Ha! ha! Of course, if an impulsive person has an appetite, the motive is rational. He will move toward the rations. Ha! ha! One of the best things I've heard in years.

Mable (aside): Laughing at his own poor attempt at wit!

Gertrude (aside, edging toward door): I believe he has been drinking as well as smoking.

Margie: Perhaps that explains his unaccountable coldness.

Mable (following other girls): That must be it. He surely has been drinking. That explains his sudden affection for me.

(Exit three).

Matlack: Can it be possible?

Limpy: Have a cigarette, er—ah, Mr.—I don't recall your name.

Matlack (throwing up hands): The girls are right. Too bad! Too bad!

(Exit Matlack).

Limpy: What's the matter with these people, anyway? All act like idiots. Wonder who that last lunatic was? I flatter myself that I smoothed over that psychology matter all right. But what's the matter with these girls? When I talk to Miss Roseborough about poor Harvey with the broken—broken leg, was it?—and how I sit up nights with him, she says nothing. Modesty, I presume. And when I try to hold up my end with Miss Pratt, as a proper sequel to the little Elyria affair, she gives me the icy glare. They must be of the Oberlin type. Fool customs they have in this institution. That Prof. with the pink whiskers actually looked horrified when I offered him a cigarette. Oh, well, I may—

(Enter waiter).

Waiter: Two young ladies asked me to tell you that one of them was not feeling well, so they hurried home without bothering you to leave.

Limpy: So considerate of them! Delightful party, this! May as well go back to Frimpy's room and go to bed. Frimpy would settle for this if it weren't for those diamond studs and other knick-knacks.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room of Frimpy Gates. Morning after Thanksgiving. Bed dishevelled and clothing scattered about.*

Limpy (in hat and overcoat, pacing floor. Open suit-case on chair): It's an outrage! It's an outrage! The most ungentlemanly trick ever conceived! I'll see his allowance cut, if I have to get down on my knees to the governor.

(Enter Riggle).

Riggle: For heaven's sake, Frimpy, you aren't going to leave?

Limpy (furiously): Of course I'm going to leave. How long did you think a respectable gentleman would stay in this den of robbers? Don't call me Frimpy. The name is a disgrace.

Riggle: But, Frimpy, you haven't forgotten our old-time friendship? At least I may call you Frimpy?

Limpy: I am not Frimpy. I am proud to say I am Limpy. Frimpy has stolen all my clothes in the night. He is a disgrace—a reprobate—an ingratiate! Let this miserable farce end. I am not Frimpy.

Riggle: Well, who in the name of Azariah are you?

Limpy: Who are you, may I ask? Are you another of these Oberlin nut-factories?

Riggle: I am your friend—Frimpy's rather—popularly called Riggle, at your service.

Limpy: You are, are you? What I want to know is, is there a duplicate key to that closet? I am a brother of the scoundrel whom you call friend. Must we break down the door?

Riggle: Won't he unlock it for you? What is in there? I never knew Frimpy had a twin brother.

Limpy: I am his twin brother, all right, though I am ashamed to acknowledge it. A man who bungled into making dates —

Riggle: I know all about that.

Limpy: And he had me come here to take care of —

Riggle (aside): All my plans gone to waste. Hard luck! (Aloud). Yes, yes, I understand.

Limpy: And in return for my services he gave me certain articles of clothing —

Riggle: What did he give you?

Limpy: And while I slumbered, without a suspicion of his guile, he rose and locked them all up in that closet.

Riggle: We will take off the hinges.

Limpy: My Inverness coat, silk hat, white gloves, patent leathers, shirt front protector—he's an ingratiate! After all my efforts in his behalf he even got up before daylight to take the diamond studs from my shirt.

Riggle: Vile machination! I will lend you every effort in my power to the end that you may recover your stolen property.

Limpy: You are a true friend of my brother —

Riggle: No storming of the barricade now! Come, follow me!

SCENE 2.—*Peter's Hall Court, morning after Thanksgiving.*

Harvey (pale, with arm and shoulder bound): Ah, here comes the scoundrel

who so insulted the lady whom I entrusted to his charge. If I were only a whole man for a few minutes!

(Enter Frimpy).

Frimpy: Great Hat! Hulloo, Harvey! I didn't expect to see you out for three days.

Harvey (coldly): You enjoyed yourself at the party last night?

Frimpy (thinking of Miss Boynton and the Junior party). No; one of the most beastly bores I ever went to. Of course, considering the old fairy I was with most of the evening —

Harvey: Sir!

Frimpy (recalling himself): No; of course this is all a josh, Harvey. I had one of the best times of my life. Never liked Miss Pratt better than I did last night. She's a clever girl. We —

Harvey: Your comment is uncalled for.

Frimpy: Now, don't get sore, Harvey, just because I tried to jolly you along a little bit. Sincerely, I had a good time. Miss Roseborough was never more stunning. Queen of thirty-seven counties, that girl. So kind of Miss Pratt to entertain her.

Harvey: Frankly, Gates, in the light of your despicable conduct last night, I am surprised that you should dare —

Frimpy: What's all this?

(Enter Miss Pratt and Miss Roseborough).

Miss Pratt (ignoring Frimpy): Miss Roseborough, Mr. Harvey.

Harvey: Delighted, Miss Roseborough. I was promised the pleasure of meeting you. Is Mable showing you about the college grounds? If you would like to see the society rooms I will be glad to take you up.

Frimpy (aside): I don't seem to be popular here. What did that idiot brother of mine do, anyway? I'll sound them. (To Miss Roseborough). What car did you think of taking to Elyria, Miss Roseborough? I will be only too glad to —

Miss Roseborough (icily): Mr. Harvey, we will proceed to the society rooms.

Miss Pratt (to Harvey): It is miserably mean to cut him this way.

Harvey (to Miss Pratt): But he even went so far as to tell me he had a good time with you last night. Offered no apology.

(Enter Miss Boynton).

Miss B.: Oh, Mr. Gates, I have been looking for you all over.

Frimpy (aside): Horrors! Who would have thought it would turn up now. Ah, yes, Miss Boynton, in reference to the library book.

Miss Boynton: What library book? No, you sly man! My gloves. I knew you kept them purposely, after the —

Frimpy: Yes, yes, after class. I will call and leave them. I will send them over by messenger—I will —

Miss Boynton: After class? No, after the party last night. And I want to tell you what a delightful time I had. You have them with you, I know. (Threatens to search him).

Frimpy: Merciful heavens!

Miss Pratt, *Miss Roseborough*: What party can she mean?

Harvey: I beg your pardon, Miss Boynton. I think that you will find it wise to have nothing to do with Mr. Gates. He is in an irresponsible condition.

(Enter Prof. Rice and Prof. Caskey).

Prof. Rice (to Prof. Caskey): That young man there! See his guilty expression! Villainous insult! Open defiance of rules!

Prof. Caskey: Mr. Gates, I feel compelled to request that you follow me to my office at once. I think no explanation is necessary.

Harvey (sarcastically): Are you so soon come to justice, Gates?

Frimpy: Will you kindly explain?

Prof. Caskey: Did you not smoke cigarettes on the steps of Warner Hall?

Prof. Rice: Did you not impudently offer me one of those vile coffin-nails?

Miss Pratt: Did you not attempt to —

Miss Roseborough: Did you not —

Harvey (furiously): Did you not insult both these young ladies?

Frimpy: Go on! Go on! Is there anything of which I am not guilty? Am I not a liar, or a thief —

Miss Boynton: Yes, you are! You are! He is a thief! I see it now! I see your duplicity. You stole my gloves! They are lost! Those 89-cent gloves —

(Enter Riggle, followed by Limpy).

Riggle: Right there! There he is! Demand it!

Limpy (shaking fist at Frimpy): Look here, Frimpy. You stole my silk hat! You stole my diamond studs! I want that key. No foolishness, now. (Frimpy sinks to the floor groaning).

Harvey: A second Frimpy!

Miss Roseborough: To think that those studs were stolen!

Miss Pratt: Two desperadoes!

Prof. Caskey: The devil and his double!

Miss Boynton (falling on Limpy): Oh, you are the man who has my gloves!

Riggle: At last! Revenge!

(Curtain).

TO MRS. JOHNSTON.

The teacher—I knew her, and well I recall
The days in her classes, but this was not all,
For it was not the facts—they're forgotten today
Not truths but the truth which she builded to stay.

She taught us to *think* as we studied man's strife;
She taught us to seek for Art's rhythm in *life*;
The highest and purest—the standards she set.
These lessons—God bless her—I have with me yet.

Making a Good Impression.

A FARCE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Homer Cook.....An Oberlin Senior
Walter Beecher.....His Chum
Minnie Reider.....His Cousin
Helen Foster.....Her Friend
Jack Scott.....A dweller in the dormitory
Simon Swead
Also a dweller in the dormitory
Terence Greer....Janitor of the dormitory

SCENE AND PLOT.—Cook's room in dormitory. Cook is expecting his cousin, Minnie Reider, to visit him. She is to bring along her friend, Helen Foster, whom she has described in a letter to Cook as being pretty, rich and attractive, and upon whom she wishes Cook to make a good impression. Cook has decorated his room with photographs, views of travel in foreign countries, college banners, pillows and knick-knacks; also a chafing-dish, coat-of-arms and books—all borrowed. Beecher has just left. Cook is discovered completing his toilet, and waiting for his guests.

Time—1:30 o'clock, Saturday, P. M., in spring.

Cook: I must hurry and get ready; they may be here any minute now.

[While he is putting on his coat, voices are heard outside, and enter Minnie Reider and Helen Foster].

Cook: Why how do you do, Cousin Minnie! I was just going down to meet you. It is too bad you had to come to my room alone.

Minnie: It is all right, Homer; you are very busy and we do not wish to make you any trouble. Helen, dear, this is Cousin Homer.

Cook: Happy to meet you, Miss Foster. This is your first visit to Oberlin, I believe?

Helen: Yes, I have often wished to visit Oberlin and get a glimpse of college life. The campus is so beautiful; it is an ideal spot.

Cook: Yes, it is pretty in the spring, and after you have rested we will go for a stroll. My pneumatic-tired run-about got punctured yesterday and my man has not mended it yet, or I would take you out in that. But sit down, you must be tired.

Minnie: Oh, what lovely college pillows. Homer, your room is decorated beautifully. Those banners and pictures are arranged in truly artistic style. He always did have such good taste, Helen.

Helen: Isn't that cozy corner a dear! Mr. Cook, you will pardon us if we look at your knick-knacks and souvenirs? It is all a part of our visit, you know.

Cook: Certainly, ladies, and I shall be delighted to explain them to you.

Helen: What is that odd thing up there with the lion on it?

Cook: That? Why, that is my ancestral coat-of-arms.

Helen: Oh, isn't that nice! What do the signs on it stand for?

Cook: The lion stands for bravery, of course, and the motto is Latin and means—well—ahem—it means, "Dead but not buried,"—no, that is not it—let me see—"Conquered but still game," or something like that.

Helen: What a lovely motto, "Dead but still game!" Your ancestors must have been very brave.

Minnie: And Homer is just as brave, Helen. You ought to see him play football. He is the greatest draw-back on his team. That is what you play, isn't it, Homer?

Cook: Well, not exactly—

Helen: Mr. Cook, what are those things on your coat-of-arms that look like little rows of biscuits?

Cook: Those? Why, those are—er—what they used to call bars sinister. My ancestors fought with long pikes or bars, like crow-bars, and they were very sinister weapons, so they represented them on their escutcheon. The history of these old relics is very interesting.

Minnie (from rear): Oh, Homer, where did you get this beautiful picture frame? Did this girl make it herself?

Cook: Yes, she painted that and gave it to me with her picture.

Minnie: Painted it? Why, it is not painted at all; it looks like some kind of carved work.

Cook: That is so. Yes, that was carved by the Pueblo Indians. I got it while traveling in Mexico.

Minnie: I did not know you had ever been in Mexico.

Cook: Oh, yes, I have been there and a great many other places. In fact, I have spent my vacations mainly in travel in Europe, Asia and Egypt. Many of the things you see in my room are souvenirs of foreign countries.

Helen: How grand to have traveled so much, besides being a senior in college! You must be an exceedingly well educated young man, Mr. Cook.

Minnie: Indeed he is, Helen, and he is one of the brightest men you ever saw—

Cook: Thank you, Minnie. You really embarrass me, and, I fear, are giving Miss Foster an exaggerated account of my abilities.

Minnie: No, I am not. Helen, you will think so too before you know him long.

Helen: I am beginning to think so already.

[A knock. Enter Beecher, carrying packages].

Cook: Hello, Beech! You are just in time with that stuff for the chocolate. Miss Foster and Miss Reider, this is my chum, Walter Beecher.

Beecher: Delighted to meet you, ladies. Cook told me of your expected visit.

Minnie: We want to meet Homer's college friends.

Helen: Yes, indeed, if all college boys are as nice as Mr. Cook, I shall enjoy knowing a great many of them.

Cook (aside to Minnie): My good impression seems to be developing rapidly.

Minnie (aside to Homer): Just keep it up. You are doing splendidly.

Beecher: All college boys are nice, Miss Foster. Cook is only a fair specimen of the whole tribe—

Cook: Beech, start to make the chocolate. You know how to run the chafing-dish.

Beecher: I can't make chocolate, and don't know anything about a chafing-dish. You will have to show me how it is run.

Cook: Don't know how to work a chafing-dish! Why, all you have to do is to put it together and light it, and there you are.

Beecher: If you know so much about it, suppose you put it together and light it then. I am not going to monkey with a borrowed chafing-dish—er—excuse me, I mean with your chafing-dish—I might break it.

Cook: Nonsense, go ahead and master its workings, man. I have to show the ladies the views of my European travels.

Beecher: Your European travels? Say, when were you in Europe? I did not know you were ever outside the state.

Cook: Young man, you know very well that I have visited Europe, Asia and Egypt, and also Mexico, South America and Alaska.

Beecher: Excuse me, old man, excuse me. It was simply a lapse of memory on my part. Since you kindly mention the places, I remember just where you have been. [To Minnie]: Miss Reider, will you help me make the chocolate?

Helen: Have you any Welsh rabbits. Mr. Cook? I have always wanted to see one, and people with chafing-dishes always have them, don't they?

Cook: Yes, Miss Foster, but mine got away last night and my man has not caught it yet.

Beecher: Your man, did you say? Who is your man?

Cook: You tend to that chafing-dish and don't interrupt me, young man.

Helen: Haven't you really got a man, Mr. Cook?

Cook: Of course I have, Miss Foster.

Beecher (who has been fixing the chafing-dish): Cook, where are your matches? Why didn't you borrow some while you were borrowing these other things—er—I mean, why didn't you send your "man" for some?

Cook: Here are matches, Beecher. [To Helen.] Do you see that spade hanging there, Miss Foster? It is the one handed down by the graduating class to the Junior class at commencement. I am the spade orator of our class. Here is some poetry I have composed for the occasion:

"Historic spade, thy rusted blade
In learning deep is sunk;
Thee by my side, all ills o'er ride,
And——"

[Some one calling from below]. Oh, Cook! I say, Cook!

Cook (aside): Confound that Scott. I wonder what he wants. [Aloud]. Hello, what is it?

Scott (from below): How soon can you bring back the sofa-pillows and pictures I loaned you?

Cook (calling back): Go on, you never loaned me anything. Don't you know I have company?

Scott: Never loaned you anything! Why, I loaned you everything in your room——

Cook: That will do now. I am busy. Come back again.

Helen: What did he mean, Mr. Cook? Aren't these pictures and other things your own?

Cook: Certainly they are, Miss Foster. You must not pay any attention to what he said. He is a somnambulist and often walks in his sleep. We have to humor him. [To Beecher and Minnie]. Isn't that chocolate ready yet?

Beecher: We have the chafing-dish going all right, but we need more alcohol. The lamp is nearly empty. Can't you send your man for some?

Cook: Try to make it do. We hardly have time to send for more. Besides, Terence is not well to-day.

Beecher: Terence? Who is he?

Cook: My man, of course. You know his name is Terence Greer.

Helen: What a poor memory Mr. Beecher has.

Cook: Yes, he is very absent-minded and causes me great anxiety at times——

[A knock, and enter Terence Greer, the janitor].

Terence: Oxcuse me, Mister Cook, but would ye mind comin' and doin' yer swap-in'?

Cook: Get out of here, Terence. I am entertaining company.

Beecher: Send him for some alcohol, Cook; he is your man, I believe.

Minnie: Ask him if the pneumatic-tired run-about is mended yet, Homer.

Helen: And ask him about the Welsh rabbit, Mr. Cook.

Terence: He said I was his mon, did he? Begob, it's a mon I am, but it's no mon of his I be. Get some alcyhol and run about fer a Welsh rabbit! D'yez moind that! Divil a rabbit will I run around after, but I'll mek him nade some alcyhol if he don't come and do his swapin' sudden.

[Exit Terence].

Beecher: Your man doesn't seem to be very well trained, Cook. What ails him?

Cook: He is not feeling well today. I try to overlook his faults and see only his good qualities. He has been my valet for a long time and I have become very much attached to him.

Helen: I think it is extremely kind of you, Mr. Cook, to be so lenient with your servant.

Minnie: Homer's good nature is remarkable, Helen. He never allows anything to ruffle his good spirits.

Beecher: Yes, Cook has an awful lot of brass. It would take a brick building to phase him.

Cook (making a bow): Thank you, friends, thank you. I appreciate these——

[Some one rushes up the stairs, and Scott enters without knocking].

Scott: Pardon me, old man, but I must have my things. Mother and sister coming to visit me, you know.

[Pulls down banners, pictures, sofa-pillows, etc.]

Would like to accommodate you and hate to intrude on your little party. Jimmy Cole will be in soon for his chafing-dish.

Helen: So they are not your pictures after all? I thought you said——

Cook: Yes, yes, I know what I said, but——

[Another knock, and enter Simon Swead, a studious-looking youth with spectacles].

Simon Swead: Mr. Cook, I desire my microcosms, as I must prepare my lesson; also my coat-of-arms; my room looks so bare and strange without it. And, if you have no further need for my watch and chain——

Cook: All right, gentlemen. Go ahead and help yourselves. Isn't there something you want, Beech?

Beecher: Well, old man, of course those souvenirs of your travels in Europe, Asia and Egypt, that I bought at the Rocket store ought to be returned. But, when you have more time you can send your man

over with them in the pneumatic-tired run-about. You seem hurried just now——

Cook: Here, Simmy, take your microcosmus and skip. And here is your coat-of-arms and watch and chain. Now, clear out.

Simon: Mr. Cook, I do not comprehend such language. I am shocked.

Cook: You'll be shocked if you don't begin to move pretty quick. And you, too, Scott. Get out with you.

Scott (moving toward the door with an armful of pillows): Don't be offended, Cook. I am awfully sorry this occurred, but I had to have these things.

Simon: Mr. Cook, I shall never forget the language you have used to me. I am simply overcome——

Cook (as they leave): You get out of here, or you'll be overcome. [To the others]. Now, friends, since our visitors have left, let us finish making the chocolate with our borrowed chafing-dish. I have some

borrowed cups to serve it in, and we will enjoy ourselves in spite of disturbances.

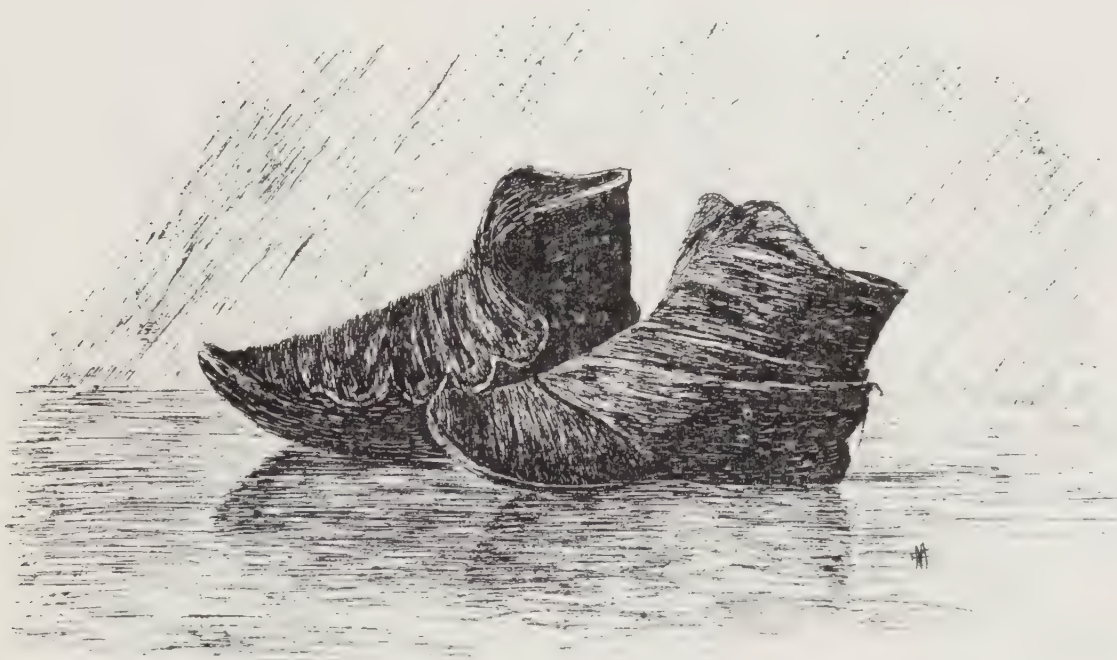
Minnie (almost in tears): Oh, Homer, I think they were horrid mean to act the way they did. They knew you had company and wanted to do the best you could for them, and now they have spoiled every thing.

Helen: No, they have not spoiled our fun at all. I think the whole thing has been a splendid joke. Mr. Cook, you have entertained us delightfully and I wish to thank you again for going to so much trouble to please us. Your wonderful good nature has quite captivated me.

Beecher: Spoken like a little captain!

Cook: Thank you, Miss Foster; and believe me, I am glad to know that in spite of the unfortunate way my little scheme turned out, I have made so good an impression on you. Come, now, let us drink our chocolate. I must go down soon and help Terence sweep.

(*Curtain.*)



TO A STREAM.

Fair flowing stream that with unwearied tread
Sweep'st thy wild course along! Fair silent stream,
Mute wanderer about a land all spread
With Nature's gifts! Oh could we only dream
Of what thy song would be, what wondrous theme
Thy lips would voice, were thy long trance
To end! Mayhaps a cheerful radiant gleam
Would grace an humble lay. Perchance
The impassioned burst would pierce high heaven's broad expanse.

Wild one, hast been beguiled of thy sense,
Hast lost what once directed here or there
Thy unerring steps, that now thou wand'rest hence
And thither wantonly? Be free and tear
The gnawing pain from out thy heart. Forbear
To speak no more. If pain thou hast, be free
And let one know, who longs to know, thy care,
The import of this silence. Let him be
Thy confidant and find thy inmost grief and thee.

But thou art beautiful and lovely now.
I would not have thee other than thou art.
Nay, nay, speak not to me aloud, for thou
Art eloquent in silence. I depart
And leave thy rippling waters where they dart
Among the shadowed rocks. I would not know
Thy secret. Thou art fair. Thy throbbing heart
Beats on and evermore thy full floods flow
Sedately by, and on and on, and to and fro.

—Stanley B. Harkness.



TAYLOR INN, LODI.

Violets.

TOM, the hired man, was helping Deacon Wishard plow in the east meadow. It was nearly supper time when, looking up from his work, he saw a slender, girlish figure in a brown traveling dress get out of the depot carriage at the corner and walk down the short lane toward the house. He watched her curiously till she was greeted and led into the house by Mother Wishard. The Deacon saw her too, and said: "That there is the college gal Dr. James wrote us about. She's sick or something. Did too much studying, I guess, but anyway he wants her to stay here a while and get well. 'Spect she's as stuck up as a peacock like all them college people. I tell you, I wouldn't have none of my children go to college and learn so much you couldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole." The supper-horn stopped the Deacon from more comments on college people, and Tom led off the horses while he went toward the house.

Lois Percy thought she must be dreaming and that it couldn't be really true that she had left all work and worry behind and had come out into the beautiful country to rest and get strong. She was too tired to enjoy much then, and soon went off to her quiet little room for the first night of real rest free from thoughts of math. problems and German poems. The country air seemed to give her new life already.

Mr. Wishard was sitting reading after supper, and Tom and Jim sat by the stove, for the evenings were still cool enough for a little blaze in the old air-tight.

"Tom," said the deacon, laying down his paper, "I take back all that I said about stuck-up—you know. She seems like a real nice, likely-appearing gal. You and Jim see that you tend up to her good."

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Wishard, "father and I want her to have a good time, so you can leave your work any time to get her flowers or anything."

"Um," growled Jim; "catch me."

But Tom said: "Thank you, sir. If she wants anything any time, just call on me." He hadn't seen her yet and was getting curious, for a visitor in the quiet farm house was something very rare.

Next morning Lois awakened with the delightful sense of freedom and rest. She lay quietly listening to the stirring of life about her, but perfectly satisfied that she need not be in it. No recitations, no work for her, the doctor had said, and really it was much nicer than she had expected. The smell of coffee and breakfast roused her and a little later she came out to her first trial of country fare. She thought she had never tasted anything so good as the delicious breakfast.

All the morning she wandered about getting acquainted with her surroundings and just before noon went down the road over the little bridge toward the meadow where Mother Wishard had said there were heaps and heaps of early violets. It was so warm and spring-like that she wore no hat, and the soft breeze blew the pretty, wavy brown hair about her cheeks, already a little less pale. She saw a young man approaching with a spade over his shoulder. He hadn't seen her and was striding along humming a song. "One of the hired men," thought Lois, and took no more notice till he was just passing her, when, looking up, she caught his look of surprise, admiration and almost recognition. "Why, where have I seen that fellow before," she thought. She puzzled over it all the way to the field; but when she found the violets she forgot about it in her joy over the pretty little flowers. The dinner-horn called her away, and, with her hands full, she made her way back to the house.

At dinner the family was all together and Lois met them all, including Tom, but beyond a polite bow at the introduction, nothing was said which would give any clue about him. Lois resolved, however, to ask Mrs. Wishard about him, for he seemed so different from the others, and she still had that feeling of having known him before in other circumstances.

The days went rapidly by and with them came strength and health to Lois. She began to long for some long tramps in the woods, and was thinking already of going back to work. She had asked about Tom, but had learned nothing, except that he was a stray who had come to the door for work during the busy season, and, since he was honest and reliable, had stayed ever since. "I've tried my best," said Mrs. Wishard, "to get him to talk and tell me about himself, but he is as mum as a clam. All I know is that he gets letters about once in so often, though I never see him answer them. He has books, too, in strange languages—Latin, I guess, but I never was any hand for books. My Bible and Pilgrim's Progress are enough for me. He buys a book every little while, and that's all the money he spends." Lois had about decided that he was an ambitious youth perhaps trying to be self-educated, but she couldn't account for her strange feeling of having known him. "He can't be one of the fellows that I met at college. He must look like some friend of mine, that is all," she thought.

At dinner the deacon announced, "Tom and I are going up to Blue Mountain to-day after some sand." Here was Lois' opportunity for some sort of a lark.

"O, please, sir, can't I go too? I will take a cushion and sit in the back part of the cart and not get in the way."

"Why, yes. If mother thinks you had better I'm sure I don't care, only its awful rough riding and we shall be gone till dark," the farmer replied.

"Oh, I'm strong enough now, and I want to see Blue Mountain so much before I go," said Lois.

"Well, get your hat and come along. Tom is harnessing now," he answered.

A little later, with shawl and cushion, she was sitting in the jolting cart

enjoying herself immensely. They all talked gaily, but soon the farmer rather dropped behind and the two young folks chatted pleasantly together and looked at the view below them as they climbed higher and higher.

"It reminds me of the descriptions in 'Immensee' that I read last year at college," Lois remarked.

"Yes, so it does," he answered. "That was one of my favorite short stories."

Lois forgot to wonder then how the hired man had read German, but she remembered it later and asked him where and when he had read it. He colored and evaded the question, and the subject was changed.

"Well, if he isn't the strangest man I ever saw," she thought. "There is some mystery somewhere and I wish I could find out."

When at last they came to the gravel pit and sand heaps, Tom began work at once, and while the deacon went off to look at his wood lots, Lois wandered about, searching for flowers or leaves, always trying to keep the cart in sight, for it was a lonely, deserted sort of a place, way up on the side of the mountain. Pretty soon she saw a clump of particularly bright flowers at a little distance. She went to them and found them a new sort of flower, which would make a great addition to her collection. She became so interested that it was a long time before she remembered the cart, and, turning to look for it, found she had wandered out of sight. She walked first in one direction and then another before she realized that she was lost on Blue Mountain, and probably getting farther away all the time from the sand heap and cart. Then she sat down to think. She was a sensible girl, but her nerves were not yet strong from her illness, so that her head was swimming and she was completely exhausted. She began to shout, but her voice did not carry very far, and she soon gave it up. She tried to remember which way they had been traveling from the sun, but she couldn't tell. It was agony to sit there and do nothing. She must be moving, even at the risk of getting farther into the woods and away from help.

After what seemed ages and miles of walking she again gave it up and sat down on a fallen log to reflect. Every sound in the still, dense forest made her start with fright, while visions of bears and wolves flitted through her mind. It was getting late, and the thought of spending the night alone on Blue Mountain made her shiver with fear. All at once she thought she heard a call. She stood up and shouted again and again as loud as she could. There was no response, so she began walking again, this time going in the direction from which she thought she had heard the call. It was almost dark now. What would Farmer Wishard do? Would he start a search party, and would Tom hunt for her? But why should she be thinking of Tom? She was wandering along aimlessly now, just for the sake of keeping in motion. Suddenly she heard a crackling noise behind her, and, too frightened to speak, she started forward, about to try to run, when a giddiness came over her and everything looked black and began to swim.

She knew no more till she found herself lying on the ground with Tom bending over her, fanning her with his hat and bathing her face with the water from a little brook to which he had carried her. Ashamed of her weakness, she tried to explain and get to her feet, but with the authority of a doctor Tom bade her lie quiet and not talk. Then he took her slight figure in his strong arms and strode off with her. She seemed to faint again, for she remembered but little more till they reached the cart, and, in fact, were home again. Mother Wishard took her in charge and tended her until her overwrought feelings were quiet and she had fallen asleep.

For several days the shock which she had undergone kept her confined in her room, but the first day that she felt strong again she sought out Tom, as he was digging in the garden. She thanked him so cordially for his kindness that he began to warm up a little and tell how he had hunted and called that night on Blue Mountain till he had come upon her and she had fainted. She asked him how he knew what to do, and he in a burst of confidence let out his secret.

"I'd like to tell you, for you seem to see through it," he said. "But first, don't you know me?"

"Why, ever since I first saw you," she said, "I have been trying my best to recall some friend you looked like, or of having met you somewhere, but I can't remember you."

"Don't you remember when you used to live in Charleston before you moved to Warren? You were only a little girl, but have you forgotten Hugh Green, your old sweetheart, that used to bring you violets so much and hang May baskets?" Tom replied. "Why, when I met you on the bridge I knew you at once, but didn't want to give myself away; and when I saw you come home with the violets, my flowers, you used to call them, I could hardly contain myself."

"Why, of course, Hugh. How could I have forgotten you?" said Lois. "It all comes back now as plain as day. Didn't we used to have fun together, we two silly little tots? But how do you come to be here? I thought I heard that you went to Dartmouth Medical.

"Well, I did; but you know how strict they all are at home. It is the same narrow little country village, and they think things we fellows at the medical do are mortal, unpardonable sins. Well, I confess I got a little wild, and the truth is," he said, hanging his head, "I was expelled and notification sent to father. Father is very quick tempered, and without even showing it to mother, he wrote me a letter, denouncing me and telling me never to come to Charleston again, for a fellow that drank was no son of his, and so on; you know how it would be. What could I do? I had just been reading about a man who went off disguised as a tramp to try the life; so I thought of being a hired man till father's anger cooled. I knew farming, having been brought up on a farm, and so I tramped around till I came here. Mother writes me, but there seems but little sign of

father forgiving me, he feels so disgraced; yet he is coming around all right, and probably it will come out straight again some day."

"But you aren't going to keep on staying here all the time, are you?" asked Lois.

"Oh, no! I have been studying a little and trying to keep up in the work somewhat. Then I have turned over a leaf and mean to try to get back next year on my own money and make something of myself in spite of father. He will have to respect me and take me back when I have become a famous doctor in some little country town; don't you think so?"

That night, as Lois was retiring, Mother Wishard brought in a huge bunch of violets and said: "Tom wanted me to give you these, though what you want of any more flowers in your room is more than I know."

"Thank you," said Lois, burying her face in the sweet flowers.

Hidden among the leaves was a tiny note with just these words: "May I still be your sweetheart, Lois?"

Helen Chute.

WILDERNESS.

Here is the hill-top at last, reached thro' a tangle of briers;
Sand-dune piled up by storm, winds high above tops of firs.
Cowering, scraggly old pines throw out gnarled roots in mid-air,
Seeking the slippery sand that leaves them like brown serpents there.
Upland and wilderness this, playground for every wild breeze;
Below is a wilderness, too—the restless gray waves of the sea.
Under the low clouds a gull darts and wheels at its will;
Spirit of freedom and power, its wings not a moment are still.
Bird exultant and strong, behold a brother in me!
Breath of the ocean and air, I am akin unto thee!
I have no fear in this place, tho' lonely and desert and wild;
The wilderness whispers to me, "Thou, too, art Mother Earth's child!"
"Up, then, be off with the wind, rush with the incoming waves;
Dash on the firm beach wall and shout in the noisy caves.
"Share in the primeval force, make the most of this hour:
Even a strange human voice will drown my words with its power."
"For love, the most potent of notes, compels by its dominant strain
Voices of desert and sea to join in its endless refrain."



LORD COTTAGE.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Before me stretch long aisles of carven stone,
Around and far above the pillars raise
Their mighty forms to heights beyond the gaze,
And on the altar burns a candle lone.
Afar swells forth the organ's solemn moan,
And soon the choir, advancing through a haze
Of fragrant smoke, their voices lift in praise
To Him who doth for all our sins atone.

Up to the vaulted roof the music soars,
And waves of harmony fill all the place.
A golden light through jeweled windows pours,
Falling full soft upon the chiselled face
Of some old saint who for long ages past,
Has stood o'erlooking the cathedral vast.

—Stanley B. Harkness.

OBERLIN.

'Tis not the "halls of learning" which make us love the name;
'Tis not the spirit of the class, nor yet the well-earned fame
Which has been hers in history—not these which place above
All other names our Oberlin, and make her what we love!

We miss, perchance, before the world, what monied walls can give,
But from the teachers that we know, somehow, we learn to *live*!
Then too, like coral island, the lives from out the past
Have been our sure foundation, else we could not rise at last.

And if our island broaden till it be an isle no more—
May its building be as goodly as that which went before,
May Oberlin forever to her heritage be true
In this—the newer life—which holds the old within the new

A PICTURE BY THE SEA.

A girl whose gentle beauty wore
A touch of pain, whose thoughtful eyes
Were clouded o'er like summer skies,
Sat by the sea and listless scanned
The limpid waves that lapped upon the sand.
And in her hands were flowers fair.
Bluebell and primrose and fern were there.
A little wreath she deftly wrought
But as her slender finger plied,
Her wistful eyes would ever gaze
Out on the water's glistening maze
But found not what they sought.
She bound her locks with the garland fair,
And the salt sea breeze
As it moaned in the trees
Mingled the flowers with her golden hair
And the golden sun to do his share
Shone on the beautiful maiden there.
And as she looked, she softly sang
To the shimmering crystal sea,
And the ripple and splash of the foaming wave
As its waters the golden sea-beach lave
Joined in her minstrelsy.
And this was the burden of her song—
"Lonely and said I wander here
For my lover is over the sea.
He's all that my lonely soul holds dear,
And my faint heart throbs with the awful fear
That he'll never come back to me.
I fear that he rests mid the coral deeps
Of the wide and roaring sea
And only this poor lover weeps
For the lad that was good to me.
And I will lie on the grassy hill,
Where the winds do blow,
And the flowers grow.
And what is the difference when I know
That beyond the skies in a better land
We shall meet and wander hand in hand."

* * * * *

There's a little grave in a woodland
On the brow of a grassy hill,
And the salt sea breeze
As it moans in the trees
Fondles the flowers at will.
For the bluebell and primrose and ferns are there
And nod o'er that little mound,
And the golden sun to do his share
Shines through the trees on the flowers fair
And warms that sacred ground.

—Stanley B. Harkness.

HI-O-HI CONTRIBUTORS.

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EDITH BRAND,	ALMA STICKEL,
EMELYN F. PECK,	JANE ZIMMERMAN.

HI-O-HI PRIZES.

The prize of ten dollars offered for the best story was awarded to "An Experiment in Pedagogy," by Emelyn F. Peck, '03.

The prize of five dollars offered for the best farce was awarded to "Mixed Dates," by R. H. McKelvey, '01.

The prize of five dollars for the best poem was awarded to "Captive Stars," by Harvey C. Colburn, O. T. S., '03.

The prize of ten dollars for the best full page art drawing was awarded to the Washington's Birthday drawing by Miss Mary Adams.

The prize of five dollars offered for the best club heading was awarded to the Prohibition Club heading by M. Bryant.

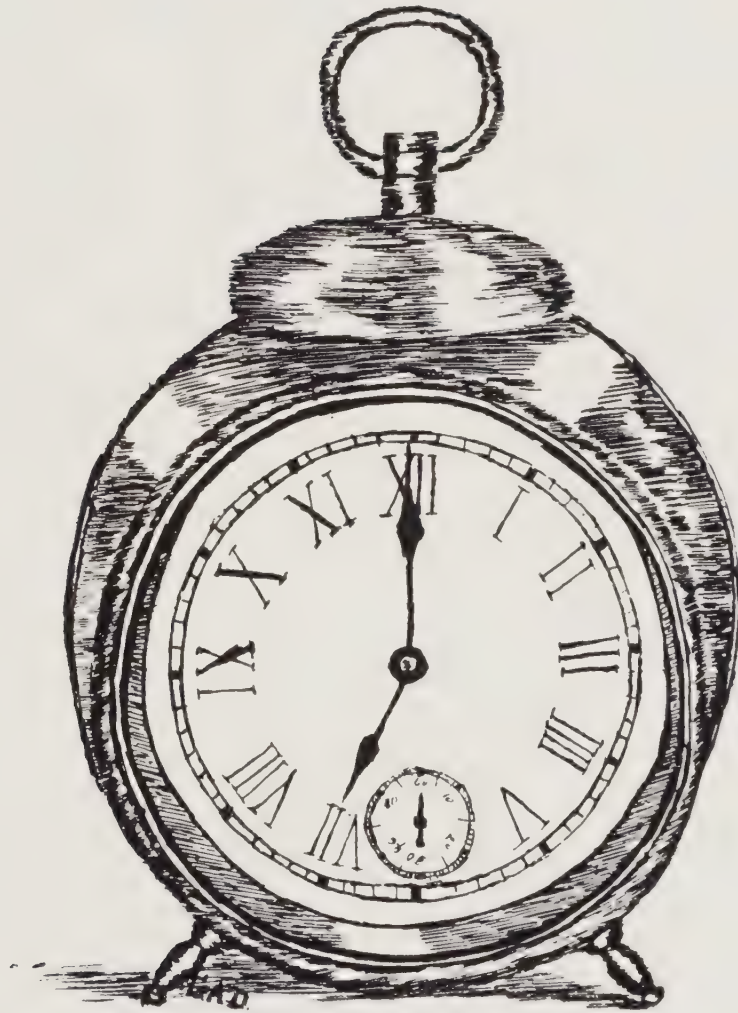
The prize of five dollars offered for the best collection of illustrated jokes was awarded to Chester G. Livingston, '04.

The prize of five dollars offered for the best collection of jokes was awarded to Miss Belden, '03.

The prizes for the historical sketch, metrical translation and best collection of photographic scenes about Oberlin were not awarded by the judges and the prizes were returned to the donors.

For these prizes we are greatly indebted to our friends: President J. H. Barrows, Miss A. L. Currier, Prof. C. E. St. John, Prof. C. H. A. Wager, Prof. W. Dennison, Prof. A. M. Abbott, and Prof. F. O. Grover.

Book VII. REVELATIONS.





REVELATIONS

"THE SWEET AND BITTER FOOL
WILL PRESENTLY APPEAR"

CHAPEL SEATING, AND HOW IT HAPPENED.

O, Wisdom, Thou hast ever found retreat
Among the rulers of a college seat;
Here sages, wits, and wiseacres abound,
In manner guileless, but in craft profound;
Here gather all of Learning's varied train,
Concocting schemes to give the students pain;
Serenely o'er the jangling horde they rule,
Intent on fashioning out a model school.
As long ago o'er Egypt's burning sands,
There ruled the mighty Pharaoh's dread commands,
Which forced to daily toil the servile crowd
To rear the ponderous granites to the cloud;
Or, as in Russia's convict mines afar,
The serf toils at the bidding of his Czar;
So here, in Oberlin, the faculty,
Though bland and smiling, still like despots be;
For tyrants tramp with equal galling heel
When velvet-footed or when shod with steel.

Upon the day of which we now relate,
When met the faculty in solemn state,
Their grim and silent looks bespoke at hand
Some weighty matter for the pious band.
Deep silence fell on all those learned great,
When Prexy rose and started to orate.
Like some tall pine in Norway's mountain land,
The valiant Prexy rose and took his stand.
Olympian Zeus in envy well might sigh
To hear that voice, to see that flashing eye.

"My Sirs, the time is ripe, we now must act;
"We must be firm, our leniency retract!
"To chapel must the recreant students turn,
"When thither daily, we, their lords, adjourn.
"What! do they think our potent wills to balk,
"And foil us in our firm resolve to talk?
"Or can they thus in safety scorn our sway,
"And boldly 'cut' when we've decreed to pray?
"Beginning on my right, let every man
"In turn arise and designate a plan
"Whereby to crush this evil branch and root;
"The best shall have Chautauqua's famed salute."

The Prex sat down; and then did silence fall
Upon those seers, as once in Babylon's hall
It fell upon the Chaldees ranged around,
When bade the king's strange vision to expound.
Then did they tremble, shuffle, and look wise,
And vainly pray a Daniel might arise;
The quaking Nestors seated on the right
Looked towards the door and vaguely thought of flight.

Prof. Caskey, first, that ever ready man,
Dean of the crew, arose to show his plan;
"Let's try," he said, with kindly beaming face,
"A varied scheme to lure them to the place;
"For not by force, but use of craft we rule,
"Supreme among the interests of the school.
"Then let each member try his skillful art
"To melt the headstrong student's willful heart;
"Let Jewett tempt them with his jocund words,
"Lynds Jones amuse them with the call of birds;
"Let Rice sing songs, or King his lore impart,
"Or Madame trance with views of dusty art;
"Let Root explain the 'over-flowing head,'
"Or Mac extol the joys of those who wed;
"Or, if they groan and love not marriage vows,
"Let Andregg tell about his father's cows.
"Let Hall show forth how much the ancients knew,
"Or Peck explain his game of forty-two;
"Let Wightman try in foreign tongues to speak,
"Or Martin show his pictures of the Greek;
"Let Grover advertise the syndicate,
"That runs the place where students used to skate;
"Miskovsky dwell on a religious theme,
"Or Jones incite them to 'support the team';
"Let Prexy talk of sights in other lands,
"Of what he did on India's desert sands;
"Nor would I be left clean out of the game,
"But in my turn I'll practice to declaim.
"Thus should we win our point by craft and wile,
"Thus mask our hidden purpose with a smile."

Then from the throng a mighty outcry rose,
With one accord all did this plan oppose.
The Prexy once again assumed command,
Who thus addressed the now discordant band;
"I never can nor will this plan approve;
"'Tis force we want, we've had enough of love.
"Now listen, while to you I briefly cite
"The only way to set this matter right;
"In classes let us make this horde divide

"And for each one a certain seat provide.
 "While you as monitors will nose around
 "In case, perchance, some might be absent found.
 "Nor would I disapprove our Caskey's wit;
 "By craft we'll make our innovation fit;
 "We'll first exhort them to the meeting place,
 "Then I'll arise and meet them face to face,
 "To show them plainly what we here have planned,
 "That we still rule them with an iron hand.
 "Then King may rise their murmurings to still—
 "For even doctors sugar-coat a pill—
 "His time-worn phrase he well may then disclose.
 "That 'larger freedoms larger cares impose,'
 "That 'character is built by self-control,'
 " 'Obeying laws means freedom to the soul;'
 "Though ever careful not to specify
 "In just what points these added 'freedoms' lie.
 "And thus, by artful words, Professor King
 "Can soften down and palliate the thing."
 The wily sages now with one accord
 Did shout huzzas and cheer their noble lord;
 The plan had pleased them from the very start,
 For it was rigor honeyed o'er with art.
 Thus do we see the way our school is run,
 For so it was agreed, and so 'twas done.
 O Wisdom, mayest thou ever more abide
 In these great minds, with Cunning by thy side!
 May Force and Craft but common helpmates be;
 The Tyrant taught to know sagacity.
 And for the future may there live to rule
 As fit a band as now sways o'er the school!
 And may they more this double power win,
 And blessings bring to dear old Oberlin.

THE HI-O-HI AND THE EXPURGATION COMMITTEE.





In French

Prof. Wightman: "That's the omission so many of you put in."

Prof. Wightman: "Now put 'all the boys' in the feminine. O, I guess you can't."

Prof. Wightman: "Mr. Teller, it is about as easy to make anything stay in your head as it is to keep water on a duck's back."

Prof. Wightman (to student who has just closed the window): "Please open that again. If you're subject to drafts just move your seat."

Prof. Wightman: "In some words the 'r' is not pronounced and in some it isn't."

Prof. Wightman: "She didn't held his hand."

Prof. Wightman (pronouncing Bebout's name in accordance with French rule): "Final 'n' is not sounded"—"baboo(n)."

Prof. Wightman: "The jar was broken to shivers. He fell up to the bottom of the stairs."

A FEW MORE.

6 $\frac{7}{8}$ x7 $\frac{3}{8}$. While in Baltimore during the Xmas vacation Prof. Wightman became so absent minded that he wore off a 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ brown derby hat which belonged to one of his fellow boarders. Where was his mind?

Mr. Hemingway (translating): "Good evening, my dear!"

Prof. Wightman: "Yes, perhaps that's all right. I don't know how he would have addressed her."

Gorse rubs his head and remarks upon the number of points in French.

Prof. Wightman: "Yes, does it make your head tired?"

A LA CLASSE.

Mr. Okada, in French class. At the battle of Waterloo: "The square opened up and let an eruption of grapes (grape-shot) pass through."

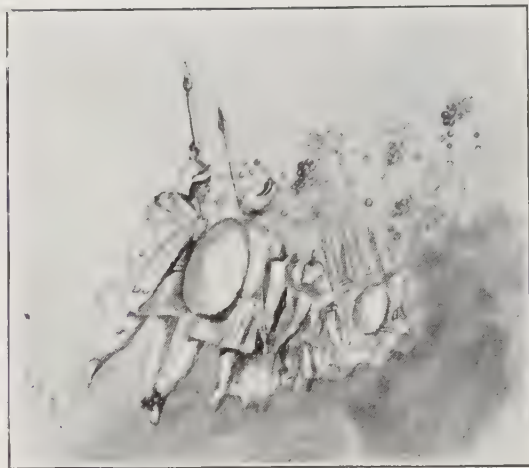
Bradley, '02: "Entering with profound solutions" (salutations).

Miss Abbott (translating French): "Twisting his budding moustache."

Mr. Cowdery starts a hymn which he has taken from the new hymn-book. He sings a solo.

Mr. Cowdery: "No, blood does not smoke, but some young bloods do." Clarence Bradley blushes.

"Between two roses of burning houses."



TO W. J. H.

Hail to thee, blithe William!
 A success thou surely art,
 As from the street at midnight
 Thou pourest thy full heart
 In strains of raptest melody:
 "Honey, honey, bless your heart;
 Honey dat I love so well!"
 Yet methinks the night obscures
 Some of thy great attractiveness:
 Broad and manly shoulders,
 Whose charms are rendered dim
 By the ever-present sweater;
 The hat—felt hat, straw hat,
 Any old hat, jammed on so tight;
 And, as for thy suspenders,
 They, indeed, are "out of sight!"
 Yea, verily!

A Page of Contrasts.

BEFORE WE CAME.

NOW.



OLD LABORATORY.



NEW LABORATORY.



OLD GYMNASIUM.



NEW GYMNASIUM.



WELLINGTON HACK.



TROLLEY CAR.

CHOP HOUSE HASH.

Joe Perreault (speaking of girls at McDaniel's): "I tell you, I'm contented now."

At the Miller reception to the debating team: "Miss Gilfillan, why don't you stand up in line to receive congratulations?"

Miss Gilfillan: "I am going to do that some time later on."

Frank Peirce (calling at Mrs. Reed's): "I have an awfully crooked mouth."

Miss Juttner: "That is nothing. I have a crooked nose."

Mr. Peirce (enthusiastically): "Oh, wouldn't they go well together!"

Miss Miller, '04: "Dr. Hickson, what should I take for this cold?"

Dr. H.: "Paris green."

Mr. Mead, at Mrs. Reed's (reading Scripture lesson): "And I saw another beast coming up out of the earth." Just then Bissell appears from down cellar.

Miss Lemon (looking out of a second-story window at Harmony): "What would be left of me if I should fall—"

"A lemon drop."

During Summer school Prof. Burroughs announces that he will deliver a lecture upon Hugh Miller. Miss Billings, at the German house, announces that Prof. Burroughs will lecture on "Humility."



"A man with a bill dropped in to see our treasurer."

Senior Brevities.

Frampton: "The pleasantest month I ever spent in my life was in a hospital with the nurses."

Frampton: "Mr. MacLennan, is there any one occupying this seat?"

MacLennan: "No, not at present."

Frampton (to Miss Millikan): "Did you squelch me?"

Miss M.: "I tried to."

Frampton: "If you blow up a football with your breath it gets heavy; but if you use the proper material it becomes lighter."

Miss Hamilton and Mr. Pendleton have a little excursion of their own on the day of the Sophomore nutting party. She, feeling cold, has just put on his overcoat when they see the Sophomores, with Dr. Luce, approaching. A friendly clump of golden-rod affords them refuge.



Members of Convention: "Louder, louder; can't hear!"

Brouse: "Then imagine—"

Benedict (in scrub debates): "It cannot be denied that the tax on chewing gum is elastic."

Miss Martin: "I want a spoon."

Mr. Adams: "Come right out to the pantry."

Miss Gilbert: "I never refuse nourishment."

Senior: "We are to wear Night Caps and Gowns at chapel to-night."

Bush: "Patrick Henry's appearance was never very much, but at times his eloquence overcame this and he was said to have great weight."

Benedict, at the Senior-Freshman party: "Miss Stiles, are you engaged?"
Miss Stiles answers, "Yes."

At a class game a cob pipe is found in Birdseye's pocket. Where did he play the Sunday before?

Miss Gilbert (to Mr. Storey): "Now, if I didn't have something to say to you, I wouldn't be talking."

Metcalf (feeling in his pocket for his dice and finds one missing): "I must have left it down at Jones's."

Benedict: "Isn't it true that Mrs. Johnston presented two of *her* photographs to each society?"

John Laird: "The fattest man I ever saw was in a saloon. They charged ten cents to see her."

Frost (on seeing a two-headed calf): "That must be an accidental variation."

Old Lady (after a moment's thought): "That's what you call a freak of nature."

Pettibone drew his girl to the Senior "Kid Party" on a hand sled. Bad boys steal the sled. Pettibone & Co. walk home.

Miss Shuart (speaking to Joe Merriam about a masquerade party): "I guess you can find something to wear."

Joe: "I hope so."

Senior class votes that, with the exception of Brown, the members go to the Thanksgiving party unattended. Adams votes to go the *natural* way.

Miss Stella Reed (watching Senior children's party): "Look at Mr. Pettibone. Isn't he sweet? If he was a really, truly little boy, I'd kiss him."

Pettibone seriously inquires if it was Moses or Noah who "built de ark accordin' to de plan."

On Senior sleigh-ride some one asks Langston if his collars are celluloid, and Miss J. E. Clark proposes that she try a match on him. Has she done it yet?

Mr. Pettibone, in class meeting, emphatically asserts that when he was treasurer he did *not* nominate his own assistant. Miss Rowland looks confused.

A NOTABLE INSTANCE OF EVOLUTION.

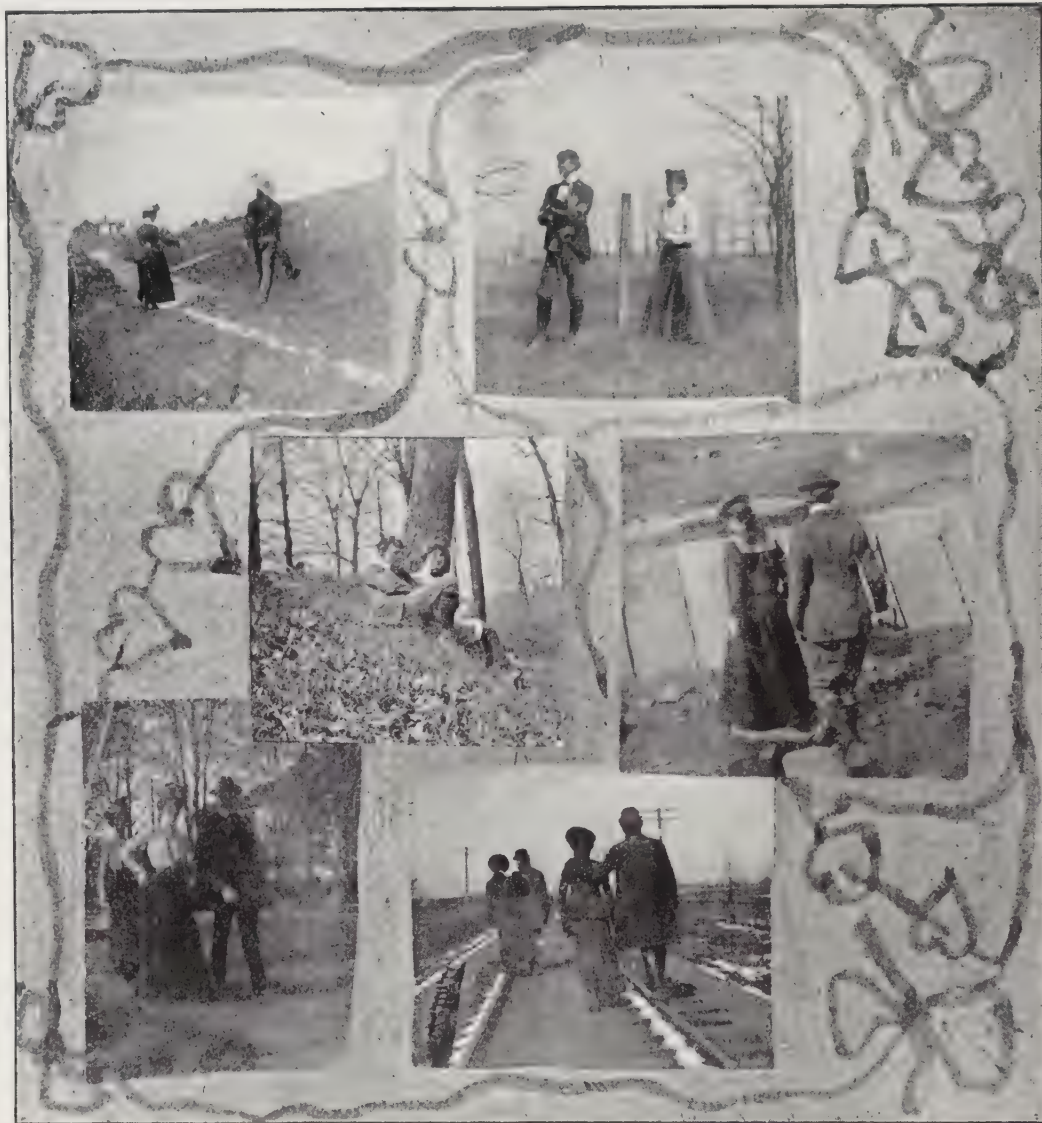


1895—Squire House.

1898—Devil's Inn.

1900—Lord Annex.

1901—President's Mansion.



UNDER THE NEW RULES.

JUNIOR NON-INFALLIBILITY.

"Apollo was a junior god and so had all the virtues but none of the vices."—Prof. McLennan.

But some of the Juniors are mortal and so not infallible.



Howard Strong (Peters Court) walks up to Prof. McLennan, whom he thinks in the dark to be Hemmingway: "Well, I wonder what the 'Old Scout' will give us for Psych. quiz today?"

Miss Kleinsmid and Mr. Sanborn go for a wheel ride on the last day of reunion week, and get caught in a shower. On their return, they find a good deal of Oberlin mud adhering to them. He: "Oh, what a face you've got!" She: "Well, just look at yourself!"

Dick Jones (leaving Mrs. Morrison's at 7 p. m.): "Let's see—eight hours with Edna—classes three hours—what did I do with that other hour? Oh, studied."

Hemmingway: "Don't you think that these kings and queens are rather expensive articles?" (Turns and sees Prof. King behind him; Prof. King is smiling.)

Matlack says an epic poem is one which has a dignified theme, a definite beginning, conclusion, and end.

Brown to Carpenter: "Are you going to be in town through vacation?"

C.: "Yes. Two of us are going to raise Der Teufel."

Miss Partridge: "I don't think the boys have half enough chances to call on the girls at Oberlin."

A few days after Jones' long run in the Adelbert game Dicky goes to the Dean of the Woman's Department to obtain a permission and introduces himself by saying: "My name is Jones; you probably have heard of me."

"How is the weather in Nashville, Miss Wright?"

Miss Wright: "Well, it has been a great deal colder since I left there."

Miss Stickel, using her new biology razor to peel an apple, comes to grief.

Bradley asks Miss Button for the party, and she replies: "Thanks, but I have one red-headed fellow now."

Student: "Where were you on Friday afternoon, Miss Partridge?"

Miss Partridge: "I went to take a TRamp out to Black River."

Monosmith, at U. L. A. meeting: "I have in mind a young lady."

Mr. Bradley: "I am going to marry a girl with lots of money—fifty thousand or more."

Miss Chute: "I wish I had fifty thousand."

Miss Porter: "Well, I believe Mr. Hemmingway will talk at his funeral. I have never seen him yet but what he was talking."





EPITAPHS.

"Our Dicky has passed away,
His spirit has taken its flight;
Dissolved from his tenement of clay,
And gone to that world of —?"

"I, F. Hatch, underneath this tomb,
Some sixty years of age, have met my doom;
Ne'er having married: think'st 'tis sad?—
I wish my father never had."

"Here lies Hickson, under the ground,
A lazier man could ne'er be found;
He failed his wife in wood to keep,
And now he's buried here six feet deep "

"Within this urn repose the ashes
Of the very latest of Freshman classes;
But why 'tis thus, says the best of solutions,
'Twas the great big blaze of bad resolutions."

"Within this tomb of darkest shades,
In calm repose are the famed Milk Maids;
But why 'tis thus you can plainly guess—
The High Matchless Milker sought pastures fresh."

"Asleep in peace beneath this shrub
Is all that's left of the Bryan Club;
To yell for Bryan they were ever ready,
And to vote like Pa, for Mac and Teddy."

A SUGGESTION.

The Faculty thought of appointing a monitor over the Juniors so as to ensure chapel attendance. It was suggested that the Faculty and Juniors join forces so as to make a good showing.

Home Rule Club.

OFFICERS.

Chief High Pleader before the Women's Board—M. L. Carpenter, '02.

Assistant Eloquentissimus Spokesman—F. M. Hatch, '02.

Chief Recorder of Progress—I. S. Osborne, '04.

Special Promoter of Social Intercourse—W. M. Fraser '02.

This club was organized some time during the post glacial period, but success only crowned its efforts last fall. The following are brief extracts from the constitution :

"Whereas, It has been a source of much irritation to a goodly number of young people in attendance at Oberlin College that the cast iron rules of the Women's Department should apply with the same force to those young ladies resident in Oberlin, under the eye and government of their parents or guardians, as on those away from home ; and, Whereas, the undersigned are fully confident that these parents with their able assistance can govern the aforesaid young ladies without any responsibility on the part of the Women's Board, therefore be it resolved that we, the undersigned male citizens and students of Oberlin College, do hereby petition the honored, revered and most gracious Women's Board to give unto the aforesaid young ladies *home rule* free and unrestricted, on which condition we do solemnly pledge and cross ourselves to assume such guardianship of the aforesaid young ladies as shall assure them able protection at all times and a great promotion of social intercourse as is befitting in a coeducational school. (Seal.)

The charter members and some lately added to the roll are as follows :

M. L. Carpenter, '02,
W. M. Fraser, '02,
John L. Laird, '01,
I. S. Osborne, '04,
F. Vincent, '03,
E. F. Adams, '01,
Ivan Crawford, '02,
E. H. Tenney, '03,
Fred M. Hatch, '02,
Chester Livingston, '04,
C. A. Stahl, '03,
J. Mayo Metcalf, '01,
C. H. Birdseye, '01,
F. von Lubken, '02,

The Auxiliary known as the Ladies' Aid Society is composed of the following :

Iris Johnson, '02,
Mabel Clark, '02,
Frances Stiles, '01,
Amy Reed, '04,
Frances Knox, '04,
Katherine Crafts, '03,
Sarah Kidd, '04,
Annie White, '04,
Nellie Birdseye, '02,
Laura Reed, '04,
Nellie McLaughlin, Con,
Florence Jones, '01,
Grace Whitney, ex-Con,
Nora Fade, '02.

Echoes From Warner Hall.

Miss Kinney (in the country drinking buttermilk): "My but this cream is good.

Prof. Kimball (giving lesson): "Mr. Percival, sometimes you seem to swell up as if the occasion were too big for you."

Miss Smearbaugh, Con., visits a sugar camp and remarks: "Why, Mr. Proprietor, when do you put in the brown sugar? You always put that in syrup don't you?"

New Con. girl comes into Library and asks for something to read.

Mrs. Sherk: "Would you like some fiction?"

Con. Girl: "No, I want a story-book."

Allwood, Con. (on seeing Prof. G. F. Wright on the street): "Say, who is that dead game sport with the plug hat?"

Miss Bertha Hart, expecting her father from Norwalk, sees Harwood coming to breakfast. She rushes down and meets him at the door. In a moment she is heard to gasp: "Oh, I thought you were my father!"

Joiner (to Mr. DeMuth at the Con., mistaking him for Prof. Rice): "I want a good teacher; I don't care who, anybody but Mr. DeMuth."

Prof. Rice (at rehearsal): "It is customary in coming to the artist recitals for every one to remove everything from their heads."

Prof. Rice (to students at rehearsal): "No whispering is permitted except between acts."

New Con. Girl (to Prof. Kimball): "I should like to study with you, and can you tell whether my voice is major or minor?"

Pupil (to Mr. Breckenridge): "What shall I bring next time for my lesson, Mr. Breckenridge?"

Mr. B. (absently): "Bring your technique."

Girl (trying to get into rehearsal without ticket): "You know me, Mr. Corbin; I belong to the Conservatory. My name is Turnbach."

Corbin: "Well, you'll have to turn back this time.

C. P. Doolittle (to analysis class, demonstrating an overture on the Aeolian): "In order to get this piece all in they had to leave part of it out."

Sign on Con. bulletin board: "\$4.00 for an 8.30 practice hour in the Con."

Prof. Dickinson is heard playing the pianola. Some one remarks: "Prof. is working up his technique for Musical History."

Larkum Scott (to bystander as McMillen and his sister descend in the elevator): "Well that is a case right; you see one you see the other."

Warner Hall,
Seedy Cad,
Wants a girl,
Too bad.

Conservatory News.

Persons is a daily corridor visitor this term.

Clarigio Coleridge White gave a recital in Podunk last week.

Miss Bush and Mr. Fobes were separated $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes one day last week.

Mr. Desire-for-Red is now leading his own choir on South Cedar street.

Dick Bones is one of the Conservatory Buzzers this term.

Miss Green and Miss Grass were both admitted to the Second Choir last night.

Prof. Dozer only slept seven hours last night.

Miss Schufly only sat on the stairs 65 minutes yesterday.

Miss Highstrikes rode up in the elevator once yesterday.

Mr. Taylor scratched around and was able to work up a case the very first week of the term.

Mr. Harrington ran his head through the stained glass door of the Conservatory the other day and got his hair cut.

Miss Timid, at the rehearsal the other night, got through with her three spasms remarkably well.

The news for the Conservatory will have to be omitted next week. Garrison is ill.

It is said that the first number and part of the second were heard at the rehearsal last Wednesday eve. The whisperers will look to it that this does not occur again.

The next artist recital will be a pianoforte recital by Sussers Jamem-upabitelavitch-Twoguessesvatiam.

G. L. Scott and Norman Hays have jointly added a beautiful new settee to our corridor and will occupy it from 7:30 to 10:30 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m., except Sunday.

Garrison was observed to answer the bell last Friday afternoon. This enterprising youth still has his ups and downs. If he continues as energetic as heretofore he will soon be able to sit up and take a little nourishment.

At the rehearsal last Wednesday evening Mr. Pyler had the misfortune to break his fore arm on the Chopin C Sharp Tearemup. It will be some time before he can use it. But he assured us confidentially the other day that he would continue his practicing just the same, with his feet.

Rehearsal Program, Wednesday, the 'steenth.

Conservatory Spring Quartette.

S. W. Etter Edmunds.

I. Kepnearly.

William Had. A. Hook.

A Fine Grouch.

Nit.....B. Y. Myself
Mr. Bellamy.

Love's Young Dream—Duette....
..... Spoochner
Miss Anderson, Mr. Chase.

A Bookstore Idyle.....Yubet
Miss Wallien.

Three Visits.....St. Louis Annan
Miss Gephart.

My High C.....Corker
Kinney Beatit.

Anyold thing'll do.....Yooster
Laura Rice.

Only a Glee Club Ticket.....Meetme
Miss Watzke.

Pick Me Up.....Guotnow
Miss Voss.

Three Broken Strings.....Jamit
Mr. Tyler.

My Heart at Thy Voice...St. Brouse
Miss Chisholm.

A Cozy Corner.....Innit
Miss Gaylord.

Remembrances of Frats.....
.....Boise Truyme
Miss Meek.

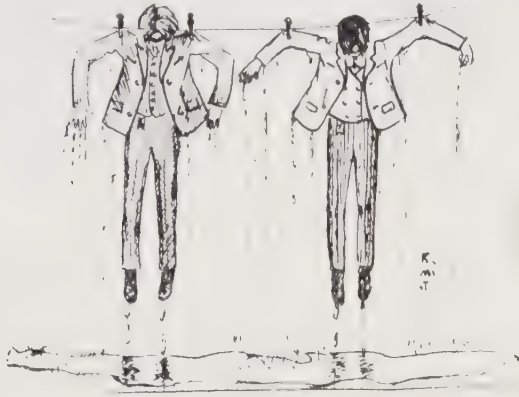
Miss Chisholm (to a boy, the day U. L. A. choices were being sold): "Why aren't you over getting your lecture choices? I just sent Ned over to get ours."

White Sutton: "Folks say that I am conceited."

Miss Carpenter: "What about Mr. Sutton?"

Mr. Frampton: "There isn't anything but what I know."

(It has been learned since that when Mr. Frampton evolved this aphoristic motto he neglected to copyright it, and in consequence there are several others using it at present. However, they need not be considered in any but an exhaustive treatise.—Ed.)



How Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hill spent the time one afternoon sitting on a log in Ladies' Grove.

SOME UNCONNECTED NEWS ITEMS.

Review, Jan. 10:

"Miss Hanby, '00, visited friends in town during vacation."

"Mr. Woodruff, '01, returned early from his vacation to work on his oration."

Review, Jan. 17:

"Miss Birdseye, '02, has been ill with tonsilitis."

Jan. 24:

"Hatch, '02, has been confined to his room with tonsilitis."

Saturday night, Jan. 19, Laird, '01, surprises his friends by coming home and studying after supper.

Review, Jan. 24:

"Miss Stiles, '01, spent Sunday in Cleveland."

News, Jan. 1:

"W. L. Whitney, '98, is spending the vacation here promoting class reunions."

Review, Jan. 10:

"Miss Sutton, '98, O. C. M., visited in Oberlin during the holidays."

Friday, Mar. 29. Miss Millikan, '01, and Miss Crafts, '03, were in Elyria on a shopping expedition.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Adams, '01, were unable to attend a class party Friday evening because they made a trip to *Cleveland* that day.

Who's Ahead?

Accurate chronology of the John-Danish War. (War correspondent, Frances Stiles).

- Sept. 18. John reaches Oberlin, slightly disturbed by rumors of Dan's approach.
- Oct. 6. One ball game for John.
- Oct. 9. Dan reaches town and fixes the Thanksgiving party.
- Oct. 13. Another ball game for John. Dan watches jealously from his post on the scoreboard.
- Nov. 3. John enjoys a drive to Elyria. Asks for the Thanksgiving party and gets—left.
- Nov. 6. U. L. A. lecture for Dan.
- Nov. 10. John engages Washington's Birthday party.
- Nov. 27. Another U. L. A. lecture for Dan.
- Nov. 29. Thanksgiving party for Dan.
- Dec. 5. President's reception goes to John through evident partiality.
- Dec. 12. Messiah concert for Dan.
- Dec. 13. Messiah concert for John.
- Dec. 19. 4:30 p. m.—John goes home.
8:00 p. m.—Dan goes home.
10:00 p. m.—Some one else "has the pleasure" on the way home from the class party.
- Dec. 28. John returns "to study Latin."
- Dec. 29. John bets on class party Wednesday.
- Jan. 1. 12:15 a. m.—John asks for party, confesses his bet and—loses.
- Jan. 2. The class party. Frampton the lucky man. John goes home alone.
- Jan. 18. U. L. A. lecture for John.
- Jan. 26. Children's party. The girls invite their own company, and John and Dan both get dropped. Metcalf the happy man.
- Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday goes to John.

AMONG THE LADIES' SOCIETIES.

Miss Sperry, in L. L. S.: "I amend the emotion."

Miss Millikan, in Aelioian: "We have a penitentiary in Anamosa. When I first went there——"

Miss Eade, in L. L. S.: "This is free to all by paying a small price."

SNIDE TALKS WITH THE FACULTY.

Dr. Luce—In all such matters one should be careful to “conform to the usages of good society.”

Prof. Rice—It would be well to remind the students occasionally that music is *not* to be placed on the under side of the shelf.

Prof. Anderegg—The parent will be wise if he refrain from sawing off the limb upon which he is sitting, especially if his children are looking on.

Geo. M. Jones—No, we do not think that a man should be excused from chapel attendance just because he is secretary of the college.

Prof. MacLennan—Although a person may have no desire for personal notoriety, nevertheless he should refrain from repeated references to the Annual during his lectures to the Junior class.

Prof. Wightman—In case you should have further trouble in this direction, we suggest that you ask the college carpenter to build a railing around your platform.

Mr. Cowdery—Such care should always be taken in the construction of a pun that the point may be clearly visible.

Will Mosher—Even if you have not had as much experience as some of the professors, you can at least flunk as many students as they.

Prof. Root—We do not think that you are justified in talking aloud in the library just because you are librarian.

SERIOUS.

Dr. Clark: “It was just about supper time—as it is for you.”

Dr. Tenney, in a gentle tone to his congregation: “There are plenty of seats on the floor to which you are all very welcome.”

Dr. Clark: “You can always tell by looking at the top of a man’s head whether he is married or not.”

SOPHOMORE FRIVOLITIES.

Moore: “I’ll tell you what, when a man’s looking for a wife, Oberlin’s the place to come.”

In Soph. Eng., Ned Tenny reads: “Her finger was always on the public purse (pulse).”

Ed. Chapman, debating: “What we want in school is to cultivate the art of peace and love.”

Miss Jenny goes down to the train at the close of the winter term to see some of her friends start for Chicago. She steps on the train for a “moment” and two hours later is seen on the railroad track laboriously walking back to Oberlin.



Respectfully Dedicated to

SIMON FRASER MACLENNAN,

(Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy in Oberlin College)

By The Junior Class.

DEDICATORY REMARKS.

"I hope the Annual Board this year won't go on the principle that to crack a joke on any one is to love them."

"This will make good Annual material."

A FEW CHOICE SAYINGS.

"I had a professor once—he's dead now."

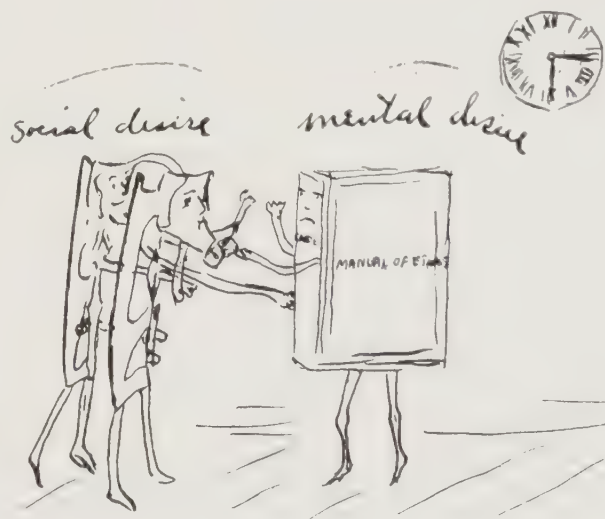
"This is called decussion. This don't mean that the nerves are swearing at each other."

"A Birdseye view is a good one to take." Class smiles and Hatch's face turns a brilliant red.

"Take the work of Dante, the great middle-aged poet."

"Suppose (for the moment) that I am nothing."

Prof. MacLennan: "Do these desires ever scrap together?"



Prof. MacLennan, in Psychology: "Scatter-brains and fools are exempt from the hypnotic influence." A moment later—"I dare say very few in this class would be good hypnotic subjects."

"In Germany it is impolite to sit on the sofa unless you are invited to. But if you are invited to, by all means do so."

"It is by the memory that the mind most completely comes to itself most completely."

"I wonder if you had the same feeling concerning the word 'ethics' that I had when I was a boy?"

"A Frenchman is like a flea; when he sits down in one place he wants to get up and go somewhere else."

(To the girls): "You should so live as to show that you have some conception of the 'calls' made upon you."

"We all have ideas on different matters. Now my idea of a match is something to light the gas with."

A FEW DIALOGUES.

Prof. MacLennan, in Summer School: "I am going to have such a nice time when school ends."

Miss Westlake (innocently): "Are you?"

Prof. MacLennan: "Yes, I'm going to Iowa and then we—I—am going for a trip on the lakes."

Prof. MacLennan: "Well, Miss Godfrey, what wisdom can you give us on the matter?"

Miss Godfrey: "I don't know what you are trying to get at."

INSINUATIONS.

"You know that the man who drinks most in the evening feels worst in the morning."

"Mr. Matlack, will you please explain this: the spinal c-h-o-r-d."

"Mr. Bradley, if Mr. Jones goes to sleep I wish you would wake him up."

"And the real scholar is the one who (looking at Mr. Strong, who is whispering) doesn't talk in class."

"If Mr. Smythe should try to move his ears without his hands he might have trouble." (Smythe tries to move his ears).

"Now I once knew of a student who used what *you* know as a pony."

"We'll suppose that you go to church and we'll suppose that you hear the preacher."

"I am quite strong in the visual and motor sense; now you may have some visual and some motor."

ETHICAL APPENDIX BY PROF. MACLENNAN.

"There was a library in a large University where a large number of books disappeared from the shelves. I was connected with the University at the time."

"I remember having had a good deal of fun some time ago watching several professors. By the universal cause and effect law this may explain some class room laughs."

"Mr. Smith, would you please run up the curtains?" Mr. Smith did as he was requested.

"It is as Prof. Baldwin says, women do not have to reason; they have that diviner realization of things called intuition."

"I had heard that all great men sit up late at night, so I sat up, too."

"I knew a man once who became so attached to a dog that when the dog died he buried it."

After spending a whole hour in developing a point: "In closing I might say that this theory that I have been describing is false—is absolutely worthless."

In Pedagogy, giving some of his foreign experiences, he tells how he thinks a man would feel with a wife and seven children tagging at his heels.

In Microcosmus Prof. King lectures on the education of the young. Bob Brown and Adams are noticed to be extraordinarily industrious taking notes.

Mr. Frampton: "Prof. MacLennan, if I were to hypnotize a man who knew nothing about music could I make him play the piano?"

Mr. MacLennan (picking up Rhoades' note book): "Now suppose that all this should be turned into gas."

A FEW THINGS THAT HAPPENED.

Prof. MacLennan asks those who have no assigned seats to rise. Smythe gets up.

Jan. 9—Jewett strikes a match on the girls' side.

"Mr. Chase, don't be in a hurry. That clock is fast."

Several members of the Annual Board called down for reading spicy copy just handed in.

CLASSICS.

(A la Prof. MacLennan).

"Gets in its work."

"Gets into a scrap."

"From start to finish."

"Turned in with his father."

"Hit the combination."

"If you are up and coming."

"He is Scotch and therefore stubborn." (From his autobiography).

"Going on its own hook."

HART LOOKS FOR AN OPENING.

Hart (to Prof. Bogart): "Will you please explain how that bank cashier in New York City managed to steal \$72,000?"

WAS IST LOS MIT BIB?

Shy Customer: "Have you 'Those Goo Goo Eyes?' "
"Bib" Clancy, at Coming's: "No, but I can make you some."
Fair Purchaser: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?' "
Clancy: "No, it must have been some other fellow."

THE SONG OF THE KATYDID.

(As sung by Oberlin's famous tenor.)

There was a young lover that
Came to woo;
And this was the song he sung
Katy do! Katy do! Katy do!

Oh, the curves that I've pitched,
—And the bases I've slid,
All for you! All for you! All for you!
And what do you think
Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!

A PSYCHOLOGICAL DEBATE.

Prof. MacLennan: "The social Me developed to extremity verges on insanity."

It has recently been decided to debate this question in public, so much interest has been attached to it. Competition for places on the debate is open to all. Those handing in their names so far are as follows:

Affirmative—Fred Bohn, Pendleton, Hardy, Monosmith, Ryan, Dick Jones, Bush and Carpenter.

Negative—Chas. Chute, E. W. Altvater, C. M. Brewster, Harry Matlack and John D. Rhoades.

(Dudley Reed has sent in a very good brief on the affirmative).

It is supposed that the affirmative will finally win. Profs. Martin and Dickenson have kindly consented to act as judges.

The Mail Bag.

Oberlin, Feb. 21st.

Dear Mother:—I have changed my mind again and have finally decided not to go to the "Washington's Birthday Reception." I will have to stay in my room for a few days but I don't mind that. Good-bye. Your loving

FLORENCE.

My Dear Mamma:—It has been so long since you heard from me, hasn't it? But really don't you know—well I guess you don't either—my time is so filled now I can hardly stop to think. I had five engagements this week—with Mono you know—and I did not have time to write my letter home on Tuesday. So forgive me, mother dear. Tonight is the Glee Club concert, so must close. In haste,

Your affectionate daughter,

E. M. M. KLEINSMID.

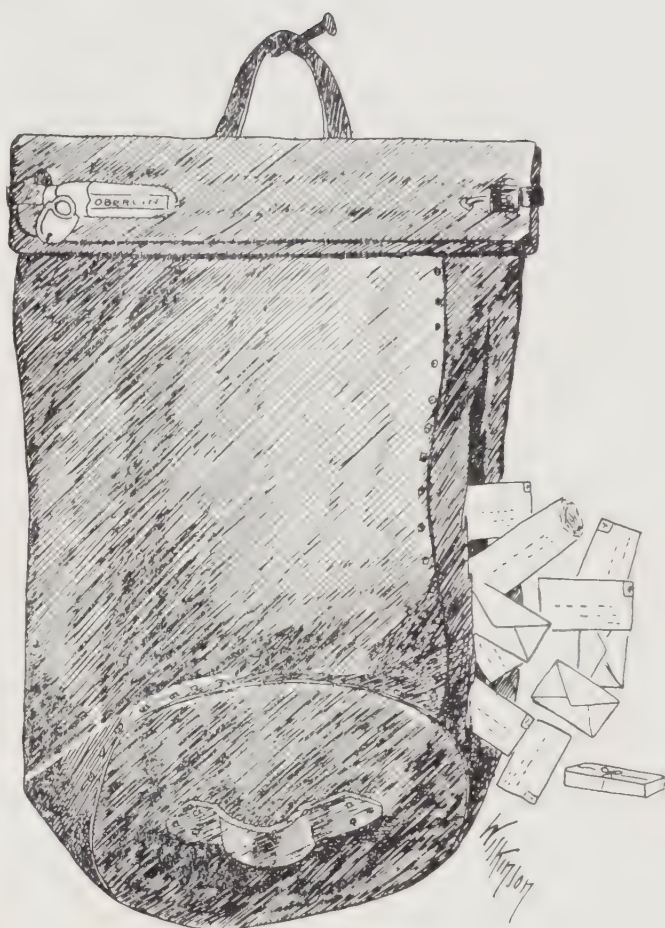
Dear Papa:—I wish I was a Junior in College instead of a Junior Cad, because the Juniors are such a jolly set and don't have to work at all. I almost flunked—that's what they call it here—in Latin today because I went over to the library to study at a table where there was one Junior boy and a whole lot of Junior girls. An awfully pretty one sat right opposite me. The girls and boy all giggled at each other and the awfully nice Junior girl smiled at me and I couldn't study.

Your little son,

SPENCER BOWEN.

Wilson's, O., May 35, '01.

Dear Treash:—Hurrah for Akron! I read in the paper about a woman dying in Akron who weighed 475 pounds. They had to kick out the side of the house to obtain a means of egress. I must tell you the latest. The Seniors and Juniors were playing a class game and I came to bat just as she (you know who I mean) came into the grand-stand. I knocked a little fly over third base, the



left fielder let it roll between his feet and I made a home run. Wasn't that luck for you? I mean for me, for she had just entered the grand stand. You have heard me speak of her before.

BROUSE.

April 13, 1901.

Dear Father:—As Tye didn't return to school this term and Mr. Jones is running around with another girl, I have everything my own way over at Talcott.

Your loving son,

ALLAN.

P. S.—I am beginning to think that Mass. is a better place than Youngstown.

E. A. L.

Oberlin, O., May 1, 1901.

Hello Bill:—Woodworth and I are both trying for short-stop. He may beat me out there but he can't beat me at the other game. Did you ever play button, button, who's got the Button? Woodworth played in the O. W. U. game and I didn't, but I went over to Fish's that night and he didn't. You see I have one advantage. I board there. Will inform you by wire if anything new turns up. So long,

TODDY.

Oberlin, O., Nov. 6th, '00.

Dear Auntie:—I have now been in Oberlin for three weeks. I find that all the boys wear suspenders and white shirts. Won't you please send me some at once as I am entirely out. Your loving nephew,

WILLIE HICKSON.

Talcott Hall, Apr. 27, 1901.

Dear Girls:—I wish my name wasn't Smith. I don't care, there are more Johnsons than Smiths. We had a show at Talcott last Saturday night; it was Midsummer Night's Dream by Victor Herbert. The girls told me I was the pet one; anyway my name was printed in the Review. During the last act Dr. Luce threw us a great big bunch of paper roses. We gave them to the boys for shaving papers. Goodbye.

HESSIE.

Talcott Hall, Sept. 21, 1901.

Dear Bostonia:—I'm awfully glad I live near Boston. When the people who live around here talk to you it sounds just as though some one were playing on a comb. My brother is awfully busy these days. I told you about her in my last letter. Mr. Mosher said to me the other day, "Miss Babb, you have a phenomenal voice." He's such an everlasting jollier that you can't tell how to take his compliments. Must stop and go down town with Bess. Sincerely

GERTRUDE.

Oberlin, O., June 3, 1901.

Dear Brother:—My but I am sorry that school is nearly out (you know why). I have had a better time this year than ever before. Perhaps I'll have some more of those good times in the future. I hope so, anyway. Just think of what I have missed during my first three years at college. The girls who live in town are not under rules any more. My, but I'm glad; I hope she is, too. We had a debate in the Phi Kappa the other night on co-education; you bet I was on the affirmative. We are going to have one tonight on "Co-operation after the school is over." I'll be on the affirmative then too. I can't think of anything else to write about. Your loving brother,

MAYO.

Oberlin, O., May 15, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—My work is very heavy this term and so I don't have time for anything except tennis, the Review, and talking to her. (You know who I mean.) You know I am the whole thing on the Review this year. The other boys, especially Metcalf, can't be depended upon. Prof. Wager says that the English in the Review is something scandalous, but he doesn't know good English when he sees it. You asked me how I liked Dr. Luce. Well, I'll tell you when I get home. We (you know who I mean) are getting along lovingly.

HARRY.

Wilson's, O., May 40, '01.

Dear Joe:—You may talk about your hand-organs and jews-harps as much as you please, but the violin is the only instrument for me. I am practicing five and six hours every day. When I first began I practiced only once a week. Since the street has been paved the acoustic properties of East College are magnificent, adorably lovely. I practice then most of the time.

BILLY PRITCHARD.

Dear Edgie:—I must tell you about the tussle I had the other night, worse than a football game. I was down calling on a Con. girl. Some of the girls at the house stole my cap and hung it on a string and whenever I grabbed for it they pulled it up. Gee, but I was rattled. Didn't want to make a fool of myself before the Con girl. I don't see the fun in such jokes.

Your former room mate,

ED. MOORE.

Dear Mr. Laird:—I am willing to do my share toward making this year's Annual a success and in reply to your note of the fifteenth would say that you have full permission to print two or three of my spiciest jokes. The roast I gave your Annual Board the first of the year was especially good, I think. The original manuscript of that one and the others is at your service.

Very truly yours,

S. F. MACLENNAN.

Oberlin, Feb. 5th, 1901.

My Dear Mother:—Nell and I went skating today and did not get back in time for Ethics, so I cut. She went but I did not want to go in late because I knew the boys would all guy me so I thought I would play "rabbit."

Of course you have already seen by the newspapers that we had tonsillitis, but we are better now and able to be about. I am so glad because it was rather lonesome for a day or two. Your loving son,
FRED.

Dear Miss Stiles:—May I have the pleasure of your company to the Glee Club concert which is to be given the latter part of March, I believe. I trust that this will not reach you so late that you will have to plead a previous engagement for that evening. Sincerely yours,

Sept. 19, 1900.

J. L. LAIRD.

Baldwin, March 25.

Dear Mother:—I am very sorry, but it will be imposible for me to go home this vacation. I shall have to bone all vacation on that work I missed when I was sick. I will try to take enough out-door exercise to keep up my health. Gwen and I took a little walk this afternoon. It made me feel in fine trim for work.

I am writing here in Mrs. Clark's room, because it is so much more cosy and home-like than my room and she is very kind to me. I think I'll study here, too. Joe took our pictures the other day—Gwen's and mine. I'll send you one when they're finished. Your devoted son,
JAMES.

P. S.—Today is Gwen's birthday. You know she is just fifteen.

Oberlin, O., Dec. 20th.

Dear Pa:—I have decided to stay at Prof. Jewett's next term, for he has promised to provide fatherly discipline free, so you need not worry about me any more. Your dutiful son,

RALPH THOMAS.

Oberlin, Mar. 28th.

Dear Rob:—I have just had a row with Dr. Luce. You know I have been visiting MacLennan's Ethics all term and Miss Luce tried to make me pay \$15.00 tuition. I told her it was not worth it and neither it was. She made Miss Burrough pay for visiting an English class. I don't know Miss Burrough, but she must be awful easy. Your ————,
MARY MARSH.

Ayers Hair Invigorating Co.

Oberlin, O., Apr. 28, '01.

Dear Sirs:—I have been using your hair restorer for six months and am very much pleased with the results. Do you allow a discount on your goods when ordered by the bbl.? If so I think you could do a succesful business with Messrs. Bush, Monosmith, Adams and others. Yours truly,

E. W. ALTVATER.

My Dear Mamma:—How I wish I could get home to tell you all that is happening. Grace and I are together constantly. The boys at Morrison's thought they had quite a joke on me the other day. I dropped in for a moment after breakfast, but Grace hadn't come down yet—so the maid said, anyway.

But that wasn't as bad on me as something that happened last Saturday. Hardly anyone knows about this, though. Grace and I were going down to the rink to skate but she couldn't go till two, so I thought I would go down with one of the other girls for a while. I didn't suppose this girl would care to stay but a half hour or so, and I started out and skated good and fast so that she would get tired before very long and want to quit. But she turned out to be a pretty good skater and didn't have any idea of quitting. About half past two we sat down for a change—so she said—but I didn't see it for a minute or two. Finally one of the fellows came up and asked her for a skate. I cut.

It doesn't pay to go with first one girl and then another—that is to be my last experience. I know you will be glad. Very lovingly your son,

DALE McMILLEN.

My Dearest Charles:—It has been too lonesome for any thing this term, in fact, I am just trying to exist until the spring, but I find it pretty hard to do even that. Aren't you coming to Oberlin this term? Here are the girls and I'll have to close.

With *_____

Feb. 22, 1901.

JESSIE H.

*Expurgated.



*Dr. Luce spends her leisure
hours at the library.*



*The way Miss Reynolds spent her
summer vacations*

SCOUNDRELS of SCOUNDREL HALL.

No up-to-date list of Oberlin social organizations would be complete if it did not include the "Scoundrels of Scoundrel Hall." It is an organization of recent



formation,—a product of modern social evolution, of survival of the fittest (not the best, perhaps, but the fittest to survive). Out of unpromising conditions have they evolved,—and they show it. Their forerunners were theologues of all kinds and sizes, and what better outcome could have been expected? In vain does the Scoundrel strive to free himself from the heritage of the past; it lingers on and is manifested even in the construction of the building. For example, the cosy fireplace originally in each room had to be bricked up to keep the theologues from smoking up the flue. To keep them from roving about too much and from continuous "rough house," all hall stairways were built separate; and now to reach another part of the

hall an amount of climbing is necessary. These things might have been necessary for the original denizens, but for the Scoundrel they are only an aggravation. The surviving species is still hampered by the old environment.

The Scoundrels are a mixed lot. There are men and cads who are Scoundrels proper and the theologues who are improper Scoundrels. These last may be dismissed with a few words. They, too, are mixed, in personnel as well as in belief. The ordinary theologue is a good fellow with harmless intentions and is too well known to need description. The inmate of the Slavic department is not so well known to outsiders for he is seldom heard from. Except for free fights in their rooms, a few squeaking fiddles and an old organ or two, they also do not figure as disturbing elements and are harm-



less. On occasions of especial revelry or stag dances by the Scoundrels, they may be seen looking on from the distance with undisguised awe and amazement.

The Scoundrels proper are quite distinct from these quieter, non-aggressive species. They are a heterogeneous lot, however, and no normal type can be de-



A Spring lock and a key in his other pants pocket.

scribed. They range from Seniors down to the cad-di-est of cads and come from most everywhere on the continent. Perhaps the best mark by which the Scoundrel is distinguished from his fellows is his versatility, and in no particular is this more apparent than in music. There is doubtless more music in Scoundrel Hall to the square inch than there ever was in Warner Hall. Not only is there more but there is a greater and better variety, for in Scoundrel Hall may be heard music on many instruments on which the Conservatory Profs are not able to give instruction. Everything goes here, from a bass viol to a "sweet potato," from a clarionet to a radiator. Banjos, mandolins, guitars, flutes, and piccolos swell the chorus. (The violins and organs of the Slavs do not properly come

in this category but are none the less to be reckoned with.) Though this flow of musical genius is likely to ooze out at any or all times, it finds full vent in the Saturday night concerts in the corridor. Nor would this mention of music be complete without paying high tribute to the vocal abilities of the typical Scoundrel. His repertoire is a full and well-chosen one. Though solo parts from the Messiah predominate, the modern composers are also represented and sometimes Prof. Rice's celebrated favorite, "Goo Goo Eyes," may be heard. He would be greatly pleased with its rendition, especially by the Scoundrel orchestra. Despite its classical nature, this last composition is in danger of becoming vulgarly popular.

A distinct type of Scoundrel is found in the Scoundrel janitors. They are the worst Scoundrels in the hall. Though supposed to be subject to the other Scoundrels, they are really subject only to the misdirection of a callous conscience and to semi-occasional fatherly advice from the Lord of Scoundrel Hall, A. Temple Swing. The janitors' excuse for being in Scoundrel Hall is the long forgotten purpose of performing general housework,—sweeping, dusting, (O ye dust of departed theologues! What a farce!) picking up broken pitchers and other missiles from the stairways and making the Scoundrel's life as endurable as possible. By learning the single-twist-of-the-wrist method of making up beds, the six-stroke sweeping method and a few other little tricks of the trade, he soon becomes able to do the daily room work in 15 seconds, and the weekly cleaning in two minutes. This is very nice for the janitor, but it develops in the roomer the sinful habit of cussing.



A Janitor

It was the original intention of the writer to give a description of the above mentioned Scoundrel concerts, but out of deference to the Conservatory he has changed his plan. One of the best things about Oberlin is the unity of the whole institution. To call attention to the matchless musical performances of Scoundrel Hall, would put the Conservatory forever in the shade and set up a counter attraction across the campus. Such an act would be disloyal to our Alma Mater, humiliating to the Conservatory faculty and embarrassing to the Scoundrel artists.



ALPHA ZETA WIT.

Mr. Pettibone, excitedly: "Mr. President, have I the floor?"

Voice from the audience: "You have most of it, I guess."

Fraser, making an extempore speech: "The one thing that struck me while I was in England was the drink habit."

Birdseye (in general debate): "The Filipinos are in a state of arnica."

Will Fraser, warming up in debate: "Gentlemen, one of the hardest things to distill in the American people is the love for war."

Fraser, in society: "I can think of but one special case."

"Who is she?"

WHO?

Stands at chapel and fills the need
Of beating time while students lead?
Prof. Rice.

Told his class of a western scene
And opened with prayer at 10:15?
Prof. Anderegg.

Tends his garden and trims his shrubs
And wages war on weeds and grubs?
Prof. Carter.

Has the fowl craze, like the dickens!
And spends his time with ducks and chickens?
Profs. Doolittle and Sweet.

Never sleeps and never rests
While still he sees a chance for tests?
Prof. Hall.

Comes along so grand and tall
A terror to Cads in Scoundrel Hall?
Prof. Swing.

Chaperones parties far and near
And pays class taxes for "Dicky dear?"
George Jones.

Talks on Pol-Econ and Laws
And hears how great "Tom Carver" was?
Prof. Bogart.

Who scorns the wit of common folks
But laughs at all of Bush's jokes?
Dr. Luce.

Who teaches gym and teaches Greek
And resemble each other, so to speak?
Win and Gar.



CO-OPERATION.

In Junior Prayer Meeting.

Mrs. Johnston: "Who is president of the Y. M. C. A.?"

Junior: "R. E. Brown."

Mrs. J: "And who is president of the Y. W. C. A.?"

Junior: "Miss Millikan."

Mrs. J.: "That will make a strong team."

REMARKS ABOUT THE BRYAN CLUB.

Vernon R. Andrews (the speaker): "Boys, I never had a better time in my life."

Dr. Luce: "They never did anything like this at Wellesley."

Prof. Miskovsky: "I enjoyed this more than any 25 cent entertainment I ever attended."

Brown: "I didn't know I could take so much interest in American politics."

Prof. King: "I'd give about all there is in this job of mine if Prexy Barrows were here."

The Dean: "I wasn't at the meeting myself—I've been sorry ever since that I missed it."



WAS THERE EVER A SMOKE WITHOUT A FIRE ?

ORATORICAL EFFORTS.

Miss Carrothers: "They went forth hand in hand, oh no, I mean ax in hand."

Peabody: "Wasn't Kipling more popular when he was pretty near dead than he is now?"

Prof. Caskey: "We have 30 minutes. Can we give each debater eight minutes? Let's see; 4 times 8 are 48. No, we haven't time enough."



PROF. CASKEY: "He puts his safety into the hands of a horse."

Prof. Caskey (to Chute): "Your oration would be more effective if you would just forget that it is only two years since you were out of knickerbockers: or is it only one?"

Prof. Caskey: "Miss Kleinsmid, you favor the boy's side of the house." Class smiles.

Prof. Caskey (trying to explain): "But that's a natural tendency, Miss Kleinsmid."

Dick Jones: "Under his spurning feet the road like an arrowy Alpine village flowed."

Prof. Caskey: "If any one is absent, please mention it."

An enthusiastic orator in Prof. Caskey's class: "Don't dare to breathe the same light with me."

Prof. Caskey (to Miss Chute): "You're more of a man than you look to be."

Prof. Caskey: "I often regret that this gem is brought to us so early in life, Mr. Waller."

Mr. Hemingway: "Prof. Caskey, who said 'may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of its mouth?'"

Answers from the class: "Webster;" "Phillips;" "O'Connell;" "Virgil."

Prof. Caskey: "It seems to me I have seen it somewhere in the Psalms."



AMONG THE CLASSICS.

LATIN.

Prof. Hall (buying a lead pencil): "I wish one to mark easy."

Miss Bird (translating Tacitus): "Vitellius having assumed the toga advanced into the city with a clothes line."

Miss Munger (in sight reading): "Hordeonius Flaccus—"

Prof. Hall (giving the next word): "Jubet."

Prof. Hall: "If I were to write a Latin book I think I would have 'j's' instead of 'i's.' Perhaps it is because I have been brought up with the 'j's'."

Miss Hamilton (in Teachers' Latin course): "It's a wonder I learned anything under the teachers I had when in High School."

Prof. Dennison (after a thoughtful pause): "Are you sure you did?"

GREEK.

Miss Fearl: "If you are a slave have you hair?"

Angle: "The final vowel is illuminated."

Prof. Martin: "Whenever you see an $\xi\acute{\omicron}\nu$ call it an accusative absolute without looking at it."

Miss Reed: "Now are the internals within?"

R. Paterson, '04: "It is easier now to get a new pair of clothes."

Prof. Martin: "Miss Cole, you ask questions which would upset any man's theology."

Brissel: "Which boarding house do you mean, where we eat or where we room?"

Prof. Martin (to Mr. Brissel): "Why didn't you say so before you spoke?"

Miss Crowe: "To persons under forty the future more vivid is far more prevalent."



Miss Sweet: "They had chaplains (chaplets) on their heads."

Miss Morton: "We will sit here and give these things to your childrens and to the childrens of your childrens."

Prof. Martin (to Brissel): "Well, go on. If I had made a strike like that I would go on before the teacher got over the surprise."

Miss Crowe: "I can't get used to these solemn forms."

Prof. Martin: "Why, prayer books and testaments are quite reasonable in price now."

THE SEARCH LIGHT IN PHI KAPPI PI.

Cross: "She was bitterly opposed to 'opposition.'"

Laird, '02: "Mr. President, I move that this debate now close."

Nissen: "So do I, Mr. President."

Bissell: "We,—that is, the powers—"

Sanborn (after a heated discussion): "Mr. Question"—

B. L. Laird: "In 1861 we sent troops into the south to stop the *Resurrection*."

Taylor tells about Richard Harum and David Carvel.

Nissen (pointing to Pendleton and Bissell): "On his left lurked the paid assassins."

Benedict: "If there is no more business to come before the Society, a movement to adjourn is in order."

Pendleton (arising to give information): "Our meetings last till we adjourn."

Dale McMillan: "The article by Pullman was written by him."

Carpenter: "Our generals had no general experience."



INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FROG EATERS.

INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER.

Lord Big Eater:—Ever Tired Bush.

Next Biggest Consumer:—Ever Willing Brouse.

Chief High Jumpers:—His Nibs Frost, Mighty Metcalf.

Frog Chasers:—Catch Many Woodruff, Many Catch Smith.

Common Croakers:

Early Bird Rich,
Jolly Much Woodworth,

Really Hot McKelvey.
Jump Lightly Laird.

Preparissimus:—Well Done Hobbs.



FROM THE COT.

Miss Gilbert (speaking of a senior memorial): "I shall be in favor of side-walking the town."

Mrs. Clark (to Miss Day): "What makes Mr. Frost hurry away right after supper? Has he a girl over at Talcott?"

Frampton (reaches across the table with his knife to get a piece of bread, but fails, then exclaims): "Oh, I used the wrong instrument!" and makes a second attempt with his fork.

Miss Savage (to R. E. Brown who is hovering around Baldwin): "Mr. Brown, you look lonesome."

Mr. Brown (absently): "Well, I won't always be."

SOUNDS FROM THE ORIENT.

Okada: "Say, boys, where did you go when you went over to Elyria?"

Mr. Okada (in confidential tone): "Say, boys, I not mean anything, but how do they propose in this country?"

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Okada?" "Oh, I am engaged."

Okada: "Prof. Caskey, I missed class on account of work."

Caskey: "What were you doing?"

Okada: "Playing baseball; working to get on the team."

CLIPPINGS FROM THE REVIEW.

Review Proof: "The O. S. U. men used their hands in interfering. For this they were paralyzed several times."

Editorial in Review concerning the debate: "This is a question which is debatable on both sides."

A news item in the Review: "It is too bad that the annual meeting of the ——— can't come more than once a year."

CRUMBS FROM TALCOTT DINING ROOM.

Miss Chute (at the German table, reaching for the potatoes): "Wunschen sie die *Pantoffelen*."

Mr. Alderfer (who has been informed of the "cast" of the Talcott Thanksgiving farce, to Miss Elizabeth Wilson, who hasn't, and who has never met *him*): "Do you know that you are to be my wife?" (And what could the poor girl do?)

Miss Dunlop, to Miss Darst: "Are you the editor of the annual?"

Miss Miller (telling of a thrilling adventure): "Just as soon as I got my hands in his hair I knew who it was."

Miss Darst: "They will take almost anybody on the Glee Club this year. Are you going to try, Mr. Brouse?"

RECENT EDITIONS BY OBERLIN AUTHORS.

Peck's Bad Boy—Dwight Bradley.
After Math.—Freshman Class (notes by Sophomores.)
Beside the Bonnie Briar (Pipe)—Bush.
Longfellow's Poems—Wightman.
Reveries of a Bachelor—St. John.
Three Men in a Boat—Hotchkiss, McMillen, Prof. Peck.
Forget-Me-Not Books—Anderegg.
Snow Image; Day Dream—Frost.
Wanted: A Matchmaker—Woman's Board.
Tennyson—Miss White.
The Woman in White—Tenny.
The Love Affairs of an Old (Milk) Maid—Benedict.
Dr. Claudius—Miss Penrose.
The Count of Monte—Christie.
100 Days in Europe—Hemingway.
A Master of Crafts—Adams.
Wait and Hope; Prisoner of Hope—Miss Willard.
Innocents Abroad—W. M. Fraser, Hunsberger.
The Gist of Whist—J. F. Peck.
Ten Nights in a Bar-room—Tom King.
Two Nights at the Messiah—Miss Stiles (comments by Earle and Laird).
We Two—Anderegg, Martin.
Earle's Atonement—Miss Stiles.
In Black and White—Brown.
When a Man's Single—Tompkins.
Change of Air—D. B. Reed.
Through a Looking Glass—Barber.
What Katy Did—Matlack and Smythe.
Try Again—Riddle.
A Wonder Book—Strange.
The Red Mustang—Balke.
We Win—Wager.
My Wayward Partner—Miss Millikan.
Some Women I Have Known—Dr. Luce.
When Knighthood Was in Flower—Hickson.
Gwen—James S. Hardy.

The admirers of the following books have asked that brief comments be made on each of them to further bring their worth and excellence before the public:

I. "*Snide Talks with the Faculty.*" Edited by the class of 1902.

This is a compilation of the best features from the columns of the same name in the college periodical. While it is the result of indefatigable efforts on the part of the editors, it is not limited to their personal observations alone, but is the result of scores of practiced observers in every field of college life. No student can afford to pass his college course without having this valuable little book for his constant companion.

II. "*Classic Wit.*"

This is a companion book of the above, and is a collection of jokes, anecdotes and pat sayings culled from the marginal references of the Professors' private copies of class texts.

The compiler is one who by accident has had to repeat certain courses and, noting the similarity of jokes and funny stories, obtained access to the private libraries of the Professors. In many flattering press notes the editor has been thanked for gleaning these gems of thought for the general public, and no one with social inclinations can afford not to avail himself of the help that he may receive from this valuable volume. Also students intending to elect courses covered by references in "*Classic Wit*" will be able to prepare laughs for the right time by perusal of the work.

III. "*Smoke and the Fire.*"

This is a rather technical treatise on the causes and effects of smoke. While a little vague for general reading, those interested cannot afford to be without the information which this book contains. A special chapter is devoted to varieties of smoke, and accompanying advantages, or the reverse.

IV. "*Why I came to Oberlin—And Why I left.*"

This little booklet is written after the style of "*Studies of the Under World*," and throws a valuable light on a rarely seen phase of college life. Statistics are appended which show the number of students who prefer, in spite of standing offers in banks and elsewhere, to complete the required course. The author is a recognized authority on the subject and the book is interesting in every detail.

V. "*Nights with a Paint Brush.*" By One of the Knights.

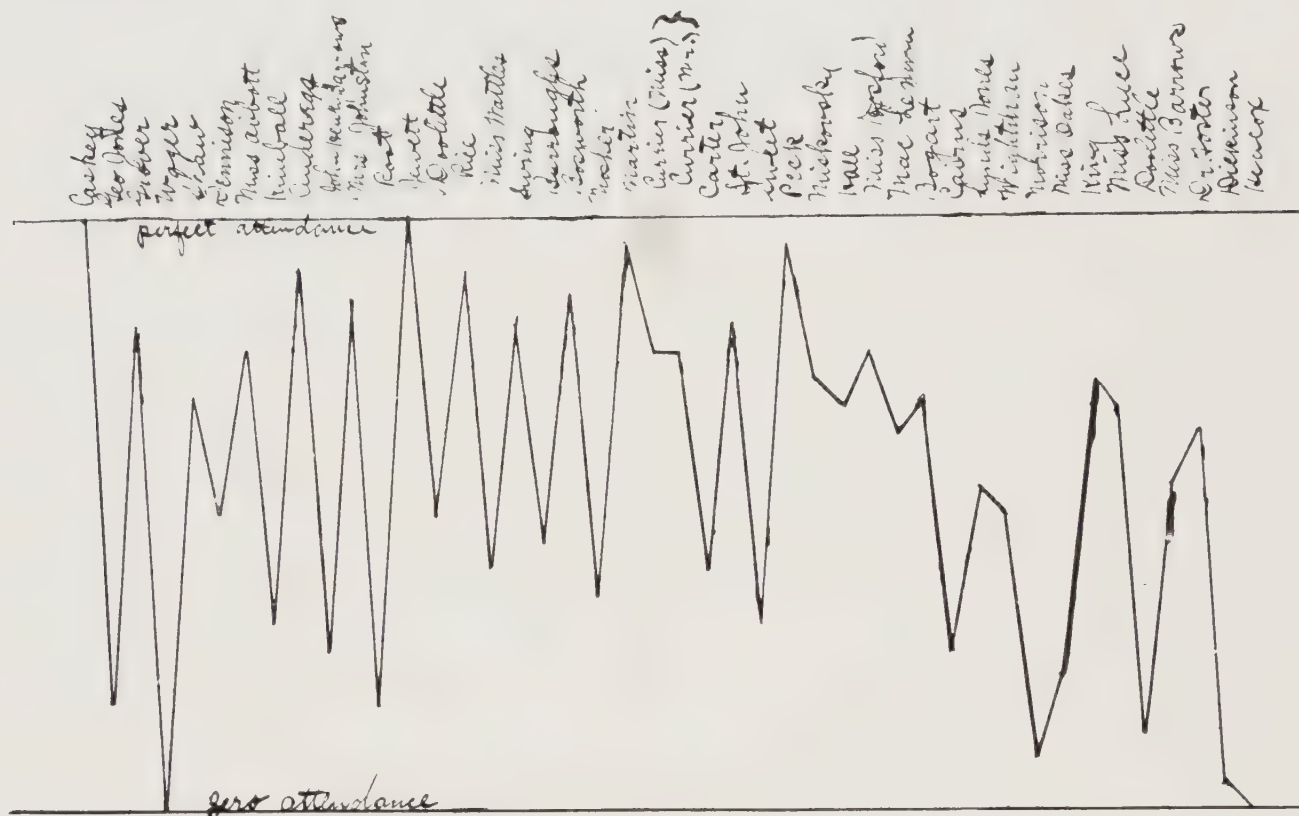
A book of absorbing interest. It is full of illustrations and anecdotes, which at the same time keep the reader's attention fixed and show the author's unparalleled versatility.

VI. "*Accidents of the Chase.*" By one who has troubles of his own.

This book, by one whose style is usually heavy, but who has overcome this difficulty admirably, should be read to be appreciated. The reviewer's pen can not do justice to it.

SPECIMEN PAGE FROM THE "LEOPARD'S SPOTS."

The following chart, representing one month of faculty chapel attendance, is given to show the helpful and thorough way in which this valuable book has been edited.



It is but just to state that Prof. Caskey's position as Dean necessitated his presence at chapel daily.

The frequent absences of President John Henry Barrows were excused without comment by the faculty. He was "out of town" on nearly every occasion.

Prof. Wager was also excused, for this record was taken the month that he was ill.

The record of "Moshier," given above, is that of Billy, not of James Lemuel Drew Moshier, Instructor in Singing, etc.

Attention is called to the case of the Curriers—a case of unparalleled paternal oversight and filial obedience.

Prof. Bogart said that those evenings he wore a sweater he tried to be absent as much as possible in spirit; but it was thought only just to Prof. Bogart to count them as cases of regular attendance.

In Dr. Luce's record correction has been made for all cases of tardiness.

Prof. Jewett, as a member of the Junior class, kindly consented to co-operate with the other class members in keeping the record of 1902 beyond fault or blemish.

The remainder of the faculty were excused at the trustees' meeting last year from attendance during 1900-1901. It was thought hardly necessary to take time and space to reprint the list here, but it may be found in the college catalogue, Appendix II.

VII. "*How to be Truly Graceful.*" By C. H. Birdseye.

While some think that the title implies a movement that is not followed throughout by the author, still a glance at the pages of the book will show its true worth. To say that the books are incredibly few which are even a whit better than it, is saying but half that should be said.

VIII. "*Party Questions in Oberlin.*" By a Class President.

This is not a discussion of political but of social life. The author is the highest authority on such matters, and the book will prove an untold blessing to bashful members of any class in college.

IX. "*How to Do it.*" By Mr. J. Ross Frampton, Esq.

For a number of years the world almanac has been launched forth from the press room with no explanation to make its maze of valuable information available to the reading public. It is with the purpose of affording the theory, explanatory to this now well known statistical book, that the present publication is offered to the people of the United States. The work includes an inexhaustible mine of information on every subject in the world (almanac) and tells how to do anything, from a Professor to a class scrap. The ability of the author in preparing this book has allowed its publication at a marvelously low cost. Price, prepaid to any address, 30 cents.

X. "*The Leopard's Spots.*" By the Official Spotter, with a suitable introduction.

An interesting and valuable set of statistics, in tabular form, bearing on chapel seating. These statistics have been carefully and impartially compiled and show the situation at a glance. They include both students and faculty.

See sample page, appended herewith for further information.

XI. "*College Legislation.*" With an introduction by the Dean.

This popular little booklet scarce needs to be reviewed, as its fame is generally known. This edition, however, is especially noteworthy, as it is revised up to date and has exhaustive notes, comments and emendations by the members of the Glee Club.

MORRISON'S.

Rob Brown, coming in for dinner with signs of a recent haircut in evidence: "Well, fellows, this is the first haircut that I've paid for in years."

Miss Sutton: "When I have to buy things for *the house*, I will know just what to get after this experience."

Miss Hostetter: "Did you think I meant you, Mr. Smythe, when I said that I drew it toward me?"

MID-WINTER FIELD DAY.

EVENT.	WINNERS.	JUDGE.*
One Mile Talk.....	1 Pendleton, '01 2 Hemingway, '02, 3 Benedict, '01.	Miss Hamilton
Goo-Goo Eyes.....	1 Miss Crocker, '02 2 Miss Miller, '04	Hickson
Three Mile Bob Ride	1 { Chapman Special } { Miss Hough, '02 } 4½ hrs..... 2 { Miss Galpin, '02 } 4 hrs. 25 min. 46 sec. { H. J. Strong, '02 }	Dr. Luce
Running Broad Grin.....	1 Altvater, '03, (complete circle) 2 Roberts, '04, (¾ circle) 3 Hatch, '02.	Prof. Hall
Oratorical Pole Vault....	1 Drake, acad..... 2 Agenbroad, P. G. 3 H. B. Reed, '02.	J. H. Barrows
Artistic Class Cutting.....	Borst, '04,..... Miss Birdseye, '02, Miss Button, '02.	Miss Hough
College Street Relay Race.	1 Miss Althea Rowland, '01,.... 2 C. Merle Woodruff, '01,	Event occurred after seven o'clock and it was too dark to judge, so Miss Rowland's word is taken for it.
Math. Hurdles	1 Holter, '04,..... 2 Teller, '04, 3 Peirce, '04.	Prof. Cairns
Spoon Race.....	1 Paul Chase, '02,..... 2 Dick Jones, '02, 3 Osborne, '04,	Fred Bohn †
Skinning the Cat.....	Prof. Anderegg,	Contestant's Family

*Great care was exercised to secure competent judges for the different events, and the committee in charge is to be congratulated on being able to secure such proficient and experienced judges.

†A protest was entered against this decision; the judge was accused of being partial to the family.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF PHI DELTANS.

J. L. Laird: "There is one bad senator to twenty that isn't."

Roberts speaks of a flock of boys.

Brouse (getting poetic): "Mr. Beal may state his appeal."

Bush declares that we should have fraternities because it would increase the fidelity in Phi Delta.

Sprunger (debating with Bush): "I think my opponent has been beating around the Bush."

Gregg: "Glasgow in England is run on the non-partisan plan."

Beal announces that Langston, 'or will give an extempore on "The Seminar System," meaning the "Semester System." Langston gives an extempore on the "Seminary System."

FACULTY ENGLISH.

Prof. Swing: "The foliage of the sparrow is not beautiful.

Gar Fauver (Y. M. C. A. reception): "The trials of the foot ball coach is many."

Mrs. Johnston: "Which of the two do you like best?"

Dr. Luce (after searching in vain for some excuse cards): "Miss Currier, where are those blank cards?"

Dr. Luce (in General Ex.): "It is our desire to have as good a chapel attendance this term as we have had next term," and a few minutes later: "Mrs. Woodruff is filling all the vacant seats among the Conservatory girls."

Prof. MacLennan: "When the hands of the clock is in a certain position, w-h-y then—"

AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF TALCOTT STAR BOARDERS.

PIONEER PRESERVERS OF THE ORDER.

E. W. BROUSE,

MISS CHISHOLM.

READY ACCOMMODATORS.

S. K. TOMPKINS,

MISS GILFILLAN.

PROMISING MEMBERS.

W. J. RYAN,

MISS HATCH,

T. E. BABB,

MISS WILLISTON.

SENIOR STARS.

C. S. PENDLETON,

MISS HAMILTON.

PROMISCUOUS.

POTTER,

MISS EMERINE,

BORST,

MISS CAMPBELL,

DARST,

MISS STARKEY.

RECENT ADDITIONS.

P. O. CLARK,

MISS McMILLAN,

E. A. LIGHTNER,

MISS CHUTE.

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE.

The porch and lawn at Lord that evening were covered with a crowd of boarders. It was near the end of the winter term and the first warm days seemed to put every one in good spirits. Mabel Morgan stood a little apart from the others, watching an exciting game of tag on the lawn before her.

"Isn't this an ideal evening, Miss Morgan?" said a voice behind her.

"Yes," answered Mabel coldly, without turning her eyes from the game.

The newcomer shrugged his shoulders slightly, but he had learned before this that the field could not be deserted so easily as that.

"Suppose we walk around," he suggested.

"Oh, well, all right," answered Mabel reluctantly. "It won't be but for a few minutes, for it is getting dangerously near the dark line."

"Dark line!" growled Price, as they started down the front walk. "What do we care for that?"

Miss Mabel raised her eyebrows slightly.

"I'm sure, Mr. Price, I don't know what *you* care, but *I*——"

"*Don't* you know what I care?" he broke in. "How many times do you have to be told?"

"Well, but you know I think that is all nonsense," she replied lightly. "Let's talk about something else, or we'll quarrel, sure as fate."

"But—I can't keep from talking about it. I might as well add—let's sit down here on the steps. We can talk here all we want."

"Speaking of 'secluded spots,' you wouldn't call this one, would you?" said Mabel, laughing. "It's not the *front* porch, I know, but then, it's on the main line of march, so to speak. Who's that walking with Clara, I wonder?" she rattled on recklessly. "It looks something like Teddy Markham."

"Hope he can make her listen to him," responded George gloomily, without looking up.

Again Mabel raised her eyebrows scornfully, but her rapid flow of language seemed for the time to be checked.

There followed a long and painful pause.

"Well, I don't hear much, though I'm listening," she ventured finally.

"It isn't because I haven't anything to say," answered George in a low voice. "Really, Mabel," he went on, his voice growing lower and softer, "what is it to be? Is it a dead cut next term, or shall we——"

His words could no longer be distinguished. Only the low, monotonous tone of his voice could be heard, broken now and then by one higher, half impatient, half acquiescent. A few minutes later Clara and Markham came along the walk. They evidently had some great joke between them. The nearer they came the more they laughed, and it seemed almost as though they were laughing at the couple on the steps. What could it mean?

"That's real interesting, isn't it?" Clara finally managed to say, "sitting there having a confidential chat and Susie listening at the door there!"

The dining room door behind them went shut with a crash. Mabel and George jumped and looked at each other guiltily, too astonished and chagrined to speak.

Clara and Markham went on their way, laughing and guying them until they were out of sight.

In absolute silence, George and Mabel got up and walked away, while from the dining room the voice of Susie, as she set the tables for breakfast, came to them mockingly, "Just because she made them goo-goo eyes."

CHEMICAL REACTIONS.

Prof. Jewett: "Miss Goss, can you describe chlorine?"

Miss Goss: "It has a greenish taste."

Prof. Jewett (as Miss White responds to "Tenny" in roll call): "No, that is not your name; at least not yet."

Prof. Jewett: "For what has chlorine a very strong affinity?"

Mr. Lingenfelter: "For bleaching."

Prof. Jewett: "Is oxygen soluble in water?"

Miss Crowe: "No."

Prof. J.: "How do the fishes live, then?"

Miss Crowe: "They come up to the top of the water."

Prof. Jewett (illustrating physical and chemical changes, drops a two-pound weight on the floor): "Now if that had hit my toe there would have been a physical change."

Young Woman (in laboratory): "Prof. Jewett, I don't see how you can put two mouths together."

Prof. Jewett: "That same thing happened a few years ago, and a young classmate stepped up and said, 'I'll show you, if you'll let me.'"

Chemistry Student (in laboratory): "Oh, Prof. Jewett! I have a trade-last for you."

Prof. Jewett: "Don't tell me. I know it's some fool person."

Student: "It was your wife."

Prof. Jewett (hurriedly): "I'll take it all back."

A young lady brings a ring to Prof. Jewett to get some mercury off.

Prof. Jewett: "Is it solid gold?"

She: "Oh, yes, a gentleman gave it to me."

Alas! the removing of the mercury told a different tale.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Strange: "Isn't it possible to drop anything from under a person?"

Prof. St. John: "Well, they do when they hang them."

Prof. St. John: "Miss Frew, will you put on the board the problem about sliding down the roof?"

Jewett (aside): "I'd like to see her do it."

Prof. St. John: "If I am on a train running 40 miles an hour, in what state am I?" Class doesn't know.

Prof. St. John: "Mr. Monosmith, will you explain that theory?"

Monosmith: "Well, well—Professor I—I've such a big thought in my head I can't get it out."

Bissell: "The answer would be different but the result would be the same."

ROCKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE OF GEOLOGY EXPEDITION.

Master WorkmanLynds Jones
Chief SoloistPettibone
Cider MongerNed Rich
Tender-hearted DriverMiss Ely
Chief Rock-luggerMiss Cottingham

Sprunger, in Geology Class: "A spring is a stream flowing between two rocks until it meets a fissure, then it is an artesian well."

Mr. Lynds Jones: "Mr. Hardy, what is that rock used for?"

Mr. Hardy: "I don't remember just now."

Mr. Jones: "For nothing."

Prof. G. F. Wright: "Mr. Meley, will you tell us of the terminal morain?"

Mr. Meley: "I recited once this morning."

Prof. W.: "Oh, excuse me."

A favorite expression of Prof. G. F. Wright: "Well, I guess I can recite this better than any of you."

PROF. ANDREWS AT MUSICAL UNION.

(Examining bass for Musical Union): "Bass or soprano?"

(To chorus): "'Upon your faces fall.'"

(To chorus): "I am going to give you another show."

(To sopranos): "Don't come a-limping along like that."

(To altos): "You fellows sing louder."

(To singers): "Now you let me run the machine there."

"There's a good place to take a sail musically."

"Now, basses, when you sing down low don't growl—sing!"

(Becomes excited): "Can't you tell when my face looks like forte?"

(To altos): "G(ee) there now, altos."

SINS AND COSINES.

Clark, '03, (after Prof. Anderegg has demonstrated a proposition): "Well, do you know that, or is it so anyhow?"

Lightner (giving theorem): "In a series of ratios the sum of the antecedents is equal to their consequences."

Harry Matlack, in mathematics: "Prof. Anderegg, if you stood on the pole could you see the world go round?"

Prof. Anderegg (at 9:30): "The Freshman classes leave a bad air in this room."

Clark (in math.): "Prof. Anderegg, why do you use *admiration*?"

Prof. A.: "Because I like it."

Young Woman, in Math.: "Mr. Cairns, is there any easier way to get this problem than to work it out?"

Young Lady (to Mr. Cairns): "Well, how do you know enough to put that there?"

ROOM 25.

Prof. Bogart: "I will lecture myself to-morrow."

Mar. 22—Nishida comes into class two minutes before recitation closes.

Mabel Wright, '02, passes in her notebook with "Pol. Econ." on the cover and Prof. Bogart returns it with Polly Con on the cover.

In Sociology, Birdseye asks about paste diamonds. Benedict volunteers information.

Pettibone, to Prof. Bogart: "I thought there were sixteen ozs. in the silver dollar."

Bannister (in Economics): "I don't think that it is altogether due to personal aptitude that the Persians make such good rugs. It is partly natural; the country itself is so rugged."

Bogart: "I know that the silk they sell for dresses doesn't wear very long."

"If a man can work faster to a good waltz tune, that would be an improvement, wouldn't it?"

"I am sure you have not forgotten all of the government fees. Some of them must be clearly in your mind—there are marriage licenses, for instance."

"If you want to boycott a trust, are you going to have a list of the trusts or trust to what your salesman's lists listeth to say?"

"There have been great advances in dairy methods; for instance, in the use of incubators."

"This reminds me of the markets that fruit sellers hold in New York. I have often been down to where the hucksters and push cart men, who sell fruit on the streets in the daytime, congregate. Sometimes they will even give things away and there is always a big crowd hanging around."

Prof. and Mrs. Bogart chaperone the Freshmen to a husking-bee. One of the Freshman girls has just been introduced. With perfect innocence she remarks: "You ought to feel quite honored to chaperone the Freshmen."

Prof. Bogart: "Y-e-s."

MIT DER FRÄULEIN.

Harwood, translating in German: "I love you with all my heart."

Fräulein Abbott: "That's all right, Mr. Harwood."

Elec Anderson, translating "Was Teufel" in German class: "What the Devil!"

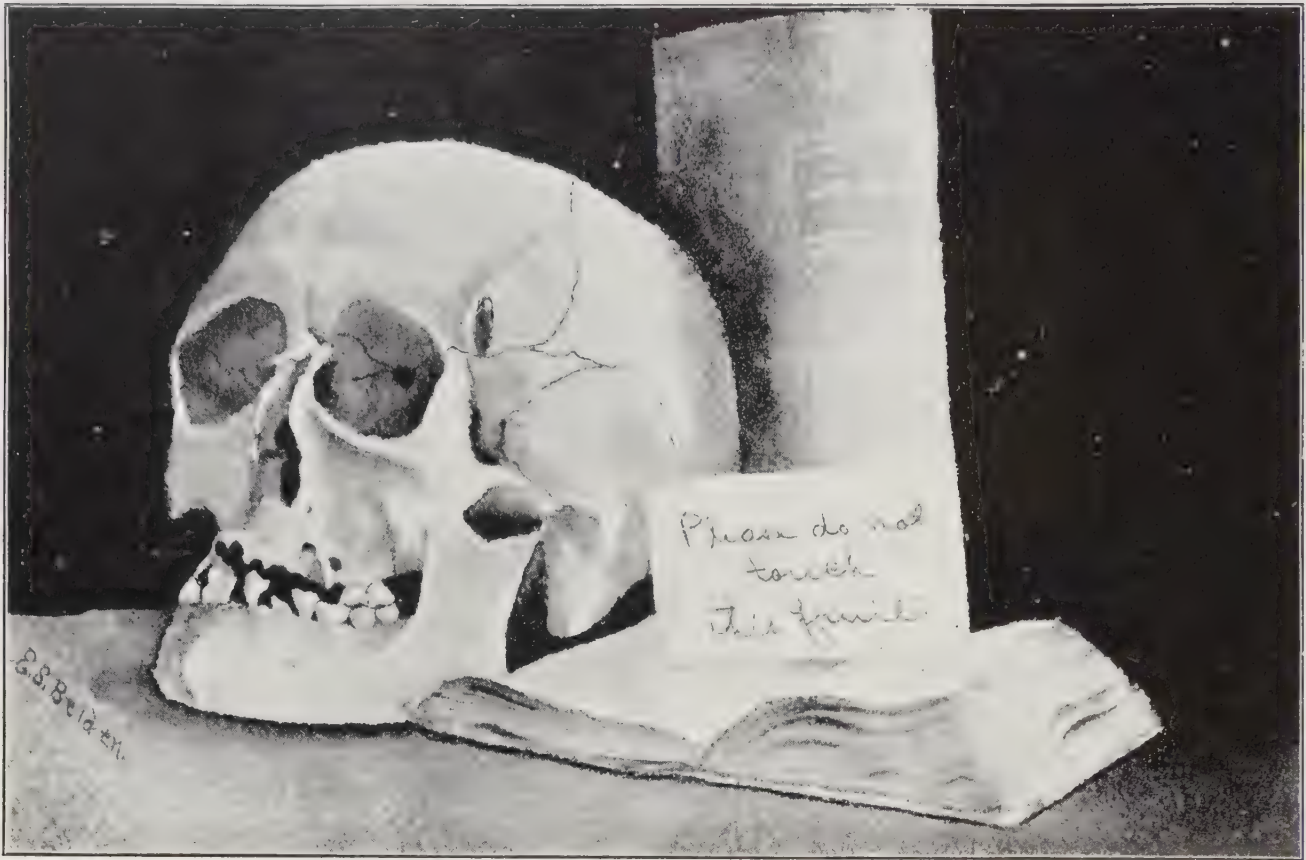
Miss Abbott: "That might be improved upon. Don't we generally say, 'What in the Devil's name?'"

In German: "'I put my arm around her waist.' That's as far as I got, Professor."

Prof.: "Well, wasn't that far enough?"

Miss Abbott: "Miss Millikan, do you expect to make teaching your life work?"

Scroggie, pronouncing words in German, comes to *Da mit*. "Oh, Professor, I can't do any more."



CAREFUL PLACING OF SIGNS IN THE ART ROOMS.

OBSERVATIONS AT CHAPEL.

Upon the first appearance of the Seniors in caps and gowns, a Freshman is heard to inquire if those ladies are Sisters of Charity.

Jan. 12—Prof. Bogart wears a sweater to chapel.

Feb. 8—Freshmen appear at chapel in mourning. We sing:

“When ends life’s transient dream,
When death’s cold, sullen stream
Shall o’er me roll.”

Prof. Rice (singing in chapel): “Help me the slow of heart to move.” The students continue to drag the time.

Mar. 16—Some one just happened to notice that Prof. Rice was counting the “con.” boys during Scripture reading.

But that is not so bad—the other professors do during the hymn.

Prof. Wightman (leading chapel): “O Lord, thou knowest we have stolen a few minutes to come here and worship Thee.”

Senior Cad: “Say, don’t those caps and gowns look funny when you try to run in them and you’re a boy?”

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Prof. Peck (reading notices): “Prof. Martin will not meet his classes until further notice.”

Prof. Anderegg (leading chapel): “Count it all joy, my brethren.”

HISTORIC BITS.

Mrs. Johnston: "Oh, I could write a book out of my thirty years of experience."

Stage whisper from boys' side of room: "Thirty years' war!"

Mrs. Johnston: "Oh, she rose in her wrath and—she looked just like Miss Hough."

Mrs. Johnston: "Men have been fools since the time of Augustus—I mean there have been fools."

Cross: "At one time, when there were two sons in the royal house of Spain, one of them revolted and the other lost his power by being decapitated."

Mr. Hardy (reading the outline from the board in Spanish History class): "General chaos. What general was that?"

Mrs. Johnston in history class (morning after election): "We come now to a very interesting character, Mr. Agenbroad."

Nov. 3—Mrs. Johnston gives a dissertation on getting married. Mr. Haskett is not sure that she is right.

Mrs. Johnston: "Don't think that because the effect of civilization upon barbarians is bad that you don't want all you can get of it. It won't hurt you."

Glenn: "They had not gone very far when Frederick I. lost his life very miraculously in a river."

Miss Dodge: "The mints of Granada coin only the blades of lances and the heads of cimitars."

Miss Thomsen: "After Mohammed was married he grew thoughtful."

Mrs. Johnston: "That often happens."

Mrs. Johnston: "Just as boys might draw on slates with lead pencils."

R. E. Brown, answering about statues: "They were of the apostles."

Mrs. Johnston: "Yes, the Kings of Judah."

Mrs. Johnston: "Why, Mr. Brown, you have your hair cut!"

Mr. Brown: "Yes, Mrs. Johnston."

Mrs. Johnston: "It is so hard to get a barber who does a good job."

Mrs. Johnston, in class: "Now take the *Charlceses*." There are whole chapters in their history that they would not like to have read."

Mrs. Johnston (in Italian history class, speaking of Sicily): "It was a blooming happy country." (Laughter on boys' side of room).

Mrs. J.: "Well, what's the matter? I suppose I have used a slang expression."

Mr. Bush: "The militia consists of all citizens who are able to bear arms."

Mrs. Johnston: "I can catch you on that. I am a citizen."

Mr. Bush: "Yes, but I said every citizen able to bear arms."

LOST!!!

A wooden handled knife
perhaps something as above
valued particularly as
a souvenir. Finder
may receive reward if
returned to me
Alfred J. Henningson
237 Oak St.

(See Cut on back
showing other blades)

Lost a ^{type} Right
Overcoat
Lighter

Prohibition meeting
at La Roberts
Jan 30

FOR SALE
BARROWS
BLTTINS
AND OTHER
GEEKIN NOVELTIES
THE FAIR

Look, a bit
Wager

Freshmen Boys
meet in Room 67
1:30 Tuesday
(For participation
in basket)

WANTED
A FEW MEN TO
PAY THEIR BILLS
HOBBS STRAS

Evening Quarterly
will meet on Thursday
of Room 30
2:5 Report.

COW-CATCHER
SANDWICHES
AT HOBBS

LOST
SHORT YELAC
MAN (WHITE TAIL)
LAST TIME SEEN
HE WAS CHASEL-
ING WIND
OFF OF
COUNCIL HALL-
TO EARN MONEY
TO GO TO THE
PAN AMERICAN

Found a fountain
pen. Please
call and receive reward
A. J. Strong

VARSITY PRACTICE

AT 2 PM

MUST HAVE A GOOD SCRUB

Use Sapolio.

USE THE "SNAP"
HOOK AND I
PRITCHARD

Miss E. M. Thomas Pass Miss E. A. Crawford Sec
The E. M. Thomas Co
Stocking Mending a Specialty
Miss E. F. Berdette Treas Miss B. Kelly Hon. Treas

LOST
A BUNCH OF
Dora KEYS
R. E. BROWN
STABLE
FIRST CHURCH

Notice to students
who wish to take
extra work
A shirt front is
a good thing to be
studied.

RED LETTER DAYS.

When C. Bradley and R. E. Brown do not call at Baldwin.
When Frampton doesn't abuse the Baldwin piano.
When Mrs. Johnston doesn't freeze out the class on a cold day.
When May leaves the cottage immediately after supper.
When Prof. MacLennan does not allude to the annual board in class.
When the senior boys turn out to a required lecture.
When Bissell doesn't inflict a pun.
When General Ex. contains no reference to "rural society."
When Burt Hart doesn't receive a welcome missive from Iowa.
When the Annual Board score a 5 in class.
When George Jones goes to a reception with only one cuff on.

THE REVIEW EDITOR'S FAVORITE SONG.

O, Mary Day, that fixed my choice,
On thee I lavish all my care.
Well may my glowing heart rejoice
That I have won a prize so rare.

CHORUS.

O, Mary Day, Mary Day!
Since thou didst cross my lone pathway,
And shed on me thy brightest ray.
E'er may I now rejoice alway.
Mary Day, Mary Day!
Since thou didst cross my lone pathway.





DESIGN SUGGESTED FOR OBERLIN SEAL.

DON'T FORGET THE FRESHMAN.

Miss Reed: "And we all ran at the tops of our voices."

Church: "Now everybody give the class yell, Rickety-ax——"

A girl remarks in Freshman prayer-meeting that she got more good out of the meeting than she would if she hadn't come.

Van Cleef: "I'm going down to see 'Warner Cottage' tomorrow."

Van Cleef (sliding on a slippery sidewalk): "Say, fellows, this reminds me of sliding down Warner Cottage walk."

Teller (in nominating the Vice-President of the Freshman class): "The lady whom I am about to nominate will, in case of a vacancy, fill the office of President very" (hesitates for a word and finally says) "full."

Chamberlain, '04, after spending an evening calling on Miss Langlan, goes home and prays: "Oh, Lord, give me more Grace."

Bebout, after Winter vacation, reciting in French class, translates "Faculty" as "discipline committee."

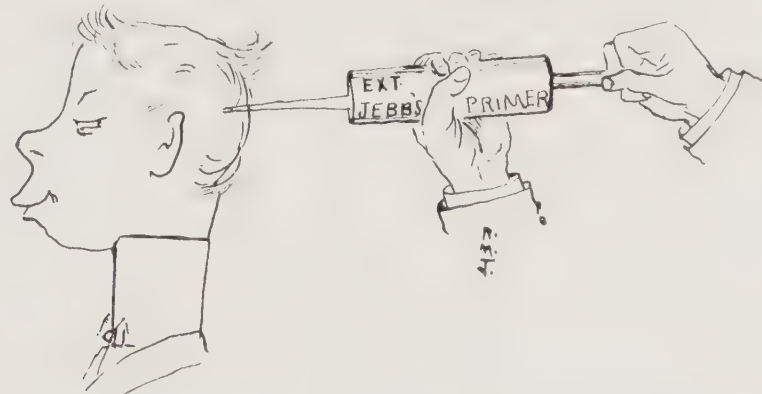
McMillan (sizing up some Chinese lilies growing in Pendleton's room): "What are these—just common onions?"

Miss Hamilton (as she mounts the Talcott stair at seven o'clock): "I am through with ethics for to-day."

Some one says: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Miss Dunlop: "Oh, I think that spring is the nicest time of the whole year."

Prof. Martin: "Well, it seems almost necessary to use an hypodermic injection to get some of this Introduction to Jebb into your heads."



Mr. Pendleton: "Well, I heard a good joke on you to-day, Miss Wilson."

Miss Wilson: "Let me see. What have I told Jessie Hamilton lately?"

Landlady (to Mr. Roscoe Morgan, as he forcibly severs physical connections with a prominent boarding house: "You can come again to-morrow evening, Mr. Morgan, but it's seven o'clock now."

* * * * *

Miss Gilbert gets information from Mr. Leigh Storey for her debate on the divorce question.

M. C. Smith: "Heredity sometimes runs in the family."

Hessie Smith writes letters to a lady friend and to Dudley Reed. The contents are placed in the wrong envelope. Results—disastrous.

"Prexy" Cooper, of the Sophomore Class, made an excellent target for Freshman snow-balls the memorable night of the post-chapel "scrap."

A MONTH FROM A FRESHMAN'S DIARY.

March 1. Called on Marie to-night. She is certainly a peach!

March 2. Same as above.

March 4. A plague on society, anyway! Wish I'd paid my quarter and stayed at the "Cot."

March 5. I'm in first for the Glee Club. I tell you I'm in luck!

March 6. Harry has the other concert. Wish he was in —, well somewhere else.

March 7. ———

March 8. ———

March 9. Called on Helen. She's a queen, by hen!

March 12-16. Ditto.

March 19. Haven't had much time to write this up lately. Wish I'd asked Helen to the concert instead of Marie.

March 20. Have a beastly cold. I'm going to have pneumonia, sure thing. Think I'd better go home at once.

Ravenna, O.

March 23. Well, here I am at home, recovering rapidly enough for all purposes. Confound that Chapman! What did he get tickets for when he knew I couldn't go? I had to 'phone him to give them to Marie. There wasn't any way out of it. It'll be a cold day before I pay for 'em.

Oberlin.

March 25, 9:00 p. m. Just came back; feel a lot better; but that fool girl went and took Harry on my tickets. I feel like thirty cents. Guess she got the best of this deal. Glad I sent the roses to Helen.

—H. J. Seymour.



Through Life Together.

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To flunk or not to flunk; that is the question;
Whether my noble mind should stand for all
The toils and burdens of that Freshman Math.
Or take up arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say I end
The headache, and the scores of awful flunks
That come to Freshmen—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep:—
To sleep! Perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub:
For in the dreams that then may come of Math.,
That I have failed to work and so have flunked,
I'll see my finish. Right there's the thing
That makes a fellow sorrow all his life.
Why do I bear the toils and pains of Math.?
The teacher's wrong. The proud man's contumely
When I but take exception to his word
In some solution, or call down his Trig.
For being too concise, when I well know
The surest way to end my troubles is
To get cold feet? Who'd stand for it, I say,
To bone and sweat so hard to get this Math.?
But that the dread of what will come next term—
The fear of taking over that exam.
And paying out a flunk—puzzles the will
And makes a fellow rather run his chance
On what he has than try another term.
Thus flunking makes a coward of me now,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
Which I'm not used to having. And thus it is
Due to this Math. that I go back to Caddom
And lose the name of Freshman. Soft you, now!
The noble Andy.—Prof. in thy orisons,
Be all my flunks remember'd.

A FRESHMAN'S REPLY.

“What sight do you think is grandest
In this educational town?”
Without hesitation he answered:
“'Tis Bush in his cap and his gown.”

There's no
place like
Home



When the
Rules are gone

Mary M. Belden

SOME MORE FRENCH.

Miss Reed: "Will you not measure yourself back and go away in every direction?"

Miss Day: "His head in turning turned towards those heads which turned towards him."

Miss Porter: "The little street urchin draws language out of reverence." (Sticks his tongue out at ghosts).

Miss Warner: "'That's all right,' said the man with the great key with the ventriloquist voice."

Miss Gray, in French class: "If the bishop had one of his curates for a meal."

Nye, '04: "The sheep gives us linen."

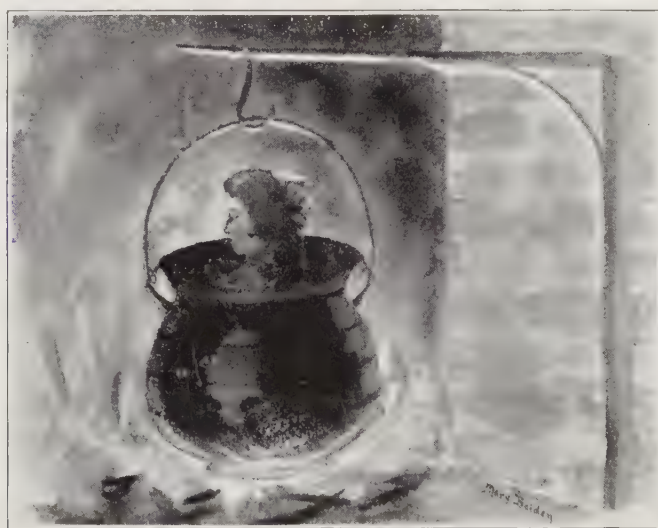
Harwood: "David, a roulu, immortalizes ce fait d'armes." "David wished to make arms immortal."



Cowdery: "Legs, too. Better call it a 'feet of arms.'"

Miss Miller, '04: "What is that there then?"

Hemingway: "Sur l'enclume," "on the Annual."



Mr. Messenger: "I don't know what *minanderie* means."

Mr. C. tells him "simpering."

Mr. M., continues: "—, said the Jondrette woman, simmering like a flattered monster."

UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
OBERLIN COLLEGE

R. E. BROWN, President
J. L. LAIRD, Secretary
C. M. WOODRUFF, Treasurer

Oberlin, Ohio, June 5, 1900.

Robert J. Burdette,
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sir:--

As an officer of the Union Library Association of Oberlin College I am endeavoring to make arrangements for a lecture course for next winter. We would like to know if you expect to be on the platform next year, and if it would be possible for you to give us a date some time in the fall or winter.

Yours respectfully,

London, July 27th

My Dear Boy--

Never mind the signature -- any Boy of Oberlin is a friend of mine.

No, I won't return to God's Country for one year, I'll travel here and there in Europe with Mrs Burdette and our two boys, Robert and Roy -- probably winter in Egypt, and come home some time in July or August, 1901

Give my love to every body in Oberlin -- you know I claim a membership in '93. All my memories of Oberlin are sweet, and I am

Loyally yours

Robert J. Burdette

R. E. Brown, President
J. L. Laird, Secretary
C. M. Woodruff, Treasurer

AUG 8 3 30 PM '00

Union Library Association

~~London~~ Summer Oberlin Ohio
~~Washington~~ Wash. U.S.A.

North Madison, Ohio March 20th 1901

Miss May Gephart
Talcott Hall

Dear Miss Gephart:-

Please pardon the liberty I take in addressing you. I have heard that you have a grand voice for singing and more than that, that you are a lady. I have never had the pleasure of seeing you or hearing you sing, but if your voice is as good as I am told it is I would very much like to make some arrangement with you for you to be with my entertainment to next season.

The work would be to a large extent in churches but not always. I intend to have two ladies with me one reader, and one singer, and wish you and singer to be strictly first and high class talent, for I am ambitious to make the larger towns and cities. I have had three different ladies and one man with me at different times this season. The man could sing but he got drunk when I had a big audience on and I fired him, he then joined the morning band at D. Beach and now is in the play ship New York. When he was in my city preparing to take a ship he sang here and made big "hit". The ladies would have been all right in the small places but that is not my ambition. I have fine life moving picture outfit which is very popular, it is worth about five hundred dollars. If you can readily see that the three things I am singing, readings and life moving pictures make a pleasing entertainment. If you are interested in my proposition please write. If you are not interested I trust you will excuse this intrusion on your time.

My age is 3 years. Character alone speaks for me you refuse from leading people in the part of the world. If I could get talent good enough, would be willing to take them in a partnership with me. I may out fit and business, strictly against their talent. There is money in an entertainment of the kind I mention. I am

Yours very Respectfully
Edward B. Case

Chio.
Nov 27, 1899

Mr. George M. Jones,
Secretary Oberlin College:
Dear Mr. Jones:-

I received your catalogue and illustrated circular one day last week, and have read them carefully. Of course I am curious to know who Miss Alice V. Allen is, and a few other things. How are Talcott Hall and Baldwin Cottage heated? Does the four dollars and a half a week include washing or have we resident students to do about that? Would it be absolutely necessary to go to Oberlin for examinations? Could not the examination questions be sent, say to our Superintendent of Public Schools and have him give the examination. You know the expense of a trip from Detroit to Oberlin would amount to something. If it would not be asking too much I would like to have a menu of any week in both Talcott and Baldwin cottages. Please do not consider me impertinent in asking this. My daughter is a lovely girl, I mean in the content but has always been very "fussy" about her eating. Has never drunk coffee, tea and does not eat olives, pickles of any kind, tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, onions, radishes, but and is just learning to eat chicken salad. So you can see why I want to know just what you do have. I think this is all the questions for this time.

Respectfully,

THE KIDS AT HOME.

Sum big man that gos to Colledge axed me to rite about ar party what we had in the Wimmin's Jim last Saturday nite so im goin to tell awl i no about it. About a week agoe i got a leter frum a nise girl i no that axed if i wud go to a partie she wus going to give. Do you spose id go? You just bet i wud, an mi ma sed i cud have a noo pare of stokings an stay up till seven o'clock if id be good. So Saturday nite i put on mi best cloes an went to the Jim an their wus the biggest lot of litle folks i ever see an not eny growed up fokes to make them be good so they wus havin a nawful good time. Thay wus plain marbels an spinnin tops an plain tag an the Jim wus just so full yu cudnt run around thout runnin into everybody an nockin some one down. An sum bad boys wus pullin all the litle girls' hares an i licked wun boy caus he tride to pull mi gurls hare. Then we went off in a corner an et supper an mi gurl had just the niseest supper that ever wus. It wus most as nise as hur. We had candy an donuts an animal crakers an koffe just like growed up fokes. After supper we plade lots of games, an then we plade sumthin what mi ma wunt let me play at home an sum of em sed it wus litle red wagon an sum wun sed it wus Jinnie Rele but enyway i no it wus lots of fun rely mi ma wus mad when she new i did it. An then we got ar pictures took onley sum wun went an spoiled the picters so thay wasnt eny good eny of them. After a while thay had sum feller speke sum peces an Otis Riddle he forgot his an telled a story insted. Bimeby sum wun sed we had to go home so i tuk mi gurl an we went home together. But thay told me Johnnie Laird drunk so mutch koffee that he lost his way an got into sum wun else hous an didnt get home till most leven clock but i went strate home an went to bed like a good boy.

TO ALLAN LIGHTNER.

He smiles; the cupid bow doth break,
And breaking, thus a heart doth take.
Oh, Allan, smile not so for all,
But choose from out this goodly Hall.
From out our ranks, whom you adore,
Some maiden—blessed forever more.
—*The Talcott Girls.*

The Prehistoric Man Again.

"Hello," said the Prehistoric Man, stepping unannounced into the room where Jack Barnes, one of the editors of the "Hi-O-Hi," sat scribbling away for dear life, "what are you doing, writing for your annual?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "I was tearing off a few yards; you know it goes to press soon and we are awfully short on 'literary' and 'grinds.'"

"Writing roasts on the faculty, I suppose?" continued the visitor, who had deposited his war-club and *mache* in a corner, and, after finding an easy position in a Morris chair, had loosened his sandal thongs. Like all children of nature, the Man was somewhat unconventional.

"Yes," confessed Jack, "the faculty are our old stand-bys; they're like the poor, you know, we always have them with us."

"I have always thought," remarked the Relic, assuming a superior air, "that it is a burning shame the way you students roast the faculty. Your cheek is something appalling. It is a pity they don't get out an Annual and rub it in to you. I'd give a good deal for the candid opinion of these Profs. of the little lambs they coddle and pet, encourage and 'hold up high ideals' to. I think that you would faint if you could hear it.

"Did it ever occur to you that college students, as a rule, are made up largely of freaks?" continued the Man, in a tone of increasing acidity.

"You're not feeling well this evening, are you?" inquired Jack, solicitously, pretending to ignore the Man's implied challenge.

"Well, they are," dogmatized the Man, "and bad ones too. For instance, take the pledge card freak, who inveigles you into signing away your income or possessions to support some worthy cause. Then, some day, when you are so busy you can't rest, boning out a lesson or shaving or something of that sort, you hear a modest 'tap-tap' on the door, and there is the official collector come for your subscription. Of course you have forgotten all about the card, and haven't a cent to your name because Papa hasn't sent your check yet. You try to put him off until the next time, or if he insists, as he usually does, you have to chase all over the house to find some one to borrow from, and most likely have to end by asking a star theologian whom you never would even speak to before to loan it to you. Oh, it's nice! And your temper isn't much improved when the collector suggests that to save him trouble you pay the whole year's subscription. Save him trouble! You hardly have to be told that this collector is a student.

"Passing over the various student enterprises which come in for their share of time and money, we turn to another evidence of the freakidæ. You have bought your tickets, but don't ever think that lets you off; that is only the beginning. You must wait until you have gone to a 'sale of choices' to see the

meek and lowly spirit of the student manager in full bloom. If there ever was a device in the category of the Spanish Inquisition that would compare with this 'sale of choices' for wringing money out of a suffering public—well, history fails to record it, that's all."

The Man paused for breath.

"Oh, do go on," said Jack, "you are just getting well started, don't stop at that."

"Well, there are a few others, too numerous to mention," continued the Man, "but what queers me is to think that you fellows, after squeezing all the money you can out of the faculty members this way, and after roasting them in your *Annuals* as if they had no feelings at all, go to them with a bland smile of self-assurance and actually have the nerve to ask them for recommendations. It is certainly too high for me; I can't see up to it. And say," said the Man, rising and gathering up his weapons preparatory to leaving, "I just wish they'd say what they think once, that's all."

CONSTITUTION ADOPTED BY THE SACRED AND SOCIAL CONCATENATED SOCIETY OF LORD COTTAGE DILEMMA DISSOLVERS.

Whereas, Two from our number have already left the straight and narrow way of solitary blessedness, and are walking on the downward crooked path of prospective matrimony, which leads, no man knows whither, and which no sane man or woman ever enters, and from which few return in safety this side of Dakota, and,

Whereas, The danger threatens us that their evil example will be followed by others, of the best and most learned among us; and

Whereas, It behooves every man and woman with the interest of himself and of his institution at heart, to do all in his power for the sake of his own future happiness and that of his friends, and to prevent, do away with, and cut short, any further spread of this dangerous infection;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, being in good standing, inhabitants of Lord Cottage for so much of the time as the rules and regulations of the institution will allow, for the express purpose of counteracting without contracting the tendency introduced into our midst by the above mentioned and heretofore-spoken-of falling from grace, do hereby amalgamate, associate, join, and unite ourselves into the Sacred and Social Concatenated, Amalgamated Association for the Immediate and Unconditional Abolition, Annihilation, and Anathematization of all heretofore Enacted, Concocted or Otherwise Unavoided, Unsophis-

ticated College Dilemmas, and for the absolute Prevention and Avoidance of all such Errors in the future, which is to come hereafter, and in order to faithfully and unselfishly to serve the interests of this irreproachable and unattainable association, we do hereby subscribe our names to the following rules and regulations, by-laws and pledge:

I. Every member shall do all in his power, singly or in companies of more than two, to discourage those who have already wandered astray, and to convince them of the real unhappiness of their condition.

II. Committees of two being on their face, foreign and inimical to the avowed purpose of this association, every member pledges him or herself never to take part in meetings of committees of that nature, and in the interests of the accomplishment of above mentioned purpose, never to sit, ride, walk, talk, stand or eat in couples.

III. That all subscribers to this constitution may at least themselves be safe, each member pledges him or herself to avoid all complication or combination with others, in which matrimonial prospectiveness could be suspected or expected.

{O. B. Rump}
{O. M. Harner}
M. H. Fowler
V. R. Schultze
A. L. Button
A. Mills -
M. D. Godfrey
G. L. Schultze
R. W. Stratton
M. L. Robinson
E. L. Sampson
{J. M. Metcalf}
{W. J. Kinney}
*R. E. Gridley
A. B. Crockett
C. B. Bingham
A. J. Stout

Ruth M. Macomber
L. L. Booth
*Alice Flower Pratt
G. L. Booth
C. H. Sackett
Chas. F. Quinn
M. B. Parks
B. B. Sand
N. Hay
H. W. Bloom
*R. W. Folsom
F. A. Moore
M. A. Edwards
M. B. Parks
H. M. Loomis

E. T. Lathrop
P. V. Partridge
G. M. Belmont
M. L. Murick
O. M. Kelner
Miriam H. Locke
Alice K. Fairfield
Carrie E. Freeman
*E. Pettibone
Ruth K. Todd
Jennie V. Gurnell
Mabel S. Cathlin
E. A. Fuller
A. M. Tate
H. M. Norton
Mary M. Carter
L. H. Treat
(void after O. S. U. game)



ODE TO WILLIAM MOSHER.

I sing of one whose fame's wide-
spread,
Whose face and figure you know well,
The terror of whose iron hand
'Most any Cad you meet can tell.

Of one grown old before his time,
The tyrant over lass and lad;
You surely know of whom I speak—
Bill Mosher, tutor in the Cad.

(I call him "Bill," because that holds
To my imagination;
Applying it to such a man,
A certain fascination.

A bold presumption, as if one
Meeting Olympian Jove,
Should pat him on his royal back
And say, "Hello, old cove!")

I must confess, his class to me
Was something of a nervous strain;
One was not sure when he went in
If he would e'er get out again.

You see his face, and ours as well,
Bore such a grave and solemn mien,
That but a coffin in our midst
Was needed to complete the scene.

Yet know, respected William, if
We sometimes chafed beneath thy
thrall,
We owe what Dutch we have to thee,
And that we liked thee after all.

THE DEVICE OF THE MAN WITHOUT A MUSE.

The Valentine on the left was received by David, Feb. 14, 1900, and the one on the right was sent by David, Feb. 14, 1901.

TO DAVID.

I made my verses in the dark,
And did not have to think.
I made my fingers chase the pen,
And my pen chase the ink,
To my Valentine.

I would perhaps more happy be
If I would know but which
Of many maids to be afraid;
She, then, I must bewitch,
Or she'll get David.

I would the gods had given me
Some valentinic skill;
In David's praise I'd sing for days
Till volumes I had filled,
In praise of David.

He has so many virtues fair,
His faults they're none to find,
But you'd not care if faults were there,
If he were your Valentine,
For fair is David.

Perhaps you think I love this lad,
In sooth perhaps I do;
But if I did, I'd not tell him,
No, nor neither would I tell you
That I loved David.

TO ETHEL.

I made my verses in the dark,
And did not have to think.
I made my fingers chase the pen,
And my pen chase the ink,
To my Valentine.

I would perhaps more happy be
If I would know but which
Of many lads to be afraid;
He, then, I must bewitch
Or he'll get Ethel.

I would the gods had given me
Some valentinic skill;
In Ethel's praise I'd sing for days
Till volumes I had filled,
In praise of Ethel.

She has so many virtues fair,
Her faults they're none to find,
But you'd not care if faults were there,
If she were your Valentine,
For fair is Ethel.

Perhaps you think I love this lass,
In sooth perhaps I do;
But if I did, I'd not tell her,
No, nor neither would I tell you
That I loved Ethel.

NOTICE TO READERS.

We have considered the Woman's Board too large a subject to treat in this volume. Those particularly interested will find a full treatment in a volume to appear in March, 1902, entitled "Oberlin Institutions Now Extinct."—Ed.



Conditions for a walk
fast becoming obsolete.

CHIEF AMUSEMENTS OF

Miss Bess Williston: Reading Little Minister, a story about "Babbie."
John Laird: Passing Stiles on his way to class.
Harry Frost: Rising early to see the dawn of Day.
Mr. Amman: Interested in Cole.
Dicky Jones: Loafing at the shoemaker's.
Katherine Loomis: Spare time spent at the Black-Smythe's.
Fred Hatch: Watching the Birds.
Iris Johnson: All sorts of fine wood carving and light carpenter's work.
Miss Lawrence: Solving a Riddle.
Ned Tenney: White-washing for a living.
L. C. Stetson: At the Conservatory interpreting Wagner's music.
Helen Galpin: Getting Strong.
Howard Grabill: Carrying on a flying correspondence with Cleveland.
Earl Adams: Busily engaged in becoming a craftsman of note.
E. C. Roberts: Playing the role of Porter.
Clarence Bradley: Walking beside the C.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

Otis Riddle:

"A short, plump little fellow, who knew what he wanted to say and said it."
—O. S. U. Lantern.

Lawrence C. Stetson:

"When she is out of sight,
Quickly also is she out of mind."

F. M. Ray:

"All nature wears one universal grin."

E. T. Bush:

"One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy."

Mr. Heuser:

"Robes, loosely flowing, hair as free."

Mr. Cochran:

"He liveth best, who eateth most,
Pancakes both great and small."

—Head-of-Table.

Miss Chisholm:

"I have never sought the world,
The world has sought me."

—Miss Chisholm.

Fred Bohn:

"I am very fond of the company of ladies,
I like their beauty and their vivacity,
But I like also their silence."

—By-Gone-Sweethearts.

Mr. Carr:

"He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

Mr. Atkins and Mr. McEwen:

"They contend for one place, that of the lyre."

Mr. Lindquist:

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Prof. Anderegg:

"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him."

Mr. Babb and Mr. Alderfer:

"Two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Mr. Hardy:

"Ah! in the kindergarten is found
The prize I wish for."

Mr. Frampton:

"He would be straighter if he could. He cannot."

Prof. MacLennan:

"He knows what's what and that's as high
As Metaphysic wit can fly."

Dicky Jones:

"No better than you should be."

W. R. Stuart:

"What shall I do to be forever known."

OBERLIN MINISTERIAL TRUST.

Chief Promoter of Watered Stock

FREDMOND CARSON WEED.

Keeper of Exchange Quotations, ALONZO EARLY.

Declarer of Dividends, WILLIAM FREDERICK BOHN.

Water Carrier (for the stock)

HARVEY CADE COLBURN.

Press Silencer and Chairman Kick Committee

PAUL LEATON CORBIN.

Smooth-Tongued Lobbyist

JACOB EBENEZER MEEKER.

Headquarters, Room 41, Scoundrel Hall.

Time of meeting. Monday, 8:30 p. m. to Tuesday,
1:30 a. m.



POTPOURI.

"One or two arms around an opponent" constitutes a foul in basketball. Dr. Foster called such a foul on J. J. Jewett in the Arbor Day basketball game between the Junior boys and girls.

Later in the game Captain Helen Chute fouled by hugging an opponent.

Dick Jones, in Physics, says: "The period of osculation is T."

Prof. St. John: "How often did you say that occurs?"

Mr. Ryan: "Edith finally told me. It took a good deal of pressing but she finally told."

Miss Jewett, Con., (after a heated discussion): "Say, Miss Bulkley, don't you get mutton from little pigs?"

Lightner (to Miss Chute): "I do wish that the Chapel was two miles away."

Tom King: "Have you read 'Why the Lord sends trouble by Dr. Hall of New York?'"

Miss Wolcott (at Registrar's office): "You have only one class in the Academy and you said you have the rest of your work in the Conservatory. Well, what do you take in the Conservatory?"

Mr. Hal Porter: "Music."

Miss Rice: "I'm going to get an M. D."

Mr. H: "What's his name?"

Dwight Bradley passes an empty note book in Mr. Jones' Bible class.

Mr. Jones: "Mr. Bradley, you have given me the wrong book, this one is empty."

Mr. Bradley: "That note book has all in that I have learned in your Bible class this term."

Sisters are rather nice, but ask Sampson if he doesn't think they are rather provoking accessories when a man wants to ask one Miss Francis for a Thanksgiving party and gets the other.

Miss Greene and Mr. Scott (during an afternoon stroll, approaching a hitching post): "Oh, come on, let's get hitched."

THE BLOW ALMOST KILLED FATHER.

Griffin, with his best girl, meets a wayfarer out on the railroad track and asks: "Are we nearest to Kipton or to Elyria?"

The Man: "Nearest to the asylum, I guess."



McKelvey (at second church reception on meeting Dr. Clark): "Do you live here in town, Dr. Clark?"

One of Oberlin's students receives an invitation for Feb. 14. Noticing the letters R. S. V. P., he meditated thus: "V. P. must be for Valentine party, but what's the R. S. for? Never mind, I'll find out when I get there."



Miss Hatch (who is at the first U. L. A. lecture with a certain young man): "Well, I hope that woman won't wear that hat all through the course!"

Nissen might give you the same chestnut with a Burr.

Dec. 2—Mr. Bush comes to breakfast at 7:13. Unlucky for Bush.

Miss Cole: "I always think of Mr. Pendleton and Miss Hamilton as brother and sister."

Mr. Haskett (with an air of authority): "Women are fitter to receive the advances of woers than to rule."

Bellows: "If a man were standing in front of a gun and one beside it, which would hear the report first?"

Miss Sweet (after cramming for a Psych. test, exclaims): "Oh, dear, I wish I had Prof. MacLennan's head on my shoulders for just one hour."

KICROMOSMUS.

Prof. King, in Microcosmus, speaks of seeing diamonds in the iron grating of the register. Brown and Adams become interested.

In Mike the class is unable to untwist a knotty sentence. Prof. King inquires: "What does he mean there, anyone?"

Pendleton: "He means just what he says."

AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

Miss Warner: "Why, I didn't know Van Dyck ever painted portraits."

Mr. Frazer: "Why, yes—he did quite a lot of such things."

Miss Warner (after a pause): "Why, he was here just a little while ago, wasn't he?"



COOPER EXPLAINS FOR THE SOPHOMORES.

A SMILE.

Cowdery (in French class, to Messinger): "Can't you get along without all those genitives? They look like links of sausage. It reminds me of an Oberlin boarding-house where they put on an addition every time they get a new boarder."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Prof. Grover (gazing in rapture at the paper palm in Stone's window): "What a beautiful specimen of the tropical palm."

Miss Larson (reciting oratory in the barn): "Is that you, Shylock?"

Miss Chandler: "No, Kate Chandler. Who are you?"

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES.

(In Psychology). Several of the boys had the wrong seats the second day and were given others over in the girls' section.

Dick Jones: "Prof. MacLennan, I am not where I belong either."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

(Exceptions which prove the rule.)

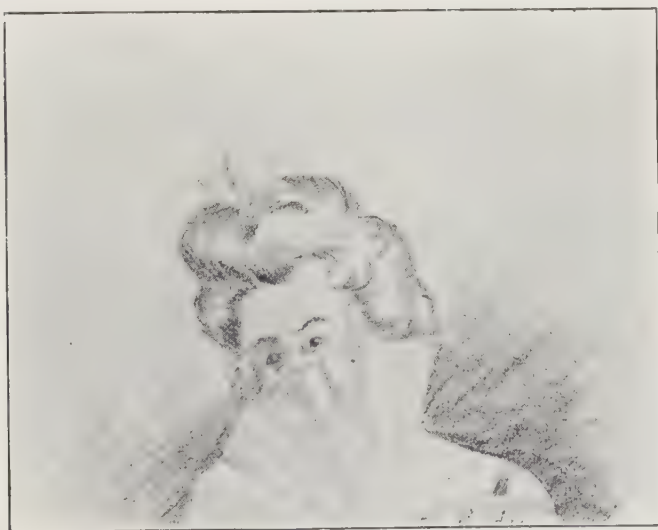
Pendleton—Hamilton.

Monosmith—Kleinsmith.

Frost—Day.

A DEFINITION.

Miss Hemingway: "Ornithology is divided into two main classes—scientific and *sentimental*."



HE NEVER CRACKED A SMILE.

Prof. Wager, in Soph. English class: "We must take this portrait of Dante at its face value." (Class laugh.)

Prof. W.: "Now that isn't bad."

Miss —: "Silicon occurs in silicates or silicon dioxide, etc."

Prof. Jewett: "Silly Kate? Who's she?"

Miss Fairchild (in inductive reasoning in Soph. English): "All wet bonfires smoke." She reads her facts and conclusions.

Prof. Wager: "It belongs to the class of things that smoke, and it is a large class."

FOOT BALL TALK.

Mr. Woodruff (at football banquet): "The best play of the season was Anderegg's delayed pass on Clarence Bradley."

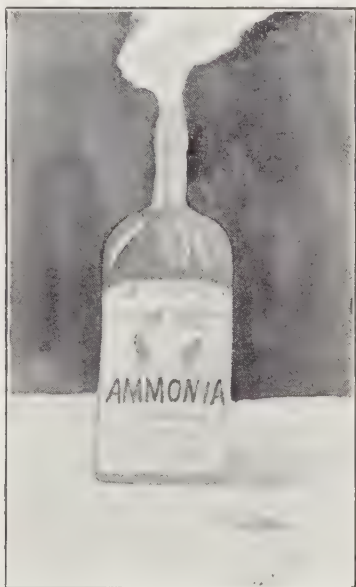
A MODERN TENDENCY.

Prof. Martin (calling for volunteers): "Well, have you formed a trust?"

A VITAL QUESTION.

Waiting for Smoothy and Dick. Miss Loomis to Miss Schoemaker: "Edna, do you suppose they will always be this slow?"

Miss Dann, Art Department: "Mrs. Morrison has ammonia. Is it contagious?"



INTERESTING.

Out watching a game of tennis. Some one calls out: "Rabbit! Rabbit!"

Miss Lucy Stein: "What does 'rabbit' mean? Is it anything like 'love' or 'deuce'?"

MARTIN ON SLEIGH-RIDES.

"I'd sooner go out on the front porch, stick my feet in a pail of cold water and ring the door-bell."

Frosted cookies were served during supper one evening at Talcott. Mr. Ray, getting imaginative: "Miss Chute, would you give me another kiss?"

Little Miss Frances Mosher: "Papa, where would I go if I should die?"

Prof. Mosher: "Where do you think?"

Miss Frances: "To heaven, I guess." Then a moment later: "Then papa wouldn't see his little Frances any more."

Did you know that the chapel clock is always fast? Yes, if it wasn't fast it would fall down.

Wightman (as Carrie Lohnes misses a point which has been written on the blackboard on the boys' side of the room): "Probably Miss Lohnes' eyes haven't been attracted in that direction."

Rudolph, '98, comes into town and, seeing Pendleton, says: "Hello, Hamilton, old man!"

Miss Ryder: "We have such fool things there every day. Mr. Smythe, you are in that class."

HALL ANGLO-SAXON DIET.

Prof. Hall: "The Saxons lived on cabbage before potatoes were discovered in this country, and unless they had turnips, beets, parsnips or some other vegetables, they must have lived on cabbage."

MRS. JOHNSTON ON FLIRTING.

Mrs. Johnston: "It was the only time I ever flirted in my life, and then I did it just to watch results. I was visiting a monastery, of the strictest kind, down in Spain. Not even talking was allowed, and I wondered what kind of men the monks really were, so I flirted with them. It drove them all out."



R.
M.
T.

Mrs. Johnston (in prayer meeting): "Mr. Brown, what are you thinking about?"

Mr. Brown (after long pause): "Mrs. Johnston, I don't believe I can tell." Why?

FROM THE CLEVELAND LEADER.

Dec. 13—"Hamlet's 'Messiah' was sung by a chorus of about 200 voices at Oberlin."

UNSOPHISTICATED.

Elderly lady at Syracuse game (seeing one of the subs on the side lines): "That man must be a supply."

Miss Crafts, on being asked who attended a skating party, responded in a matronly manner: "Oh, the Tenneys and the Foleys. I've forgotten who else."

Mr. Cooper's benediction at the close of class meetings: "Remember Friday afternoon, at 4:45, Room 28."

The reason for attending chapel, psychological and moral, as given by the Dean of the Woman's Department: "That the finite may reach out for the infinite until it becomes involuntary."

Mr. Frampton: "Mr. Brown, let me introduce you to Miss Millikan."

Baldwin gives a reception to the girls of other college halls. Miss Luce attempts to discuss the "diatribe on the news" with Miss Millikan and Miss Wolcott. A few minutes later they disappear from the parlor and may be seen hastily consulting the dictionary. In a few moments they re-enter the parlor more self-confident, but still wondering what "diatribe on the news" might mean.

SOME WITS ON CHURCH SEATING.

"I don't want to be seated in sections."

"I like to suit myself. I should rather stand than sit on the floor."

"I am not used to having just one seat to sit in."

"I generally go with papa and mamma. I should prefer to sit with them."

Chas. McMillan (Jan., 1901): "I should like to sit in the choir. You know I am in the Glee Club."

Mr. Hasket: "I usually sit behind the pulpit."

*'I have decided not to
do this at the request of
my wife.' "*

Mrs. Johnston (giving suggestions in public speaking): "If you speak of the east, look there. If you speak of the west, look there. If you speak of heaven, look up. If you speak of —— well, I guess I have given you enough examples to explain what I mean."

Prof. MacLennan: "I knew a man who once displayed a poster something like this:

This is an example of the public method of forming habits. Yet by speaking of this I do not mean that you must do likewise tomorrow.

Prof. MacLennan: "Those people who kill their fathers and mothers are scoundrels."



The morning after Brown presided at the Bryan Club meeting he led morning prayers with a vigorous petition as follows: "Oh, Lord, blot out our recent sins and transgressions."

Saturday afternoon the Sophomore girls had a "spinster tea," and Sunday evening, Miss Cochran, a Sophomore girl, led the Y. W. C. A. meeting, discussing fully, "The Value of Our Hymns."

Mr. Strong helps a Junior girl to run in the snow.

Prof. MacLennan (for the 637th time): "And again let us take as an example of this the new gymnasium."

Miss Abbott (veile Zeite ein Tag): "Ich kann es nicht hören."

CONFUSION AMONG THE AUBURN HAired.

At the oriental reception tendered Dr. Clark, President Barrows introduces Sanborn, '02, as "Mr. Williams of the Seminary."

Miss Button, '02, says: "Moral pathology is a study of the paths of the brain."



On the way to the art exhibition Mr. C. M. Woodruff suggests that he ought to go home and get his overcoat, and asks Miss Althea Rowland if she will take the extra walk. Miss R. replies: "Yes, if you can keep up to my pace," and starts off on a run, easily out-distancing the famous 220-yard-dash man.

EXCERPTS FROM THE FRESHMAN THEMES.

"The sun was *shinning* thro' the window."

"The hills went *slopping* down to the river."

Bill Pritchard, '02, is a great fisher, electing 20 hours a week with the Hook and line. His favorite shady nook is on East College street, where he may be found at any hour of the day or evening.

"Bud" Robinson, '02, the famous 'varsity catcher, is becoming more famous for his library dates and strolls down South Professor street. "Bud" used to belong to the confirmed bachelor crowd, but Fred Hatch and Monosmith led him from the straight and narrow path, he says.

"Ich habe kein Mädchen," Foley sagt,

"Ich habe Niemand zu lieben."

But the Sophs. do shake their wily heads,

And solemnly answer, "Sieben."

A dignified Soph., who likes panegyrics,

Is especially fond of "Riley's Love Lyrics,"

And natural, too, for this book as an aid

Is furnished the youth by a Sophomore maid.

The name of the youth I must ever withhold,

I leave you to guess it—no Mo(o)re can be told.

REFUSED \$500.

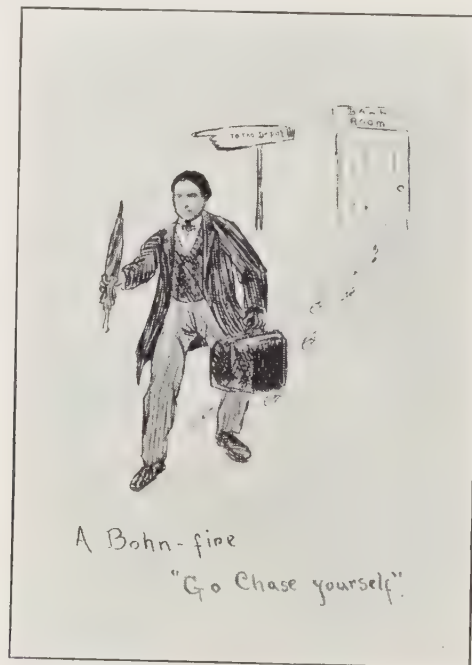
The Annual Board were approached some weeks ago by that smooth politician and hustler, Mr. George Secretary Jones, and offered a bribe of \$500 to suppress some revelations they had secured; but as a matter of principle and for the benefit of his many friends who would be interested in the incident, the offer was spurned with just contempt, and the following facts are given to the eager public:

A few months ago Mr. Jones was elected to the deaconship of the First church, but when he read up the necessary qualifications and limitations recorded in First Timothy he promptly resigned the office. Just which of the following conditions were unfulfilled we are unable to state:

"Let the deacons be the husbands of ONE wife, ruling their children and their own houses well."

"Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre."

"Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil."



LORD COTTAGE.

Pettibone: "May I be Hobson?"

Miss Warner: "Yes—no."

Miss Treat, '04, (attacking her second dish of dessert): "This is Mr. Moore's treat. If you please, Mr. Moore, that isn't a pun."

(Miss Parks pretending to pull Mr. Ramp's hair). Mr. Ramp replies: "Oh, don't be pulling my hair; it will be pulled enough some time. Let's change the subject of conversation."

Miss Edwards, '02, (passing sugar to Mr. Scott): "Have some sweetness."



There were certain damsels who thought to have their pictures taken, with a snap-shot, on the wooden pier of the reservoir at Ladies' Grove, but "there's many a slip," etc., and the "snap" was of another kind.

A TYPICAL SCENE, APRIL 21, 1901.



Student to Mr. Commings: "Have you seen Bill Frazer today?"

Mr. Commings: "Oh! you mean the Clark Bill."

Prof. Wightman: "Why is it, Prof. Root, that the French dictionaries are always on the top shelf?"

Miss Barrows: "I haven't wrote that and I didn't wrote it."

Nov. 14, Mrs. Johnston advertises to make dates.

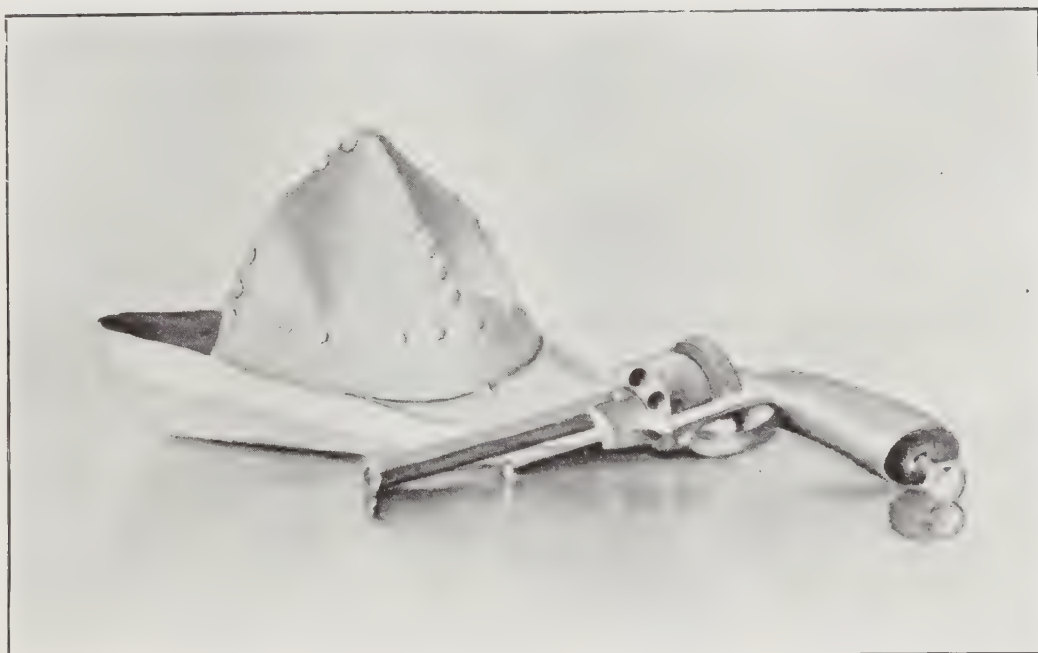
The only time when the students would "dig" last year was at the breaking of the ground for the new gymnasium.



A FAMILIAR SCENE.

He stood upon the busy corner alone, an outcast and despised of all men. His face was haggard and worn with anxiety and care had left its wrinkles upon his forehead. In his hand he held a little slip of soiled paper. As the crowd surged by he accosted one now and then with an appealing look or with an entreating gesture of the hand, thrusting the paper silently before the eyes of the passer-by. But no movement was made to relieve his distress. Finally in despair he wandered on. Before long he spied a crowd gathered in some animated discussion and, with a gleam of hope in his eye he slightly quickened his pace. Entering the crowd he once more made his appeal. Some turned away impatiently; some shook their fists angrily, while others looked on him with a regretful pity but sorrowfully shook their heads. At last in utter discouragement he turned away and with slow and disconsolate step disappeared down the street. It was the class treasurer.



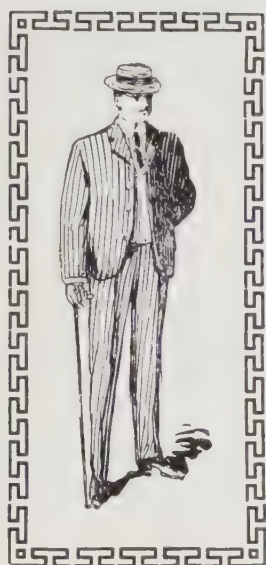




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This school has enrolled during the present year 251 students, which is the largest attendance in its entire history. Its rapid growth during recent years is due to its fine equipment, thorough courses of training, able teachers, strong management and helpful surroundings. In all of these essential features it excels other similar colleges.

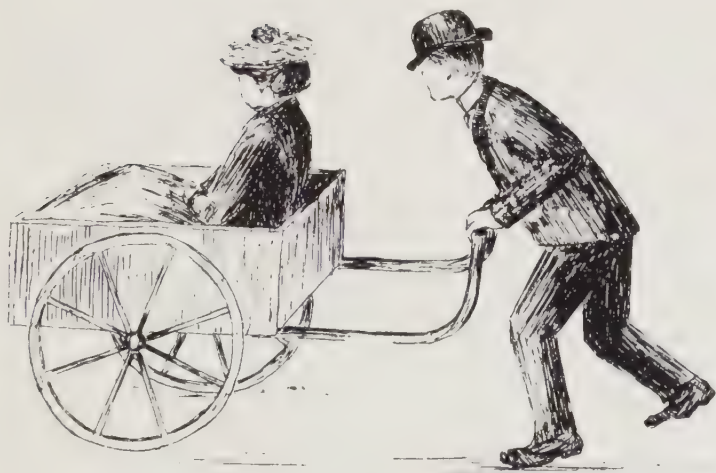
The New Building, erected especially for the school, with its modern improvements and equipment is believed to be the finest ever used for such purposes. Upon its Board of Directors are found four bank presidents, a former Treasurer of Ohio, an eminent lawyer, a prominent author and lecturer, a president of a railway company, a merchant and two business educators. With such management and equipment it is not surprising that its attendance is increasing rapidly from year to year, that students are coming to it from all parts of the country and that it has taken its place as one of the leading schools of business training in the country.

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 And of goodies are then told to eat none at all,
 Their playing tells naught of sweets munched on the sly,
 Yet **STACY'S FINE CHOCOLATES** are never passed by

From youths who go calling at least twice a week,
 To the bad little brother who wants always to peek,
 With professors and seniors, all must some Bon-Bons buy,
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NOTE.—The above poem, by an Oberlin student, is the winner of the first prize in the prize advertisement contest offered by O. T. STACY CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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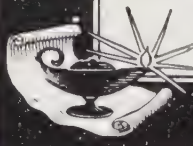
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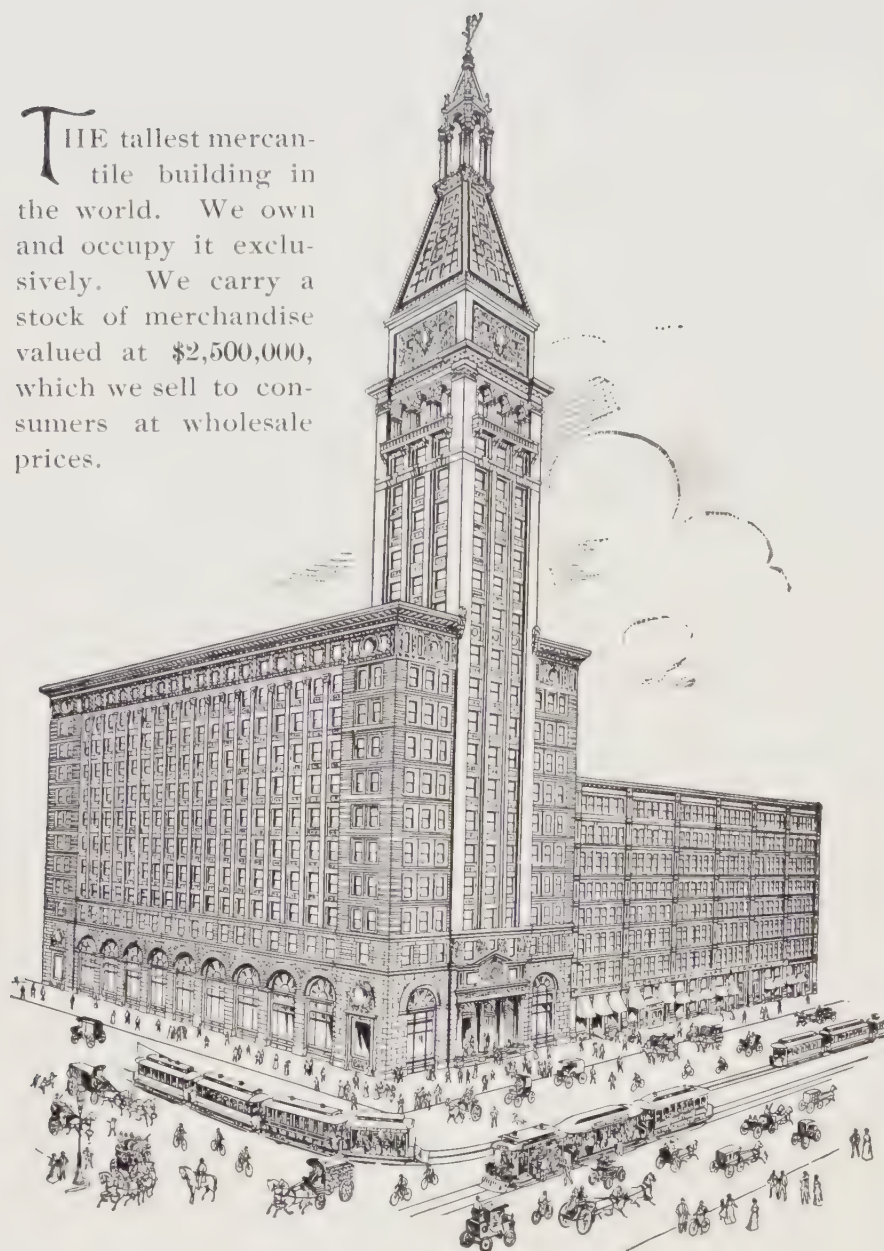
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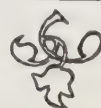
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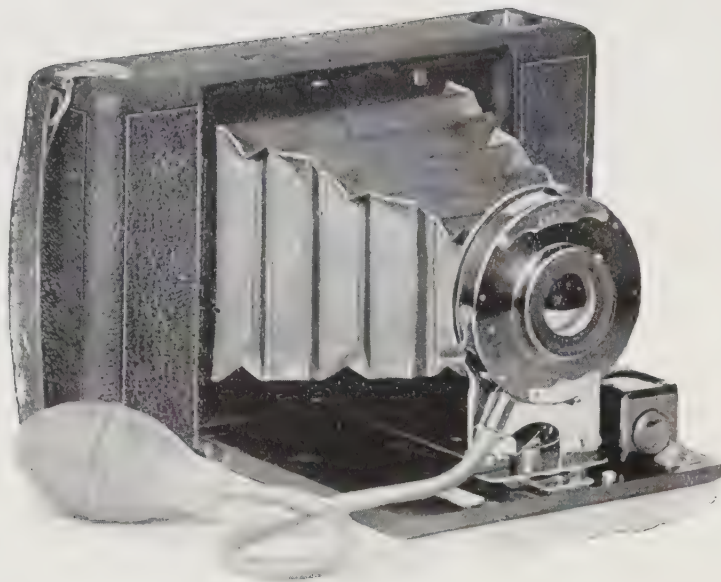
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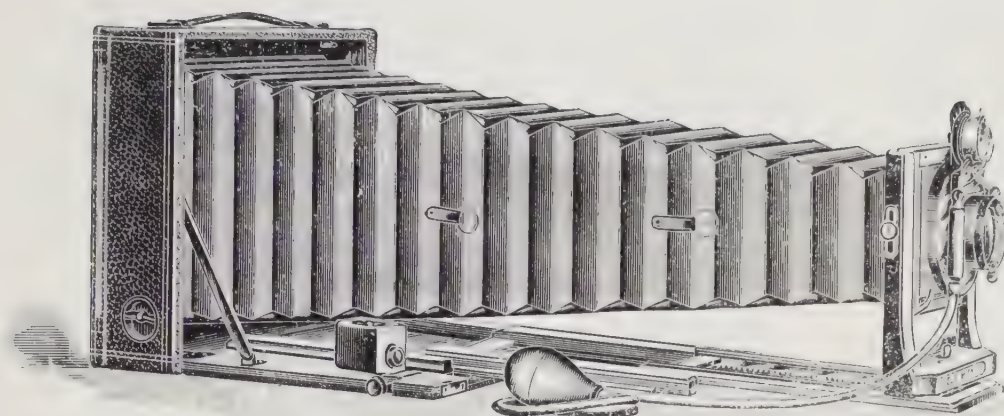
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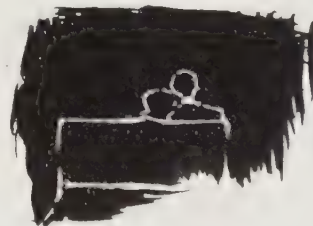
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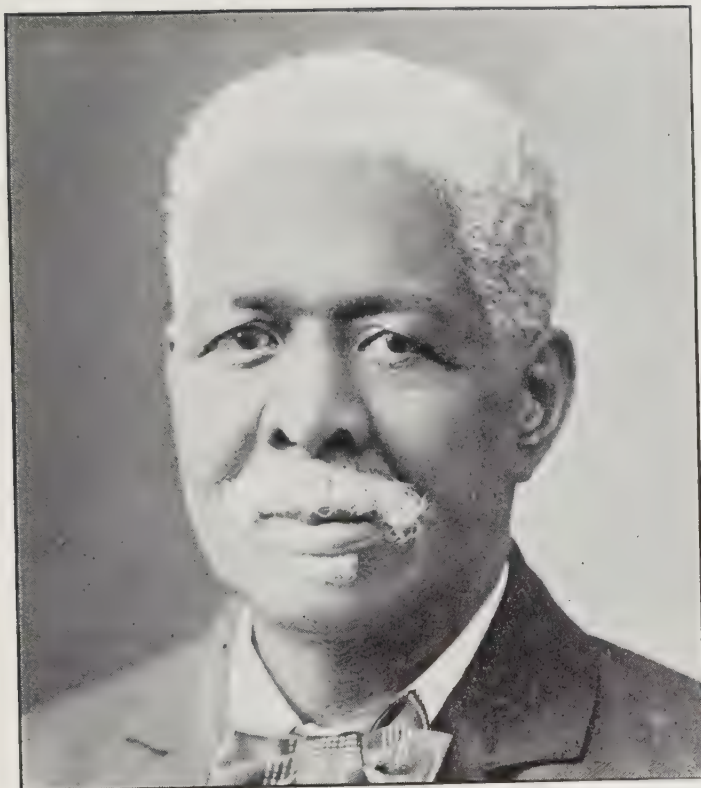
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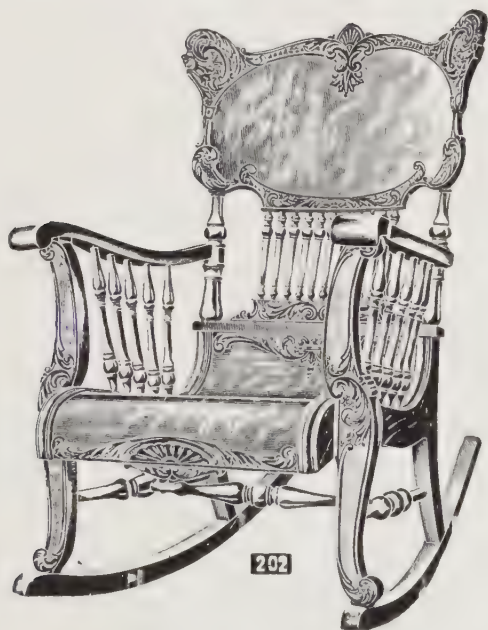
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